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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

FOR 1864.

"HEALTH IS A DUTY."—ANON.

"MEN CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR;
THEY TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE."—*Ed.*

"I labor for the good time coming, when sickness and disease, except congenital, or from accident, will be regarded as the result of ignorance or animalism, and will degrade the individual in the estimation of the good, as much as drunkenness now does."—*IBID.*

EDITED BY
W. W. HALL, M. D.,

VOL. XI.

NEW-YORK :
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITOR, AT NO. 12 UNION SQUARE.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH

For 1865!!!

Will contain all the "Health Tracts" published within the last five years, with others amounting in all to nearly three hundred. January will begin with number one; twenty or more of the tracts will be published each month, with several pages of other reading pertaining to health and disease, notices, &c, &c., so that the volume for 1865 will contain more reading matter than any of its predecessors, and will be by far the most practically useful of any yet published. The regular subscription price is one dollar and a half a year. Any person, up to December 1st, who will send five dollars at one time, will be entitled to four subscriptions; ten dollars will entitle to nine subscriptions. For twenty dollars sent at one time, twenty numbers will be sent to one address for one year.

"Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases:" "Consumption:" "Health and Disease:" "Sleep," or either of the bound vols. of Hall's Journal of Health, will be sold, or sent post paid for \$1,50. Any single number of any previous vol. will be sold or sent post paid for 12 cts.

Any person desiring an answer to any letter in reference to their health, must send five dollars, and a post paid envelope with their name, and post office address superscribed. Office hours from 10 to 2 daily with great certainty, and often at other times, at No 12 Union Square, east side, opposite the monument, New York city.

ABRIDGED.

The entire edition, in all its forms, of "Soldier Health," having been bought up by the Christian Commission, it will be republished in the November number, with a view to supplying the new army going to the war through our subscribers, whose friends or kindred are leaving for the front: To subscribers who renew their subscriptions, this Soldier's number of the Journal, will be furnished at seven cents each; if ordered at the time of subscribing for 1865; or ten dollars a hundred at other times: and to all others, twelve cents each, post paid; or twenty cents for two copies post paid.

Subscriptions to Hall's Journal of Health begin with January and end with December of each year, hence the Journal will cease to be sent after December to present subscribers who do not expressly order it to be continued. Those who do not want it any longer need not write at all.

W. W. HALL,

October 1st, 1864:

No. 12 Union Square, New-York City:

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XI.]

JANUARY, 1864.

[No. 1.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND HEALTH.

MANY persons, when hungry, are so "ugly" and irritable, that they remind us of a parcel of starving pigs called up to the slop-trough of a farmer's kitchen; they will grunt and push and squeal and bite one another with surprising vigor, until they get to eating fairly, when there is a sudden and all-pervading silence, with scarcely any evidence of life, except the wagging of their tails, in token of profound satisfaction with themselves and all the world; when perfectly filled, they retire in dignified silence, and take their siesta on the sunny side of some fence or wall, in the most benignant humor imaginable.

Children who are hungry, often come to the table in the same mood; and discreditable as the announcement may seem, many parents, not unpossessed of some excellent traits of character, exhibit, on their entrance into the dining-room, such a fretful and complaining nature, that any inquiry, however kind, courteous, or conciliating, is almost sure to be met with an insulting silence, an impatient reply, or a downright boorish rejoinder, showing very conclusively, that in temper, in disposition, and nature, they are not much above "the brutes which perish." Many a notable affectionate and loving-hearted wife, after exercising all her ingenuity in preparing an inviting meal for her husband, often waits patiently, and yet vainly, for some expression which recognizes her fidelity to household duties; others more unfortunate still, have no reward but querulous-

ness and ungracious fault-finding. When the meal is over, these "monster" husbands return to their "right mind," and are every whit as gracious and good-natured as any other pigs.

There are some who are subject at periods to an ugliness of disposition, which excites a conjecture that possibly they may be "possessed of a devil," sometimes two or three or more—transiently, at least; others there are, beyond all question, who have always had that companionship; and forty thousand woes be to the unfortunate individual who has such a yoke-fellow—the *devil of habitual ill-nature*, beginning with the early morning, ceasing only with the exhaustion which gives sleep.

There was known to be a cure for the acute form of this malady, three thousand years ago, for it was said of a certain king, that he was subject to these "spells" of devilishness; and that on one occasion, the evil spirit left him, and he "was well," as soon as the skillful and handsome son of Jesse took down his harp and swept its strings with the fingers of an amateur. Whether there was an accompaniment of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," is not certainly known, but as David has written some of the sweetest, and some of the sublimest poetry which has fallen from the pen of mortals, it is not impossible that he sang when he played; and the result certainly was, that whether it was music or recitation, or both, the evil spirit was put to flight, and the royal patient was pronounced "well," without the necessity of a strait-jacket, pills, castor-oil, or chloroform.

It is the fashion of the times, however, to take it for granted, that this evil spirit, whose origin is from below, the spirit of fretfulness, of dissatisfaction, of incessant fault-finding, and chronic ill-nature, as exhibited in domestic life, can by no possibility exist on the diviner side of the house; but, as a matter of course, can only be found in the lords of creation; hence, or for other reasons, every mother in the land is at more pains, and has more solicitude for her daughters' musical training, than for any thing else, as if it were to be expected, as a matter of course, that all husbands had to be exorcised. And it is a fact, that if any man had forty thousand Beelzebubs tearing round within him, making a very Pandemonium in the house—

hold, every individual one would scamper off with the rapidity attributed in olden time to a shot placed in particular circumstances on a shovel, the very instant that Beauty's voice swelled the notes, and tapered fingers swept the octaves.

While, therefore, it is philosophical to have our daughters learn music, it might be well to remember that "spirits differ." Some men have no ear for music; have no music in their souls, while all have more or less of human nature; more or less of the leaven of ill-temper, of impatience and wrathfulness, which is not amenable to the symphony of sweet sounds, but which is softened down to the lovingness of a baby's cooing at the exhibition of a little common-sense; of tidiness of person; of worldly prudence; of domestic management and household handiness on the part of the wife. No man possessed of any force of character can bear with equanimity the daily observation of the fact, that what he brings into the house for the comfort and sustenance of his family is not taken care of, is destroyed by unprincipled servants, or used with a criminal lavishness which benefits nobody, and yet is an hourly injury to him, inasmuch as the fruit of his labor and his care is ruinously used.

The demon of deep dissatisfaction will take possession of the man who has any respect for himself, his family, and his social position, when he begins to find out that his wife "has no taste for housekeeping;" that this branch of domestic duty is left entirely to the servants, and, as a consequence, the carpets are moth-eaten the first summer; the costly furniture in six months looks as if it had been in use a dozen years; the rosewood is "nicked;" the sienite marble is stained with all the colors not belonging to it; the costliest velvets and tapestries are irretrievably greased; while the walls are scratched and match-marked in every possible direction.

It can not be a just matter of surprise, that a man should become possessed of an evil spirit, when he finds that as often as he presents his wife with a charming "hat," with a splendid "silk," with a magnificent set of furs, he is doomed in less than a week to find the "love of a bonnet" lying about, first on a bed, next on a center-table, next hitched on to the hat-

rack in the hall, as if it were a mere "hack," to be put on only when it was like to rain, or when going out to make "next door" a neighborly visit after nightfall; or if the costly silk, after the first wearing, has been hastily dumped down on the floor, or hurriedly crammed into a drawer, to be taken out with a hundred thousand unsightly creases; or if the diamond breastpin is broken, or the bracelet-guard lost, or a diamond is missing from the finger-ring after the first wearing. Not a less powerful means of "bringing up" an evil spirit into a man, is the finding his house all topsy-turvy when he comes home after the business of the day; the children crying, the servants "in a stew," while the wife is in a humor so ungracious, that the moment her husband enters the door, she begins with the volubility of a dozen ordinary women, to pour out one complaint after another, about every servant and every child; about the butcher and the baker and the milkman, ending with an intimation of a very unmistakable character: "It's your fault." And if, after all this, the five-o'clock dinner is placed on the table at six, the potatoes hard, the roast beef black, the bread half dough, the milk sour, and the soup dishwatery, it can not be surprising, if evil spirits do "catch him" up and "whisk" him off to the village-tavern, the grog-shop, the billiard-saloon, or the gaming-table, returning home later and later, until, after a while, he habitually enters his house in the small hours of the morning, beastly drunk, and with oaths and curses and savage blows, sometimes enforces those attentions to his more beastly wishes which the self-punished wife had not wit enough before to see the wisdom of giving voluntarily. It is too late then for any human music to charm such a man, or to tame and "lay" the evil spirit within.

These things being so, it might be well for city mothers especially to have their daughters take fewer lessons in music, fewer in French, fewer in crochet-work, and more in "common-sense;" more in domestic duties, such as sewing, knitting, patching, darning, dusting rooms, making beds, taking care of their own clothing, and that of the smaller children; helping the mother in all possible ways; thinking for her; planning for her; anticipating her wants and desires and directions; doing

all these things, not merely as a duty, but as a pleasure; doing them promptly, cheerfully, and lovingly, at all times and under all circumstances; feeling the while that the child should be the servant, and the mother the served. No one can doubt, that a daughter thus brought up, with frequent opportunities of trying her hand at making cake, baking a loaf, roasting a joint, boiling a potato, drawing a cup of tea, spreading a table, getting up a party, fitting her own dress, trimming her own bonnet, and being her own seamstress, would have a power over a man, all-controlling, in subduing his passions, in chastening his extravagances, and moulding his nature into a form, the very embodiment of all that is noble, manly, generous, and loving.

The "music," then, which the wife should "practice," in order to have a healthful influence over the physical, moral, and mental nature of a man, restraining him from vice, and crime, and gluttony, and late hours, and drunkenness, and the poetry which she should recite to him every day, are the music and poetry of a tidy home, of cleanly and well-behaved children, of quiet and respectful servants, of a table spread so invitingly that if only bread and milk and butter were there, they would taste like nectar and honey just from the hive; while the all-pervading and happy influence of a quiet, loving, and lady-like wife, sanctifies the whole household, and makes it a community of love, of enjoyment, of domestic beatitude.

There must be music and poetry too in the husband; he must strive daily to deport himself toward the woman who has borne him children, with a like respect and deference and consideration and gentleness, to that which he was accustomed to exhibit shortly before the marriage ceremony had made them one. We say "strive," for many a time it will require an effort, a moral power akin to the heroic, for there is much in the life of almost every man of business, so wearying, depressing, and often harrowing to the whole nature, that he would be more than mortal, if under their influences, when the physical nature is tired with labor, he could exhibit the beautiful amenities of an elevated domesticity, without some summoning up to his aid, all the latent power within him, to recall the feelings

and affections and deportment of the happy days of courtship. He may sometimes have to contend with woman's waywardness, only exhibited, it may be, when under the influence of sickness, or inward grief, or deep disappointment, or bitter mortification, or of a hard lot in life; but surely it will be the more manly part, under such circumstances, to shut his eye and ear and sense to many things, covering them with that mantle of charity which he should always have at hand, for her sake, who left father and mother and all the dear associations of home and kindred, and threw herself so trustingly on his protection, his love, his honor, and his care. Let the daughter also "practice" for her who bore her, that sweetest of all music to an aged mother's heart, to wit, a prompt, a cheerful, an unhesitating obedience to all her known wishes; let her feel abidingly, that nothing she can do for the mother who loved her and watched over her with so much tenderness and solicitude and anxious care through the running years of infancy and childhood and mature age, can ever half repay her; let that mother's peace and comfort and repose and quiet happiness be the constant study and the steady aim of every dutiful daughter; for however much she may do, it would not be considered half enough when that mother has passed into the grave. Yes, however much she may have done, it will then be felt the strangest thing in the world that she had not done more; she will constantly reproach herself for want of consideration in a thousand little things, each one of which might have been a rill of pleasure to the aged heart as it was nearing its final resting-place.

Let the dutiful and loving daughter "practice" that other "music-lesson" for her mother's sake, *the willingness to learn*; to practice it so diligently, that there need never be a repetition of a mother's counsel, or direction or advice. Said a mother to me once: "I never recollect the time when I found it necessary to repeat a wish to any child of mine; I have only to half tell it when it is done." Happy mother! dear loving children! How I wish there were more such! I know there are too many daughters who are directly the reverse; who seem to think that a mother's advice is out of date; her counsel old foggyish, and all her pains to show her how to do things, are not only disre-

garded, but are listened to or witnessed with the utmost impatience, as evidenced by the surly look, the unsightly frown, or some disrespectful exclamation. Poor child! every one of these will be a dagger to your heart; the more painful as you grow older; striking deeper and deeper as years roll on, causing many an hour of sadness by day, and of remorse, oh! how grinding! in the sleepless hours of midnight, so many of which are the lot of old age.

The things of which we have been speaking are moral music and moral poetry; these promote the health of the heart; but there are pieces of real, tangible poetry, the repetition or the reading of which aloud, at times, when the mind is in the mellow mood, or when sorrows weigh it down, or when grief presses upon it like a crushing millstone, will many a time lighten the load which burdens poor humanity's heart, and at other times will lift it up, and elevate, and waken it to nobler purposes and to higher resolves, instead of letting life go out in blank despair, or in the dreadful night of suicide.

Poetry and song have not in three thousand years lost any of their efficiency in medicating the maladies of the mind, which, by the way, are sometimes more terrible in their ill-effects, than are physical diseases.

Song soothes the troubled soul; it calms the perturbed spirit, and sweetly lessens the weight of those mournfully pleasing recollections of the far-distant past of childhood and home; of the friends long since departed, but still, oh! how deeply, truly, sweetly loved!

Simple silent reflection has a power to

"Calm the surges of the mind,"

especially at eventide, when the day's work is done; and clear it of the gross incumbrances which corrupting business transactions have left behind them, that it may be empty, swept and garnished, fit for the Master's use; yea, fit for the dwelling-place of God!

If music and meditation have such a power separately, that power must be intensified, when living sentiments are expressed in searching words, and glorious thoughts are embodied in

words and music too. Then, sweet as the mother's lullaby will the heavenly influences come over the heart in repeating to itself, as the day gradually dies into the night:

"I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care;
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

"I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore."

No one we should think could "hum" those lines in a minor key without improving both the mental and bodily condition. And perhaps the reader may find a "healing power" at times in the recitation of some of the following selections. There is physical and moral health in all of them, with not only no loss of virtue by their repetition, as is the case with all material drugs, but absolutely an intensifying effect, the oftener the mind runs over them, softening many a heart, lightening many a load, calming many a perturbed spirit, and soothing many a ruffled temper.

How sweetly comforting and love-sustaining, what a moral "tonic," acting physically, waking up the whole man to greater activities and with greater courage to meet life's labors and duties and toils is there found in a single verse of the immortal Watts:

"The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky."

And what a waking up of our manhood comes over us in reciting the grand production of Bishop Doane, "Stand like an Anvil." And then how is the mind calmed in an instant down by the repetition of "My Schoolboy Days," or of the "Lines to a Skeleton," or of the beautiful words of the "Factory Girl," "Over the River," and that charming piece, "The Bird that Sang in May," all of which follow!

THE BIRD THAT SUNG IN MAY.

A BIRD last spring came to my window-shutter,
 One lovely morning at the break of day;
 And from his little throat did sweetly utter
 A most melodious lay.

He had no language for his joyous passion,
 No solemn measure, no artistic rhyme;
 Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
 Such perfect tune and time.

It seemed of thousand joys a thousand stories,
 All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide;
 A hallelujah for the morning-glories
 That bloomed on every side.

And with each canticle's voluptuous ending,
 He sipped a dew-drop from the dripping pane;
 Then heavenward his little bill extending,
 Broke forth in song again.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
 And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue;
 But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
 Nor human lips such song.

At length he flew, and left me in my sorrow,
 Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;
 And though I early waked for him each morrow,
 He came not nigh my door.

But once again, one silent summer even,
 I met him hopping in the new-mown hay;
 But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven—
 The bird that sung in May.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
 The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
 In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower
 The bird that sung in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dawning pleasures,
 They charm a moment and then fly away;
 Through life we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
 The birds that sung in May.

This little lesson, then, my friend, remember,
 To seize each bright-winged blessing in its day;
 And never hope to catch in cold December,
 The bird that sung in May.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS N. A. W. PRIEST.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side,
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see,
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the vail apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day.
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
 Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

HEAVEN.

BY MISS N. A. W. PRIEST.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
 Beyond death's cloudy portal.
 There is a land where beauty never dies
 And love becomes immortal:

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
 Whose fields are ever vernal;
 Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
 But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
 How bright and fair its flowers;
 We may not hear the songs that echo there
 Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see
 With our dim earthly vision:
 For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
 That opes those gates elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
 The fiery sunset lingers,
 Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
 Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half-ajar,
 Gleams from the inner glory
 Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
 And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
 Father, all-wise, eternal,
 Guide, guide these wandering way-worn feet of mine
 Into those pastures vernal.

THE SKELETON.

Some few years ago, the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem, entitled "Lines on a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair, clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin ! 'Twas a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full,
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot !
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
Nor Hope, nor Love, nor Joy, nor Fear,
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye :
But stare not at the dismal void.
If social Love that eye employed ;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise, was chained ;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle Concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unvails Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine ?
Or with its envied rubies shine ?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
 These feet the path of Duty trod ?
 If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
 To seek Affliction's humble shed.
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to Virtue's cot returned
 These feet with Angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky.

MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
 How sweet the light they cast;
 How, as on wings of joy, their rays,
 Come glimmering o'er the past !
 They come as came the joyous gleams
 Of sweet but half-forgotten dreams.

My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
 They come but once in life ;
 Like angel-glances on the sea
 Of tempest and of strife.
 Like some lone minstrel's dying lay,
 They echo still, though passed away.

My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
 There's magic in the sound ;
 It calls my young companions up
 And sets them smiling round :
 With school-boy hopes and school-boy fears,
 Its little joys and little tears.

My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
 Life looked all sunshine then ;
 How longed our young ambitious eyes
 Impatient to be men !
 But have we found in life's dull ways
 The joys we lost in school-boy days ?

My school-boy days, my school-boy days,
 Adieu—in your bright bowers,
 Fond memory oft shall while itself
 Through life's long, leaden hours,
 And echo back, in lonely lays,
 The song of school-boy's happy days.

—Anon.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL.

BY BISHOP DOANE.

"STAND like an anvil!" when the strokes
 Of stalwart strength fall thick and fast;
 Storms but more deeply root the oaks,
 Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sparks
 Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
 Virtue and truth must still be marks
 Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the bar
 Lies red and glowing on its breast;
 Duty shall be life's leading star,
 And conscious innocence its rest.

"Stand like an anvil!" when the sound
 Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
 Thine but the still and stern rebound
 Of the great heart that can not fear.

"Stand like an anvil!" noise and heat
 Are born of earth, and die with time;
 The soul, like God, its source and seat
 Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

 WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR ?

Thy neighbor? It is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless—
 Whose aching heart, or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim,
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—
 Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis that weary man
 Whose years are at their brim,
 Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
 Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem—
 Widow and orphan, helpless left—
 Go thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbor? yonder toiling slave,
 Fettered in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
 Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favored than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbor-worm,
 Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by—
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 This breaking heart from misery—
 Go, share thy lot with him."

MILTON'S BLINDNESS.

THE following is published in the recent Oxford edition of Milton's works, as from his pen; it is certainly the production of Mrs. Howell, of Philadelphia.

I AM old and blind !
 Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
 Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
 Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
 I murmur not that I no longer see ;
 Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
 Father supreme ! to thee.

O merciful One !
 When men are farthest then thou art most near;
 When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
 Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
 Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
 Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
 And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
 I recognize thy purpose clearly shown :
 My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
 Thyself—thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
 This darkness is the shadow of thy wing ;
 Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
 Can come no evil thing.

Oh ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go :
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel-lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

Is it nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes ?
When airs from paradise refresh my brow
The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

“GOING ALONE.”

With curls in the sunny air tossing,
With light in the merry blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outringing,
A laugh of delight and surprise ;
All friendly assistance disdaining,
And trusting no strength but its own—
The past fears and trials forgotten,
The baby is “going alone.”

What woeful mishaps have preceded
This day of rejoicing and pride !
How often the help that he needed
Has carelessly gone from his side !
He has fallen while reaching for sunbeams,
Which, just as he grasped them, have flown,
And the tears of vexation have followed,
But *now* he is “going alone.”

And all through his life he will study
This lesson again and again ;
He will carelessly lean upon shadows,
He will fall, and weep over the pain.

The hand whose fond clasp was the surest
 Will coldly withdraw from his own,
 The sunniest eyes will be clouded,
 And he will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world we live in,
 And he may grow cold like the rest,
 Just keeping a warm sunny welcome
 For those who seem truest and best;
 Yet, chastened and taught by past sorrow,
 And stronger and manlier grown,
 Not trusting *his* all in their keeping,
 He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet *not* alone, for our Father
 The faltering footsteps will guide
 Through all the dark mazes of earth-life,
 And "over the river's" deep tide.
 Oh! here is a Helper unfailing,
 A strength we can perfectly trust,
 When, all human aid unavailing,
 "The dust shall return unto dust."

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

THERE is no heart but hath its inner anguish,
 There is no eye but hath with tears been wet;
 There is no voice but hath been heard to languish
 O'er hours of darkness it can ne'er forget.

There is no cheek, however bright its roses,
 But perished buds beneath its hues are hid;
 No eye that in its dewy light reposes,
 But broken star-beams tremble 'neath its lid.

There is no lip, howe'er with laughter ringing,
 However bright and gay its words may be,
 But it hath trembled at some dark upspringing
 Of stern affliction and deep misery.

We all are brothers in this land of dreaming,
 Yet hand meets hand, and eye to eye replies;
 Nor dream we that beneath an eye all beaming
 The flower of life in broken beauty lies.

O blessed light, that gilds our night of sorrow!
 O balm of Gilead, for our healing found!
 We know that peace will come with thee to-morrow,
 And that afflictions spring not from the ground.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take the unbolted flour of wheat, wet it with lukewarm water, add salt and yeast, knead in enough more of this flour to make it stiff, add a little molasses, and, when risen, bake in medium-sized loaves.

ERYSIPELAS is said to be cured by applying to the part affected, a paste made of raw cranberries beaten.

KETTLES are cleansed of onion and other odors, by dissolving a teaspoonful of pearlash or saleratus in water, and washing them.

HAIR, removed by fevers and other sickness, is made to grow by washing the scalp with a strong decoction of sage leaves once or twice a day.

STINGS and bites are often instantaneously cured by washing them in hartshorn or turpentine.

FLIES DESTROYED.—A pint of sweet milk, a quarter of a pound of sugar, two ounces of ground pepper, simmer together for ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. If this is true, there is no necessity for using poisonous articles about a house.

BOILING POTATOES.—It is said that in Ireland they always nick off a piece of the skin, put them in a pot of cold water, which is gradually heated, but never allowed to boil; cold water should be added as soon as the water begins to boil; when done, pour all the water off, cover the vessel with a cloth, and in a few minutes they are cool enough for use.

BUY the best articles for family use; for, although they cost more, good articles spend best.

SUGAR from Havana is always dirty, that from Brazil is clean, as also from Porto Rico and Santa Cruz. Refined sugars, whether loaf, crushed, or granulated, are the cheapest in the end.

LARD from a hog not over a year old, is the best, and should be hard and white.

BUTTER made in September and October is the best for winter use.

RICH cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a dry cool place. If mold appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

FLOUR and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool dry place.

THE best rice is large, and has a clear fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

THE small white sago, called the pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. This article and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs, pick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

KEEP coffee by itself, as the odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

ORANGES and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

THE cracked cocoa is best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

SOFT soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old.

To thaw frozen potatoes, put them in hot water. Frozen apples in cold water, but use them at once.

OVER-EATING.—As soon as you are sensible that you have eaten too much, take a walk, gradually increasing its rapidity until there is a free perspiration, and continue at this gait until every feeling of discomfort about the stomach or lungs has disappeared, then cool off very slowly in a closed room, and eat not an atom until the second meal thereafter, thus omitting one.

SICK headache is almost always attended with cold feet, and the failure of a daily action of the bowels; and there is no permanent cure without the rectification of these.

WHITEWASH.—White fences and outbuildings indicate the thrifty farmer and a tidy household. Put half a bushel of unslacked lime in a clean, tight barrel, pour over it boiling water until it is covered five inches, stir briskly until the lime is thoroughly slacked, then add more water until it is as thin as desired, next add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; then apply with a common whitewash brush, giving a good coat in April and October, or at least once a year.

IF you get your feet or body wet, keep moving with sufficient briskness to keep off a feeling of chilliness until you get to the house ; undress instantly by a warm fire, drinking, as soon as possible, a cup or two of hot tea of any sort, and remain by the fire until thoroughly rested.

WHEN from any cause the bowels fail to act at the usual time, do not eat an atom more until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours ; the first meal after a fast should be very light, of bread and butter, and a cup of weak tea or coffee.

BRIQUOUSNESS is indicated by a bad taste in the mouth of mornings, a poor appetite, and a feeling of general discomfort, often accompanied with a headache and cold feet. The best cure is to work moderately, take but two meals a day, and these of bread and butter, with a cup of tea or coffee.

POISON of almost any kind swallowed will be instantly thrown from the stomach by drinking half a glass of water, (warm is best,) in which has been stirred a tablespoon of ground mustard ; as soon as vomiting ceases, drink a cup of strong coffee, into which has been stirred the white of an egg ; this nullifies any remnant which the mustard might have left.

PASTE may be made with flour in the usual way, but rather thicker, with a proportion of brown sugar, and a small quantity of corrosive sublimate. A drop or two of the essential oil of lavender, peppermint, anise, or bergamot, is a complete security against molding. Paste made in this manner, if kept in a close covered pot, may be preserved in a state fit for use at any time.

LIQUID glue is made by dissolving a pound of common glue with heat in a pound of strong vinegar, and one quarter of a pound of alcohol ; this is whitened by adding sulphate of lead.

MOTHS are kept from carpets by sprinkling salt and pepper, mixed in equal quantities, about and under the edges.

BED-BUGS are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush.

PICTURE-FRAMES and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

AN ink-stand was turned over on a white table-cloth, a servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared.

ANTS are kept out of drawers and other places by spirits of camphor.

BUTTER KEPT FRESH.—Take it as it comes from the churn, and wash the butter-milk thoroughly out of it, then dry the surface of the butter with a clean cloth, break into small pieces, and pack it solid into a crock. The air must be entirely expelled. Set the crock in a kettle half-filled with water, then place the kettle over the fire until the water boils. While boiling remove from the fire, and let the crock remain in the water until cold.

A MEDICINE.—Abernethy's prescription to a wealthy patient was: "Let your servant bring you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself well with it, and you'll recover."

"This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.

"Well," said Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

A PRESCRIPTION.—If you wake up thirsty, diet, that is, eat nothing; if you have diarrhea, be quiet, that is, do nothing, drink nothing; and if not better in twelve hours, send for a physician.

LIGHTNING-RODS, in cities, says Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, should be connected with the water or gas-pipes underground, outside the building.

A BIT of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water, will restore old crape. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it.

RED ANTS.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

EYES.—If you must sew on black cloth at night, pin a piece of soft white paper along the seam, and sew through it; afterwards tear the paper away.

CAMOMILE.—The decoction of its leaves is said to destroy various insects; the living plant imparts health to other plants, often reviving drooping ones.

POTATOES contain nearly all their nutriment (the starch) very near the surface; the heart has but little; hence, let the peeling be the thinnest possible.

LAC stick dissolved in alcohol is the best varnish for tree or vine wounds, and to prevent bleeding from trimming or pruning.

GREENWOOD Cemetery, up to June, 1860, had received seventy-six thousand seven hundred and ninety-seven dead bodies (76,797) since first opened, September 5th, 1840.

The New Reservoir, in the north-eastern portion of the Central Park, is a well whose mouth equals a surface of one hundred and six acres, a well whose depth is twenty feet, and will contain water enough to supply the city of New-York for one month, in case of an accident cutting off the supply from Croton river.

MUSIC FOR OUR DAUGHTERS.—Strangers who are now flocking to the city, will find it to their interest to call at Worcester's piano establishment, corner of Fourteenth street and Third avenue. This is one of the very oldest houses of New-York; in all the financial "crises" of the country, it has never known a "suspension" or a "removal;" thus indicating a thrift, which is only known to men who always make the best instruments, and thus secure the steady patronage of wealthy families, which, from its extent, enables the proprietor to sell a better piano at a lower price than can elsewhere be had, being more especially adapted to withstand the effects of a warm and moist climate.

How to Enjoy Life. By Dr. W. M. Cornell. Published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, and by Sheldon & Co., New-York. This book contains a large amount of useful truth, and we trust its industrious author will find for it a large sale.

Movement Cure or Motor-Pathy, by Dr. George H. Taylor, published by Fowler & Wells, contains a large amount of curious and useful information as to the preservation of health and the removal of disease by muscular and mechanical means.

EYES, CATARACT.—Mark Stephenson, M.D., Surgeon of the New-York Ophthalmic Hospital, etc., read a paper before the American Medical Association convened at Washington City, whose publication was considered of such importance as to be called for by the Society. It reflects great credit on the learned author, for its professional ability, and extensive research.

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All the above Health Tracts, with a great variety of other practical reading in reference to Health, will be found in the two volumes for 1862 and 1863, \$1.25 each, both for \$2, at the office, 831 Broadway, New-York.

SKATING

Is one of the most exhilarating of all pastimes, whether on the ice, or over our parlor or hall floors, with roller-skates. In the days of "Queen Bess," some three hundred years ago, it was a favorite amusement with the Londoners, whose facilities for the same were limited to pieces of bone attached to the shoes. As lives have been lost in connection with skating, the following suggestions are made :

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping benumbs the foot and deprives it of feeling. A young lady at Boston lost a foot in this way ; another in New-York ; her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water, after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the fore-part of the foot in a kind of toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.

2. It is not the object so much to skate fast, as to skate gracefully ; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation ; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterward.

3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least of ladies and children ; otherwise, fatal inflammation of the lungs, " pneumonia," may take place.

4. Do not sit down to rest a single half-minute ; nor stand still, if there is any wind ; nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off ; but walk about, so as to restore the circulation about the feet and toes, and to prevent being chilled.

5. It is safer to walk home than to ride ; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.

6. Never carry any thing in the mouth while skating, nor any hard substance in the hand ; nor throw any thing on the ice ; none but a careless, reckless ignoramus, would thus endanger a *fellow-skater* a *fall*.

7. If the thermometer is below thirty, and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.

8. Always keep your eyes about you, looking ahead and upward, not on the ice, that you may not run against some lady, child, or learner.

9. Arrange to have an extra garment, thick and heavy, to throw over your shoulders, the moment you cease skating, and then walk home, or at least half a mile, with your mouth closed, so that the lungs may not be quickly chilled, by the cold air dashing upon them, through the open mouth ; if it passes through the nose and head, it is warmed before it gets to the lungs.

10. It would be a safe rule for no child or lady to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.

11. The grace, exercise, and healthfulness of skating on the ice, can be had, without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached, on common floors ; better if covered with oil-cloth. Lessons are given in this pleasant and exhilarating exercise at Mr. Disbrow's on Fifth Avenue, whose spacious and well-conducted establishment ought to be well patronized. His ice pond is now in excellent order.

NOTICES.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, published by Ticknor & Fields, No. 135 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; three dollars a year; Volume 13 began with January. Among its contributors are some of the best intellects and the most cultivated minds in the nation. It is the great literary monthly of the country, and by the acknowledged ability with which it has been conducted, it has been placed on a permanent basis, and is highly appreciated abroad as well as at home.

THE HORTICULTURIST, founded by the lamented A. J. Downing, in 1846, is in its eighteenth volume: two dollars a year; No. 87 Park Row, New-York. Its patronage is commended to country gentlemen and intelligent agriculturists throughout the country.

THE PRESBYTERIAN, Philadelphia, two dollars and fifty cents a year, has an industrious and able correspondent in this city; his weekly letters well pay for the subscription-price to every New-Yorker who wishes to keep himself posted as to the "goings on" and chief doings of our mighty metropolis.

TO FARMERS.—There is no monthly published on this or any other continent on agriculture or on any other subject which gives one half as much valuable, practical, and reliable information for one dollar a year as the *American Agriculturist*, issued at No. 7 Park Row, New-York City.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, two dollars a year, *London Quarterly*, *The Edinburgh*, *The Westminster*, and *North British Reviews*, each three dollars, are all furnished for ten dollars a year. Address Leonard Scott & Co., No. 54 Gold street, New-York. The contributors to these publications are among the very ablest writers in Great Britain.

MUSIC.—The hinged-plate piano improvement of Horatio Wooster, of New-York, is eliciting the admiration and hearty commendation of the most accomplished artists in the country. Among the names are those of Gottschalk, Muzio, Mason, Berge, Fredel, Thomas, Harrison, Wernike, Morgan, Gosché, and the distinguished amateur Dr. Thomas Ward, all substantiating the sentiment of Gottschalk, when he said, "I estimate the volume of tone to be increased one hundred per cent by this invention," which is certainly very high praise, coming as it does from the very highest musical authority.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, three dollars a year, Philadelphia, continues as heretofore to be the Queen of pictorial monthlies, delighting multitudes of families with its beautiful steel engravings and its valuable practical embellishments, etc.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, two dollars a year, Philadelphia. Who that has ever subscribed for it, ever willingly failed to "renew" when Christmas came?

PILES, FISTULA, RUPTURES, ETC.—The last published work of Dr. Bodenhemer on these and kindred subjects has been translated into French. Dr. B. spends the winter at the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh, and for knowledge, ability, skill, and success has no superior living.

TEETH.—Dr. John Allen, 22 Bond street, New-York, in whose office Dr. Evans, now the first Dentist in Europe, took lessons is believed to be the ablest member of his profession for furnishing single and sets of teeth. We know cases where twenty years of youthfulness have been imparted to the features.

THE FARM-HOUSE MILK, pure and sweet, is brought to town daily by the New-Jersey and Rockland County Milk Association, under the management of C. W. Canfield, Esq., No. 146 Tenth street, New-York, near Broadway, adjoining Stewart's New Retail Palace.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM continues to be the general place of resort for novelty-seekers. Formerly a "Museum" was considered to be a collection of all the queer, outlandish things of creation, but Mr. Barnum, with characteristic energy and forecast, has made his establishment a place not only of amusement but of solid instruction. Scarcely a week passes in which some new object of interest is not introduced. Natural treasures are gathered from the poles to the tropics; yesterday he had a polar bear; to-day a family of Esquimaux; to-morrow it will be a whale, or a multitude of fishes of all sizes and hues, from the Pole to the Line; and frequently all are seen at once, exciting the mind of the beholder alternately with feelings of awe, of wonder, of admiration and delight.

IRON FENCES, railings, plain and ornamental, statues, figures of animals, bedsteads, gate-posts, tree-guards, with every conceivable variety of article for families, farms, cemeteries, parks and pleasure-gardens and grounds, are found at the very extensive establishment of Hutchinson & Wickersham, 250 Canal street, New-York, one of the oldest and best known houses of the kind in the city.

We heartily commend "The Home Monthly," two dollars a year, Boston, to every household wishing a whole year of delightful and instructive reading for wives, husbands, daughters, and sons.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XI.]

FEBRUARY, 1864.

[No. 2.

CONSUMPTION.

As one person out of six dies of consumptive disease, every man, woman, and child is more or less directly interested in every thing having a practical bearing in reference to a malady which has already carried millions to the grave, and is destined to destroy millions more. In reading the public papers, the impression might be made on the unthinking that consumption was more easily cured than any other human ailment. The confident manner in which it is announced that this, that, and the other remedy is uniformly successful, and that all that is necessary to procure the same, is to forward a three-cent postage-stamp, and the way is open to a prompt, permanent, and radical restoration, does mislead thousands every year. Cod liver oil, naphtha, medicated inhalation, Bourbon whisky; the injection of solutions of nitrate of silver, the ruthless excision of the tonsils, and pectorals and syrups and troches and a multitude of other remedies, safe, sure, and infallible, have been proposed from time to time, have had their fashion and their butterfly hour; but the people still continue to die of the dreaded disease; not as before, but more numerous than ever, proving beyond contradiction, that there is no curative power in any of them. And the very avidity with which any new remedy is seized upon and published to the world, is evidence enough, that the great want is still unsupplied. When it is remembered that consumption is a general destruction of the substance of the lungs, it ought to be felt, even by the un-

reflecting, that in reality, there can be no absolute cure; because, when a portion of the lung is once destroyed, its reproduction is as impossible as that of a lost limb or finger. In a literal sense, then, consumption is absolutely incurable. At the same time a man may, from various causes, lose a part of his lungs, and yet have that decay arrested, and live in reasonable health for many years afterward. Anatomists say that in examining the lungs of those who have died after the age of forty-five, it is a very common thing to notice evidences of a partial destruction of the lungs, and their subsequent healing up, without the subjects of this process ever having had a suspicion in life, that any thing was the matter with the lungs. It follows then, that being cured of consumption, in this restricted sense, is an event of every day occurrence. But such a conclusion brings with it very little comfort when connected with that other observation, that such "cures" are always spontaneous, and are never clearly traceable to any drug swallowed, to any gas or atmosphere inhaled, or to any surgical operation. The reputation which successive vaunted remedies have obtained, has been owing to several causes, each of which is particularly calculated to foster a deception; and

First. Consumption is a disease which, in its nature, is of a very flattering character, in that it generally, except in its very last stages, is not attended with any pain; the appetite is good, and the intellect clear; the malady itself is in the lungs, which, being scantily supplied with nerves, have very little feeling.

Second. The seeds of consumption, as previously explained, are little, hard, roundish substances, called "tubercles," scattered through the lungs in little patches, more or less extensive, which patches ripen, as it were, at different times, as apples on a tree or berries on a bush; this ripening, however, is rather a rotting process; it is the softening of the tubercles, whereby the lungs become disorganized and destroyed, and are in this state, spit out of the mouth, in the shape of a thick, yellowish matter. While this softening process is going on, and until the matter is wholly expectorated, the patient does not "feel so well;" there is fever, and there is cough, with a variety of other discomforts. But when the matter of that "patch" is all expectorated, and the lungs are relieved of the discomfort of its presence; the elas-

ticity of the system returns; the cough greatly abates, and in some cases disappears almost entirely, and the patient expresses himself as feeling "almost as well as I ever did in my life." This better feeling continues until another patch ripens, rots, and is spit away; the process going on, in repetitions, from time to time, until such a large portion of the lungs has been destroyed, that enough is not left to live upon, and death closes the scene. Hence it is, that the history of almost every consumptive, is that of being better or worse, through the whole course of its progress; which averages about two years. These "spells" of being "worse" are uniformly attributed to having "taken a little cold." The patient, too willing to be deceived, takes comfort in the reflection, that if he had not taken that last cold, he would still have gotten better; and summoning up a new resolution and energy, determines that he will be more careful against taking cold another time; and as a means of so doing, "bundles up" more; is more guarded as to "exposures;" that is, goes out less, hugs the stove more, leaves less frequently his cozy corner at the fire; not taking note of the fact for a long time that he "takes cold," as he calls it, in spite of all his efforts, and finally settles down in the declaration that the "least thing in the world gives me a cold;" or there is a positive inability to determine how he got his last cold; and then begins to think that it came on of itself; the true state of the case being that it is simply the natural progress of the disease; that "taking cold" had nothing to do with these repeated back sets. And there is a failure also to observe, that during this "bundling up," this fearfulness of "exposures," involving closer and closer confinement to the house, the "colds" come more frequently, last longer and longer, until one runs into another, and there is a continued cold; which means in reality, that the destructive process is now going on steadily, and with it there is a more and more harassing cough, a greater and greater thinning of flesh, a more and more distressing shortness of breath, more drenching night-sweats, more consuming fevers, with a weakness, approaching the utter helplessness of a new-born child.

But suppose in the earlier stages of the malady, when perhaps the first or second or third "patch" had pretty much softened and the patient was beginning to spit it away, a particular

remedy was administered; the improvement which always follows the riddance of the yellow matter, which is really rotted lungs, is attributed to the last thing taken or done; it may be a week, a month, or a year before another "patch" of tubercles begins to soften; meanwhile, considerable health is enjoyed, and the patient, quite willing to believe that he has been cured of consumption, speaks of the remedy used, in the most extravagant terms; and with a kind of gratitude gives his "certificate" of its value in his own case; and in a month it has been read by millions. Hence the multitude of fallacious "cures," so called, which flood the country.

But suppose there had been but a single "patch of tubercles," and nothing had been done; but there was the usual cough, expectoration, night-sweats, etc., and then an ultimate restoration to health, the whole thing is dismissed with the remark, that it was only a very bad cold.

There is, perhaps, not a man living who is troubled with "a very bad cough," who has not been advised to try a multitude of remedies, with two stereotype statements, "It can do you no harm, if it does you no good;" and "It cured a much worse case than yours."

But there are literally millions who, after hopefully trying the remedy, have been doomed to the sad experience and admission, that "however much others may have been benefited, no benefit has resulted in my case."

But as there are persons who have labored under the more common and unequivocal symptoms of consumption, such as cough, spitting blood, expectoration of yellow matter, night sweats and swollen ankles, and yet have recovered and lived in good health a quarter of a century afterward, it will be instructive to note, what are the circumstances in common, in all these well-authenticated cases; then we may conclude, that if in any given case these circumstances can be brought about, similar favorable and triumphant results may be reasonably anticipated. Let the reader turn to the cases of apparent cure already noted, to wit: Dr. Norcom's case, (page 102;) another reported in a British medical periodical, in 1854, and reproduced in this volume, (page 113,) and others following. To these may be added the case of General Andrew Jackson. It was stated in the public prints at the time of his death, that

there was every indication that one fourth of the lungs had been destroyed by disease twenty-five years before. To these may be added a case which came under the author's notice five years ago.

Volume 17, case 2222, was an Englishman; tall, slim, nervous temperament, a traveling clock-mender and tinker. The yellow matter in the air-passages was so abundant that he could bring up a mouthful at any time, with a kind of gulp, or hem. This seemed to be a case so utterly hopeless in all its aspects, and one wherein no medicine whatever seemed to be appropriate, the only advice which was at the same time applicable and possible to him, (as he was extremely poor,) was that he should eat regularly and as much as possible, and spend his waking existence in some very active exercise out of doors. He was advised to cough as little as possible, to make every effort to repress it, to endeavor to get rid of the "phlegm" by hemming; but that whenever it was not possible to restrain a cough, to throw the head back and cough out at an angle of about forty-five degrees, so as to jar and strain the lungs as little as possible, and thus bring away the phlegm more easily, as would be the case when it came up much nearer in a straight line, than at a right angle, as in ordinary coughing, or at a more acute angle still, when the chin is bent down as it usually is, in the act of coughing. This man was so very poor, (and the winter was approaching,) that it was considered necessary to furnish him with some clothing. But he was well informed; had seen and thought for himself as to the nature and philosophy of his malady; so that there was a sufficient inducement to explain to him the reasons for the particular courses advised; these he seemed to comprehend and appropriate. Still, there was no expectation of ever seeing him again in life. A year later he was heard from through a third person, who spoke of him as the "crazy carrier." Adopting the suggestions made to him, he at once procured the situation of meeting the express railroad train at a certain point, receiving the daily newspapers, which had to be carried on foot to a post-office two or three miles distant. At first he was too weak to walk fast; but by great patience he had increased his gait, until at the time of his reporting, he was literally running five miles every twenty-four hours; never missing a day. On one occasion, when the

thermometer was hovering about zero, he was seen without gloves, or overcoat, his hat thrown back, so as to expose the whole forehead, papers under arm, and at a long, loping gait, "making time" for the post-office; this furnished the occasion for giving the sobriquet of "the crazy carrier." Later on he came to pay a fee for the first consultation, and five years from the first interview, he called to say that he was well; that he had supported his old father and mother during the interval; that he was drafted, and wanted to know what could be done for him in the way of securing an exemption. On a careful examination, there was found no physical ground for excusing him from serving as a soldier; and all that could be conscientiously done for him, was to give a certificate that he had been under treatment within a few years for consumptive disease.

In all the cases of apparent restoration from consumptive symptoms above referred to, there is one element, always present, never absent; it is no pill or potion, no drug or "simple" remedy; no syrup nor "pectoral;" no lozenge, no surgeon's operation, nothing physical; but something as impalpable as thin air; it is simply force of will; an unconquerable determination to live above disease; to conquer it or to die in the attempt. Moral courage, then, is at the very foundation of all effective treatment for consumption of the lungs; and is worth a thousand times more than any "dose" ever compounded by the apothecary; or than any "operation," which the most skillful surgeon in existence can boast of. Without this quality of the mind, invincible determination, all artificial means for the cure of consumption in its ordinary course, have seemed to be utterly unavailing. It must not be that fitful bravery which leads a man, in the excitement of the moment, to march up to the cannon's mouth, at the instant of its belching forth flame and fire and death; but it must be a persistent resolution, a "chronic" courage, which remains at the highest point all the time; day in and day out; reaching through days and weeks and months, and even years if need be. A courage which can at a moment's warning leave the cozy fireside and brave the fiercest winds of winter, which can any day abandon the comforts and happiness of home, and undertake long journeys on horseback or foot, through snow and frost and freezing rains;

sleeping in comfortless cabins, or by the wayside ; living on the coarsest fare of "squatter" poverty, or depending on the precarious "bringing down" of the hunter's rifle ; the men who can do these things, and do them with such a will as to make them as mere pastimes, these are the men who can, and who often do, survive for long years, the fierce attacks of consumptive disease, and all honor be to them, for such high types of heroism !

But in this connection let it be borne in mind that such moral courage, such force of character, is not found oftener than once in a thousand, and that this being so, the man who has actual consumption may consider himself inevitably doomed, except in the very rarest number of cases ; and that they are wisest who make a systematic effort to live in such a way, as not to fall into the grasp of so remorseless a disease themselves ; and to do all that is possible, by judicious counsel and unceasing watchfulness, to preserve their children, and others who may be under them, from those habits of life which invite so fell a malady.

CLIMATE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—It has been a fashion of many years' standing, to go to the South, when the lungs seemed to be affected ; or to take long journeys by sea. Of late years, another "notion" seems to have taken hold of the public mind, to wit, that Minnesota, the great North-West, is best adapted toward recovering a man from consumption ; and now, the stream of consumptive travelers is in that direction, instead of toward the sunny South, to Cuba, Madeira, and other localities. This change of sentiment originated in loose newspaper statements, that very few persons were noticed to have died of consumption in Minnesota. Similar statements have been made as to California, and for the very same reasons ; both countries are comparatively new ; few, other than the hardy, "settled" in them, and for obvious reasons the statistics on the subject must have been very imperfectly gathered. California is in a measure inaccessible, by reason of its distance. Havana and other warmer latitudes require more means than the multitude can command ; hence, the great army moves toward the "North-West," with most discouraging results. The ablest resident physician at St. Paul, the chief town of Minnesota, says, that two thirds of the consumptives who reach that point, die

there; and it is his frank and honorable habit to advise visitors to leave there as soon as possible. The air is indeed pure, and still and dry, having a uniform temperature in mid-winter; but whether from its great severity, or its rarefied character, or from its possessing some stranger ingredient, not yet detected, or whether from other causes, the fact remains the same, that two thirds of all who go to Minnesota for the removal of consumptive symptoms, perish there; and how many, soon after their return to their own homes, there are no means for ascertaining. But it is suggestive to note in the cases given in the preceding pages, that they were from all latitudes, from Canada to Cuba, leaving us to fall back on the great comprehensive fact, that the essential, the fundamental, the all-controlling agency in the arrest of any case of consumptive disease, and a return to reasonable health for any considerable time, is an active, courageous, and hopeful out-door life, in all weathers and in any latitude, with some rousing motive, other than regaining the health, beckoning them on, to do and to dare.

RECUPERATIVE POWER.

THIS is the "*vis medicatrix naturæ*," the power of nature to cure herself, and is implanted by Divinity in all that lives, vegetable or animal. Were there no such power, every injury done to blade of grass, or shrub, or tree, to insect, animal, or man, would result in sickness, decay, and death; and soon there would not be a living thing the globe over.

The extent to which injuries to the human frame may be recovered from are sometimes amazing; nature only asking one thing, and that is, to be let alone; to be allowed quietude, rest. Soon after breakfast, March sixteenth, 1860, Mrs. L. A. Page, two months married, was captured in the Rocky Mountains by a band of Apache Indians. Although she had suffered much from recent attacks of fever and ague, she traveled all day on foot, over a rough, mountainous road; to increase her pace, they frequently pointed their six-shooters at her head. At the end of sixteen miles, she lagged so much behind that her captors resolved to kill her, and for that purpose removed every part of her clothing except a single garment; they next threw their lances at her, inflicting eleven wounds in her body, and

threw her over a rocky precipice, and then threw stones at her, several of which struck her on the head; this was about sunset. Having alighted on a bank of snow, the fall was broken; still she was insensible, and must have remained there, in that condition, for two nights and a day. That she should have survived an hour, is extraordinary. When she recovered her senses, she put snow on her wounds, and started in the supposed direction of her home. Her feet gave out the first day, and she was compelled to crawl. Sometimes, after crawling up a steep ledge of the mountain, laboring hard for half a day to accomplish it, she would lose her footing and slide down to a lower part than that from which she started. At night she scratched holes in the sand in which to sleep, in order to protect herself from the cold winds of March on the mountain, five thousand feet above the level of the sea; but before she could start on her daily travels, she had to remain until the sun warmed her up; having no fire, and not a particle of clothing beyond the inner garment. She lived on grass—nothing else. On the fourteenth day she reached an untenanted camp of workmen in the Pinerias, where she found a little food, and some flour which had been spilled on the ground. The fire being not quite out, she kindled it up, and made a little cake of the flour which she had scraped up, being the first food she had tasted since the morning she left home. She could hear the men at work, and sometimes see them, but could not attract their attention. She, however, made out to crawl to a path which she knew they would have to pass at night, whence they carried her to her home, two miles distant; after an absence of sixteen days, she was well again.

This narration is given to impress on the mind of the reader that nature is the best physician, as a general rule; that her requirements are few and simple, and that with pure air, pure water, and quietude, ailments may be recovered from which, had they been removed by any human remedy, would have given the discoverer a world-wide name, and have poured into his treasury untold millions. The first remedies in this case were perfect quietude for two days; thus, every particle of strength preserved by the system was applied toward repairing the injury done. All this while, however, the purest air was breathed, every breath of which, while it imparted life to the

blood, left the body loaded with its impurities of waste and decay, and particles dead either by disease or the physical violences offered. Next to this rest and pure air, was either snow-water, or that from mountain-springs, according as it could be obtained.

Another important element in nature's cure of violence and sickness is in dieting. In almost all cases of ordinary disease, nature, in self-defense, takes away the appetite, so that what power the system has should be employed in throwing out diseased matters and those which oppress it, instead of expending that power in the digestion of food, which would only serve to clog the almost-stopped machinery.

For two weeks she ate nothing but grass. A most curious and valuable practical truth is taught here, one worth millions in the cure of disease, and of a world-wide application; a truth which daily forces itself on every intelligent physician and every observant nurse, that the diet of the sick should be simple, single, unconcentrated; that is, one thing at a time, and that should be an article which contains but a little nutriment in a large amount of gross. Hence, in all ordinary sickness, acute diseases, such as fevers, fruits and vegetables are better than meat; for while the latter is nearly all nutriment, nine tenths of the former are waste. In the common apple or turnip there are, perhaps, five atoms of nourishment in a hundred atoms of gross. There is still a less proportion of nutriment in grass, but there is some, and there is power in the human stomach to extract it. There is one item in connection with the sick which is of untold value; more and better and purer nutriment is obtained by a sick man's stomach from a smaller amount of food than from a larger; from one ounce, than a dozen. The single ounce may be thoroughly digested, hence all the blood it makes is perfectly pure, is full of strength and life; while the pound, being more than the stomach can take care of, is imperfectly digested, and must make an imperfect blood material; hence can impart no radical, enduring strength. But this is not all; this imperfect blood is mixed as soon as made with the whole blood of the body, and to that extent renders the entire mass impure. The lesson of this article is this: In all ordinary ailments and accidents, secure quiet of body, composure of mind, pure air, pure water, and simple food at regular intervals, being a little hungry all the time.

THE SICK SCHOOL-GIRL.

I KNOW an only daughter of fourteen, sole heiress to a fortune of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the petted child of fond but foolish and misguided parents, in a distant city, and yet she is miserable in mind and body for three fourths of her waking existence. She rides to school, less than a mile away, in a splendid equipage every fair morning; if it is threatening weather, she stays at home. She seldom goes to bed sooner than eleven or twelve o'clock. She is barely ready to start to school any morning sooner than nine. On the mornings of Saturday, Sunday, holidays, and bad days, eleven o'clock still finds her in bed. Her nights are spent at parties, balls, operas, theaters, or in frivolous company. If none of these are available, she reads novels in bed by gas-light for hours and hours together; but an almost invariable custom, before retiring, especially after returning from the ball or the theater, is to take a hearty supper. The result of this last practice is, that she never has any appetite for breakfast, not much more for dinner, so that the only full meal of the day is just before retiring. The legitimate results of such a training on body, mind, and heart are sadly suggestive. This spoiled child is never well any three days in succession, and has alarming attacks of a dangerous malady a dozen times a year, besides almost daily complaints of headache, tiredness, cold feet, weight or burning at the stomach; and more or less of a "little cold," all the time. To suppose that this child will ever reach the maturity of womanhood is absurdity itself.

The effects which such a mode of life has on the mind are not less baleful. Such a girl can not be "educated" in any single branch of knowledge, in any single accomplishment. The excitement of the nightly novel and theatre will wear out the mental energy before its time, and must as certainly unfit her for the realities and the labors of life as the excitement arising from spirits incapacitates the body for steady, effective labor.

The effects of such a defective training on the heart, the temper, the soul are the highest types of injustice, selfishness, and a sad destitution of human sympathies. These bear hardest and first on the servants. The coachman must remain on his box in the street until midnight, however inclement the weather; her maid must sit up to open the door when she comes home, and the cook the same, in order to prepare her a lunch before retiring. Yet if the cook is not up at daylight to prepare the regular family breakfast, and the maid to open the house and sweep the halls and stoop and pavement in time for the earliest visitor, and the coachman to take his master to 'Change, or his mistress to her early shopping, they are all subject to the severest reprimands, with the apparently unanswerable question: "Are you not paid to wait on me?" The laundress also suffers, for miss takes not the slightest pains to "save her clothing," either from being soiled, or torn, or disordered, on the plea that "she is hired to wash, and we pay her for it." The intelligent and generous mind sees at once the absurdity of such views, their injustice and their stony-heartedness. No one has a right to make one hand's turn of unnecessary labor for the meanest scullion of the kitchen, nor to demand unseasonable labor or service; every servant in every humane family has a right to all the sleep that can be taken, and an equal right to demand regularity in all the movements of the household, or an extra compensation for the lack of it. We should demand nothing which costs another unnecessary trouble or pain.

KINDNESS REWARDED.

It is a dreadful thing to be old and poor, and have no home; but there is a deeper depth of human calamity than this—it is to have, in addition, an old age of wasting, wearing sickness, which is often superinduced by that constant depression of mind which attends the consciousness of being alone and friendless and in want. One of the very best means of avoiding an old age of destitution and bodily suffering is to cultivate while young all the benevolent and generous feelings of our nature, never by any possibility allowing any opportunity pass of befriending a fellow-traveler, as we are passing along life's journey, for sooner or later the reward will come, the reward of a happy heart and oftentimes a comfortable provision for declining years.

In 1812, a wounded soldier was lying helpless on the plains of Chalmette, a few miles below New-Orleans. A youth passing that way kneeled at his side, inquired as to his wants, conveyed him to a shelter, and remained with him until he was able to leave for his home in the city. Nearly have a century later, the wounded soldier died, but old Judah Touro never forgot the youth who helped him on the battle-field, and left him fifty thousand dollars in money, besides some duties to perform which eventually yielded Mr. Shepherd \$100,000 more.

While living in New-Orleans, about the year 1850, a poor young doctor, with a large family and a small practice, often came into my office. He was always courteous, always kind, and always sad; and who could be otherwise when anxiety for to-morrow's bread for wife and children, was always pressing on the heart? But there came a letter one day, with the English post-mark, making inquiries for a young American doctor who had greatly befriended an English gentleman during a long and dangerous attack of sickness in New-Orleans a number of years before. This grateful gentleman had died, and left our poor young doctor a large estate.

Ten years ago and less, there lived in the city of New-York a clergyman whose name and memory are sacred to thousands of grateful, loving, revering hearts. He has not been dead long, he will never die out of the holy affections of the people before whom he came in and went out so many years. Among his people there was one man, and he was of large wealth, who seemed to make it his special business, as it was his highest happiness, to see that his revered pastor wanted nothing. It was not a fitful care. It did not spring up in May, and die long before December came, but through weeks and months and long years it was always the same; incessant, perennial, gushing up alway like a never-failing spring. The pastor died; his loving watcher, by no fault of his own, failed for almost millions; any recovery was absolutely hopeless. The grief that pressed him most was the loss of ability to help the helpless. Men looked on and wondered, and began to question if Providence would let such a man come to want in his gray hairs. But there was an eye upon him. A man of very great wealth said: "He must not suffer who cared so well and faithfully and long for my old minister. He is just the man I want to attend to my estates, and he shall have all he asks for as compensation for his services."

CORN BREAD.

A BUSHEL of corn contains as much nutriment as a bushel of wheat, and is five or six times less costly. But it is almost always spoiled in the Eastern States by being ground too fine. The most ignorant "contraband" in the South-West can make a most delicious bread in a few minutes out of corn-meal, pure water, and a little salt, baked on a hot hearthstone, or a heated hoe; this is the celebrated "hoe-cake" of the olden time. Very few persons in the East can make any kind of corn-bread without putting in soda, saleratus, or cream of tartar enough to physic an elephant; the necessity for these ingredients arises from the useless fineness of the meal, which makes it bake heavily. Chemical research has demonstrated that the most healthful and nutritious and strengthening particles of ground corn or wheat are found attached to the outer covering, which forms the "bran," and which, by some perversity, is segregated from both flour and meal. The same principle applies to the Irish potato, for there is more nutriment in the quarter of an inch attached to the skin than in the whole remainder. There is more of the element which forms our bones in the refuse bran of corn or wheat than in all the other parts together. From experiments recently made with cattle, it appears that there is a large amount of nutriment in the cobs of Indian corn; that if cobs and grain are ground together, cattle fare as well, thrive as well as if they were fed on the ground corn alone; and from the fact that those fed on the former gave about half as much more manure, it may be safely inferred that if the cob and corn were properly ground together, and eaten moderately coarse, but baked well and thoroughly, it would not only be a wholesome article of diet, but would have a good effect in remedying that "costive habit" which is almost inseparably connected with nearly every human ailment, which aggravates all of them, and the removal of which greatly ameliorates, if it does not promptly and permanently cure three fourths of our ordinary maladies, if combined with cleanliness, rest, and pure air.

MUSH AND MILK is a famous and much loved article of food, especially if the mush is slowly boiled for several hours; if it is then cooled, sliced, and fried, it makes a dish which a healthy and industrious man can eat with a relish every day in the year.

Indian corn coarsely broken, (called hominy,) soaked all night over or near the fire, and slowly boiled six or eight hours next day, makes a dish which may be eaten with salt, syrup, molasses, or milk, of which one scarcely ever tires.

DERANGED.

INSANITY means literally without health as to the brain; its most common cause is the mind dwelling too much on one idea, or having a too great sameness of occupation, especially of an all-absorbing or unpleasurable character, as witness inventors, great geniuses, etc. The Superintendent of a State Lunatic Asylum states that the most furious maniac he had ever known was a woman who had raised a large family of children, each of whom was sent out to work as soon as able to do so, while she nursed the younger ones and did nearly all the work of the family herself; here was not only sameness of occupation, but an unpleasant sense of being driven all the time; anxiety, wearing care and solicitude pervading the whole of her existence. The insane are generally those who have had some great trouble; disappointed affection; loss of a dear relative or bosom friend; pecuniary reverses, or eating remorse. Had any one of these been called to encounter half a dozen troubles, each equal to the first, there would have been no derangement at all, because the nervous stream would have expended its force, or have been diverted to half a dozen different points instead of one, and thus would not have caused disorganization or an uncontrollable action as of the one over-stimulated portion. A man who thinks and talks incessantly of one thing, is soon set down by his neighbors as "crazy on that subject," although sensible enough on others. The fear of poverty has made many a rich man go mad. But the hardest worked slave is seldom deranged, because he has no abiding sorrow; no concern about to-morrow's bread; his labor is mechanical, and the moment it is over he dismisses all thought of toil, the mind runs home to his little hut, to his supper, and the other animal gratifications of his position, and his sleep is infinitely sweeter than his master's. In educated and elevated New-England there are nearly ten times as many crazy persons as among an equal number of field hands in the South. Taking planters and their slaves together, there are three times fewer insane than in as many New-Englanders. More crazy people come from the farm than from the city and the town, in spite of the coveted quiet of a farmer's life, its envied independence, and its wrongly estimated abundance of the good things of this life. There are not half as many deranged people in the Western States as in New-England, in proportion to the population. One general principle explains these varying conditions. New-England is thickly settled; its soil is sterile; its winters long and dreary, and the competition for bread is ceaseless and terrific; the mind frets at the long winter's inaction; it is like a caged lion; it beats unavailingly against its prison bars, and wastes itself in castle building and "vain thoughts." To be without money is to be without bread in New-England; in the sunny South and in the broad fields of the blooming West the people "take trust for pay," and can live for years on confidence and credit, and a fear for to-morrow's bread never enters the imagination. Ohio is a fertile State, but thickly settled; the two antagonize each other to some extent, so that the number of her lunatics is half-way between those of New-England and the West. Therefore, divert the mind in time of trouble; don't brood over misfortunes, nor indulge in melancholy meditations; gloat not over gold; never allow your reflections to become inseparable from any one subject. When you find that you "can't sleep" from the mind running on a particular subject, remember that you are rapidly preparing for the madhouse, and in proportion as any one idea absorbs the brain, in such proportion are you courting insanity. Cultivate a cheerful, uncomplaining, a genial frame of mind. Look on the bright side of things; take hold of the smooth handle; and above all be moderately busy to the last day of life in something agreeable and useful to yourself and others.

CORRECTING CHILDREN.

Not long ago an editor in the northern part of the State of New-York, told his son, about eleven years old, that he would whip him in the course of a few hours, and locked him in an upper room until he had leisure to do so. When the boy heard the father coming, he became so alarmed that he jumped out of the window and broke his neck.

About a year ago a mother punished her little daughter, of eight years, by shutting her up in a dark closet; the child became so frightened that convulsions were induced, which resulted in death. In another case of a similar character, the result was still more calamitous, for the child became epileptic, and so remained for a long life afterward.

The object of parental correction should be the ultimate good of the child; and to make it effective,

1. The character of the punishment should be according to the disposition and temperament of the child.

2. The punishment should be in proportion to the nature of the offense.

3. The punishment should be inflicted with the utmost self-possession; for if done in a towering passion it takes the character of revenge; the child sees it and resists it with defiance, stubbornness, or with a feeling of being the injured or oppressed party.

4. Punishment should never be threatened, for one of two results, both unfortunate, are certain: the promise will not be kept and the child loses confidence in parental assertions; or the child's mind, dwelling upon what is expected, suffers a lengthened torture, imagination always aggravating the severity of the chastisement, and the child gradually learns to startle at every event which is at all likely to usher in the correction, and the foundation is laid for that fearfulness of the future which is the bane of all human happiness; and in some cases the severity of the expected suffering looms up so largely under the influence of a distempered imagination, that, as in the case of the editor's child, suicide is considered the lesser evil. It is nothing less than a savage barbarity for any parent to hold the mind of a child in a state of terrorism for a single hour, let alone for days and weeks.

5. Never correct a child by scolding, admonition, or castigation in the presence of any other person whatever. It is an attack on its self-esteem which provokes resistance and passion. Let grown persons recollect how ill they bear even deserved reproof in the presence of others.

6. Never punish a child twice for any one offense; it is a great injustice, a relic of barbarism, and always either discourages or hardens. Make each settlement final in itself, and don't be forever harping on what is past.

7. Punishment should not be inflicted in any case without placing clearly before the child's mind the nature of the aggravation, and that the sole design of the chastisement or reproof is his present and future welfare.

8. In all cases where punishment is decided upon, it should be prompt, or deferred, according to the degree of aggravation or palpable wrong. It is almost always better to defer; but in such cases threaten nothing, say nothing, do nothing which indicates in the slightest degree that any thing is to come. And when the time does come, do not alarm the child with any show of preparation, but gradually and affectionately bring up the whole matter; place it in its true, just, and clear light, and act accordingly; and always, as much as possible, appeal to the child's conscience, to its sense of right, to its magnanimity, to its benevolence toward men, and its gratitude toward God.

CONVENIENT KNOWLEDGE.

MUTTON can be produced more cheaply than any other meat, and yet it is quite as nutritious as beef, while it has not so much waste. Pugilists as often "train" on mutton as on beef.

A CELLAR which opens inside a dwelling should be kept as faultlessly clean all the year round as any other part of the house, because its atmosphere is constantly ascending, and impregnates every room in the house with its own odors. In reality, there ought not to be any cellar under any dwelling.

SQUEAKING boots or shoes are a great annoyance, especially in entering a sick-room, or a church after the services have commenced; the remedy is, to boil linseed oil and saturate the soles with the same.

NEURALGIA of the severest character is sometimes removed by painting the parts two or three times a day with a mixture composed of half an ounce of the Tincture of Iodine, and half a drachm of the Sulphate of Morphine.

LINIMENT. One of the most powerful liniments for the relief of severe pain, is made of equal quantities of spirits of hartshorn, sweet oil, and chloroform; dip into this a piece of cotton cloth doubled, about the size of a silver dollar, lay it on the spot, hold a handkerchief over the spot, so as to confine the fumes, and the pain immediately disappears. Do not let it remain on over a minute. Shake it well just before using, and keep the bottle very closely stopped.

CHEMICAL AGENCIES. If a single drop of sweet oil comes in contact with half an ounce of the chloride of nitrogen, it would explode with such power as to shiver a house to atoms.

THE highest wave does not exceed twenty feet, and a man may easily "ride them"—and thus prevent himself from drowning—by throwing himself on his back, just keeping his nose above water, and joining his hands under the water.

DENTISTRY. It is becoming fashionable to have teeth extracted while the person is in a state of insensibility, caused by inhaling nitrous oxide gas, commonly known as "laughing gas." When first discovered it was used freely, but in some cases dangerous results followed, as testified to by Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Silliman, Pereira, Berzelius, Ayston, and others. But from the fact that no such ill results have been observed for many years past, although it has been taken by scores of thousands, it may be reasonably concluded that a purer quality is now prepared, and that its administration is safe.

FOOD. The most easily digested articles of food as yet known, are sweet apples baked, cold raw cabbage sliced in vinegar, and boiled rice; the most indigestible are suet, boiled cabbage, and pork; the former requires an hour, the latter five.

IN THE MIND.

AN old man was shaving himself one day before the fire, but suddenly exclaimed in a great rage to the maid-servant: "I can't shave without a glass! why is it not here?" "Oh!" said the girl, "I have not placed it there for many weeks, as you seemed to get along quite as well without it." The crusty old bachelor (of course he was an old bachelor, or he would not have been so crotchety and crusty) had, for the first time, observed that there was no glass there, and his inability to shave without one, was "in the mind" only, it was imaginary.

A Dutch farmer, who measured a yard through, was one day working in the harvest-field with his little son, and was bitten by a snake. He was horror-struck. When he recovered himself a little, he snatched up his outer clothing, and made tracks for home, at the same time busying himself in putting on his vest; but it wouldn't go on. He looked at his arm, and it seemed to be double its natural size; but tugging at it with greater desperation, he finally got both arms in. But his blood fairly froze in his veins, when he discovered it wouldn't meet by about a foot. By this time he had reached his house, and throwing himself on the bed, exclaimed in an agony of terror: "O mine frow! I'm snake bite! I'm killed! O mine Cot!" But his little bit of a wife, standing a-kimbo in the middle of the floor, burst out into a fit of laughter so uncontrollable, that she was likely to suffocate, and thus beat her husband in dying. The poor man, in his alarm, had endeavored to put on his little boy's vest, and was not swollen at all, except "in the mind."

Many a mother feels fretted and jaded and worn out with the cares of housekeeping, and is almost sick. But at the moment a welcome visitor comes in, full of life and cordiality and cheeriness, in less than five minutes that mother is a different woman; the sky has cleared; the face is lighted up with smiles; and she feels as well as she ever did in her life. Her discouragement, her almost sickness was *not* "in the mind," it was a reality, but the excitement of conversation drove out the wearying blood, which was oppressing the heart, and made it fairly tingle to the finger-points. Mem. Ladies! when you go a visiting, carry smiles and gladness and a joyous nature and a kind heart with you, and you will do more good than a dozen doctors. Most persons have a variety of uncomfortable feelings at times, but they disappear on some exciting occurrence, not because they are merely "in the mind," only imaginary, but because the excited heart wakes up to a new propulsive power, and drives forward the stagnating blood from points where its sluggishness was producing oppression, or actual pain. Mem. 2d. For all, when you are grumpy, bounce up, go ahead, and do something.

CHARMS.

EVEN in these late ages the horse-shoe is not unfrequently seen nailed over the door of the cabin or cottage, to "charm" away misfortune, or to "keep off" disease. There are intelligent men who have carried a buckeye in their "unmentionable" pockets for years, to "keep off" piles! Children can be found at school, any day, with little bags of brimstone attached to their necks by a string, to "keep off" some particular malady. There are many young gentlemen and ladies who have half a dozen "charms" attached to their watch-chains, it being a remnant of the ancient superstition. We give a pitying smile at the mention of these absurdities, for we know them to be unavailing. But there are "charms" against human ills which are powerful to save from physical, mental, and moral calamity!

Bearing about in one's heart the sweet memories of a mother's care, and affection, and fidelity, often has a resistless power, for many a year after that dear mother has found her resting-place in heaven, to restrain the wayward and the unsettled from rushing into the ways of wicked and abandoned men. John Randolph, of Roanoke, used to repeat in his later years, and always with quivering lips, that while he was quite a young man, in Paris, he was repeatedly on the point of plunging recklessly into the French infidelity which was so prevalent during the terrible "Revolution" of the time; but was as often restrained by the remembrance of that far-distant time, when yet in his infancy, his mother used to have him bend his knees before her, and, with his little hands in hers, taught him in sweet but tremulous tones to say nightly, "Our Father, who art," etc.

A Scotch mother, when her son, a lad of sixteen, was just about leaving for America, and she had no hope that she should ever meet him again, said to him: "Promise me, my son, that you will always respect the Sabbath day." "I will," said he. His first employer in New-York dismissed him because he refused to work on Sunday. But he soon found other employment, and is now a very rich man, an exemplary Christian, and an influential citizen.

Tens of thousands are there in this wide land who, by the "charm" of the temperance pledge, have gone out into the world, singly and alone, to battle with its snares, and temptations, and sin; they have been surrounded at every step by the great tempter, with the allurements of passion and pride; of sensual gratifications and of corrupting associations; but keeping their eye steadily fixed on the beautiful "pledge," to "touch not, taste not" the accursed thing, they have bravely come off conquerors, and to day stand in their might the pillars of society. Young gentlemen, and young ladies, too, make it your ambition to bear about with you "always" the "charm" of the "pledge" of reverence for the Sabbath-day and the holy memories of a sainted mother's religious teachings, and you will pass safely to a ripe old age of happiness and health.

CURIOSITIES OF EATING.

AN old beau, formerly well known in Washington City, was accustomed to eat but one meal in twenty-four hours; if, after this, he had to go to a party and take a second dinner, he ate nothing at all next day. He died at the age of seventy years.

A lady of culture, refinement, and unusual powers of observation and comparison, became a widow. Reduced from affluence to poverty, with a large family of small children dependent on her manual labor for daily food, she made a variety of experiments to ascertain what articles could be purchased for the least money, and would, at the same time, "go the farthest," by keeping her children longest from crying for something to eat. She soon discovered that when they ate buckwheat cakes and molasses, they were quiet for a longer time than after eating any other kind of food.

A distinguished Judge of the United States District Court observed that, when he took buckwheat cakes for breakfast, he could sit on the bench the whole day without being uncomfortably hungry; if the cakes were omitted, he felt obliged to take a lunch about noon. Buckwheat cakes are a universal favorite at the winter breakfast-table, and scientific investigation and analysis has shown that they abound in the heat-forming principle, hence Nature takes away our appetite for them in summer.

During the Irish famine, when many died of hunger, the poor were often found spending their last shilling for tea and tobacco and spirits. It has also been often observed in New-York, by those connected with charitable institutions, that when money was paid to the poor, they often laid out every cent in tea or coffee, instead of procuring the more substantial food, such as meal, and flour, and potatoes. On being reproved for this apparent extravagance and improvidence, the reply, in both cases, was identical; their own observation had shown them that a penny's worth of tea, or tobacco, or liquor, would keep off the sense of hunger longer than a penny's worth of any thing else. Scientific men express the idea by saying, "Tea, like alcohol, retards the metamorphosis of the tissues;" in other words, it gives fuel to the flame of life, and thus prevents it from consuming the fat and flesh of the body.

If a person gets into the habit of taking a lunch between breakfast and dinner, he will very soon find himself getting faint about the regular luncheon-time; but let him be so pressed with important engagements for several days in succession as to take nothing between meals, it will not be long before he can dispense with his lunch altogether. These things seem to show that, to a certain extent, eating often, is a mere matter of habit. Whole tribes of Indian hunters and trappers have been known to eat but once in twenty-four hours, and that at night.

MIND AND BODY.

THE influence which the mind has in causing, aggravating, and protracting disease, is too constantly lost sight of, by all classes of physicians. Every body recommends exercise as a means of preserving and regaining health. But to ride a certain length of time, or to walk a specified distance "for the health," merely for the sake of the health, is almost useless, and is a penance; but if there is the accompaniment of an agreeable associate or an exhilarating motive, one which lifts up the mind and absorbs it for the time being, so as to make it wholly forgetful of the bodily condition, as the radical object of the exercise, this is health giving; its effects are always magical, on mind and body and blood.

Dwelling on trouble; remorse for lost opportunities; the hugging of sharp-pointed memories; moping over the slights of friends; feeding on exaggerations of the hardness of our lot, and grieving vainly for unrequited love, all these are known the world over, as being capable of bringing on slow and painful and fatal diseases. But it is not so well understood that great mental emotion sometimes causes maladies which prove fatal in a few days; such maladies as are induced by great physical exposures. It was recently announced that a distinguished French advocate was so excited and exhausted by one of his professional efforts, as to superinduce an attack of pneumonia, (lung fever or inflammation of the lungs,) of which he died in a few days. Three young ladies were riding in a carriage in St. Louis; the horses ran away; two of the riders escaped from the vehicle, while the third sat still, as composedly as if nothing unusual had taken place; all were astonished at her "presence of mind." After she reached her home, she informed her friends that she remained still because the shock, the feeling of horror was such, that she was per force, as immovable as marble; the reaction was such as to cause an inflammation of the bowels, which nothing could remove, and of which she died in a few days. These facts, with thousands of others like them, prove beyond all cavil, that the mind may be a cause of disease; and the inference is clear, that the states of the mind should be watched. We should guard against cherishing depressing feelings; and with as much care, should habituate ourselves to self-control; to the habit of looking at every thing of a stirring or harrowing character with a calm courage; we should strive at all times for that valuable characteristic, "presence of mind," under all circumstances; for we are every day in great need of it; it is in many cases, a literal "life-preserver."

BREAD.

CONSIDERING that not one hired cook in a thousand makes good bread, it is more healthful to use baker's bread, and is also more economical for small families. Baker's bread is always good, fresh, and light, hence there is no waste. To prevent waste where home-made bread is used, it being so often heavy, hard, burnt, or sour, it is made into toast, or bread pudding, which requires so much sweetening and butter and spices that the "saving" is all lost. An intelligent and observant writer states in that excellent monthly, the *American Agriculturist*, that his family of five persons paid out in one year for

		Another year.	
Meats,.....	\$35 68	Meats,.....	\$84 76
Flour, 5 barrels,.....	46 25	Bread, 451 loaves, 5c.,.....	61 30
Butter, 22½c.,.....	65 81	Butter,.....	56 81
Total,.....	\$207 74	Total,.....	\$202 87
Flour and butter,.....	\$112 06	Bread and butter,.....	\$118 11

The bread cost more, but the butter less, and less meat was eaten, to say nothing of the fuel, time, milk, salt, rising, etc. saved by using baker's bread; then, there is the comfort of having good bread always on the table, and the absence of that annoyance which an intelligent mind always experiences when compelled to eat unwholesome food. The amount of injury done to the tender stomachs of young children, invalids, and sedentary persons, by eating bad bread day after day, from one year's end to another, must be enormous. A cook who can not make good bread of every description, ought not to be allowed house-room for an hour; and that mother is criminally negligent, whatever may be her position, who does not teach her daughter to know what good bread is; and also how to make it. Alum is used to give whiteness, softness, and capacity for retaining moisture. Lime could be employed with equal effect, having the advantage of correcting any sourness in the bread or stomach; besides affording an important ingredient for making the bones strong. Every housekeeper ought to know how to make two or three kinds of bread. The best yeast in the world is made of hops and cold water, nothing else. If lime-water is used, it should be water saturated with lime, that is, holding as much lime as it can; if it has for a moment more, it goes to the bottom, as sugar in a tea-cup, when the tea can be made no sweeter. Use nineteen pounds of flour and five pounds of saturated lime-water made thus: Put stones of quick lime in water, stir until slack, let it settle and then pour off. Soda (an alkali made of sea-salt) and saleratus (an alkali made of wood ashes) are used for the self-same purpose, to neutralize any sourness in the bread; one is in no respect better than the other; but as cooking soda is the cheapest, it is an economy to prefer it.

JOHNNY CAKE.—To two quarts of Indian (corn meal) add a tea-spoonful of salt and as much cold water as will make a soft dough; bake one hour, eat hot, with milk. Stir cold water into unsifted wheat meal until a not very soft batter is made, put into small patty-pans, bake in a hot oven half an hour or more.

RAISED BISCUIT.—A pint of light dough, a fresh egg and its bulk of fresh butter. Knead most thoroughly for ten minutes; roll out and let them rise on a shallow pan, in a moderately warm place for half an hour; bake for twelve or fifteen minutes in a hot oven; to be eaten while fresh. The two most important requisites for making good bread are a most patient and thorough kneading and a hot oven, kept steadily hot, until the baking is completed.

PATENT FLOUR is made of the following drugs: With six pounds of wheat flour mix five tea-spoonfuls of cooking-soda, then seven of cream of tartar and six of common salt. Shorten or not with a quarter of a pound of butter.

NOTICES.

"GOLDEN STORIES," published by Mr. Wood, 61 Walker street, embrace five delightful little books, in uniform binding, for young children: "The White Kitchen," "The Tent in the Garden," "Loving Words or Loving Deeds," "The Water-Melon," and "Willie Wilson, the Newsboy." This House, it will be remembered, has had for many years the most extensive assortment of medical publications of any other establishment in the country, besides a large collection of miscellaneous books, all of sterling value.

Almanac for 1864. Being the Tenth Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs. By Luther Tucker & Co., Albany, N. Y. Sent free by mail for twenty-five cents, giving a vast amount of useful, reliable, and practical information to farmers upon every variety of subject connected with the cultivation of land.

The Mother's Journal, monthly, \$1 a year, New-York, by Mrs. Caroline O. Hiscox, is filled with articles of sterling value; the selections are made with a wise discrimination, nothing frivolous ever appears in its fair pages. It merits a very general circulation.

"It Beats the World," said our good-natured old colored laundress the other day, in admiration of the "Universal Clothes-Wringer," and her reasons were terse and laconic: "It saves work and clothes too."

Weather Indicator. Charles Wilder, of Peterboro, N. H., manufactures Woodruff's Barometer, which combines in a remarkable degree cheapness, accuracy, simplicity, durability, and portability. Prices from \$5 to \$20.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER, a most charming accompaniment to photographic albums. \$1, \$1.50 and \$3.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER affords the sweetest of all pleasures, as often as used for inspecting the portraits of those dear to us. Sold by P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New-York.

TO YOUTH.—A warning against advertisements headed Physical Debility. Confessions of an Invalid. Marriage Guide. Warning to Young Men. Manhood Restored. Essence of Life. Advice to the Married. Early Indiscretions. Loss of Memory. Nervous Debility. See Hall's Journal of Health for December, 1863. Sent post-paid for twelve cents.

PERSONAL.—Our office for medical consultation temporarily, is at 831 Broadway, New-York, from eleven to one o'clock, daily. Ladies who desire a consultation are requested to notify us, when we will appoint a specific hour. Gentlemen who can not be in the city during the above hours can arrange a special appointment. We do not desire interruption at present, except from eleven to one, unless necessary.

The last editions of "Health and Disease" and "Sleep" are exhausted; new editions will be printed about first of February.

Any one of our books will be sent post-paid to any person sending us four new subscribers.

John G. Broughton, Esq., No. 13 Bible House, New-York, has sent us four publications of the American Tract Society, No. 28 Cornhill, Boston. "Temperance Tales," by Lucius M. Sargent, is an invaluable book for all classes, but especially for the young. "Pleasant Tales," in prose and verse, with twenty-six engravings. Contents: Mark's Temptation; Bill and his Bible; A Lesson from the Birds; True Courage, and fifty-four! other useful and most interesting stories, sent for forty cents; also, "Black and White," by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin, which will find thousands of admiring and sympathizing readers. Christ the Children's Guide, by Rev. J. S. Sewall, a sweetly instructive little book of thirty-six pages.

SURGICAL DISEASES.

To such of our readers as require scientific, skillful, and able treatment of a surgical character, we commend Prof. H. A. DANIELS as fully competent, the more so as he has had an extensive and varied experience in every department of surgery. We will take pleasure in introducing any of our readers to him, either personally or by letter.

Dr. D., 221 Sixth Avenue, New-York City, confines his practice more particularly to those classes of disease where the efforts of an expert are generally successful; such as diseases and deformities of the eyes, nose, and face, removal of tumors, polypi, dead bone, strictures, stone in the bladder, piles, fistula, fissure, cancer, and every variety of ulcer.

HARPER'S Pictorial Weekly, \$3. HARPER'S Monthly, \$3. Both, \$5 a year.

SKATING CARNIVAL.—Oscar F. Outman, Esq., has prepared, at great expense, a lake of about eleven acres, on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh street, for purposes of skating. On Tuesday, December 22d, 1863, it was first opened for the season. We found the ice in beautiful order, strong, clear, and smooth. Season tickets for gentlemen, \$5; Ladies, \$2; youth under fifteen, \$3. There will be every accommodation of retiring-rooms, refreshments, skates, cloak-rooms, etc. Under the immediate superintendence of Mr. John L. Brown, the public have a guarantee that every thing connected with this famous resort of fashion and fun will be handsomely conducted.

NOTICES.

THE Harper Brothers, among a multitude of other useful and instructive new issues from their prolific press, have just published, for the exclusive benefit of juvenility, "Mr. Wind and Madam Rain," by Paul De Musset, translated by Emily Makepeace, with twenty-seven illustrations by Charles Bennett. Among the contents are, How the Mill Turns and Cabbages Grow; Mr. Wind Pays a Visit; Madam Rain Drops in; Mr. Wind Laughs; Poor Madam Rain; Mr. Wind and Madam Rain Sporting with the Sun and Moon, etc.

The Boyhood of Martin Luther; or the sufferings of the heroic beggar-boy who afterward became the great German Reformer. By Henry Mayhew. The bare title of this most instructive volume will commend it to the attention of a multitude of our readers, both young and old.

Young Benjamin Franklin, (by the same author;) or the right road through life. A story to show how young Benjamin learned the principles which raised him from a printer's boy to the first ambassador of the American Republic. These biographies ought to be read in every family in the nation; they could not fail to have an immense influence for good on every child and youth. We thank the Harper Brothers for their publication.

"Rambles after the Land of Shells" is another of those publications of the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and J. G. Broughton, 13 Bible House, New-York, which combine solid, useful knowledge with religious instruction and sentiment, infinitely preferable for children to the multitude of trashy and unnatural story-books which have too long been flooded over the community by well-meaning but injudicious "Societies." Also, the "Orient." Is there a reality in Conversion? In Regeneration? are the questions discussed in this useful and instructive volume of 93 pp. 16mo.

"Snow-Flakes," by the same Society, is most handsomely got up as a present, not only for the holidays, but for all seasons. It is full of intensely interesting scientific knowledge, while it strikingly inculcates some of the most important doctrines concerning the character of the great Creator—his wisdom, his power, his beneficence, and his love. Also, Temperance Tales, by Lucius M. Sargent; very interesting. "Ministering Children," (four books,) The Pilgrim Path; The Wicket-Gate; Down in a Mine, or Buried Alive; Elton Wheatley, the Stammerer, a beautiful little story.

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Vol. XI.]

MARCH, 1864.

[No. 8.

PARENTAL CORRECTIONS.

HISTORY records that one of the pyramids was built at the cost of a kiss of the king's daughter, for every man who furnished a stone for its construction. Walking down-town the other day, with a retired merchant of great social and private worth, the remark was made as we passed a splendid hotel, its white marble front glistening in the morning sun, "Every stone in that building cost the ruin of a young girl, if newspaper report be true;" as the builder owned a large property in Mercer and Church streets, the locality of assignation-houses.

"What, Doctor, do you think is the chief source of supply for the victims of the great social evil of large cities?"

"Unhappy homes," was the instinctive reply.

A distinguished judge once said, at the close of a long life, that most of all the male criminals brought before him were found on investigation to have made the first steps toward ruin between the ages of eight and sixteen.

Putting all these things together, the inference may be safely drawn, that a large share of all the unhappiness and crime in the world arises from the character of parental management, its failure to be of a kind to make home the happiest place for the child. If children are indulged too much, they soon begin to feel the least restraint, the slightest opposition to their wishes, an intolerable burden, and their spirits chafe like a caged tiger. Too much restraint, on the other hand, an incessant fault-finding, an everlasting laying down of rules and regulations, intemperate chidings, altogether disproportioned to

the offense ; a habitual rehearsal of the faults of children to all visitors indiscriminately, and ruthless reprovals in the presence of others, their friends and playmates — each and all of these barbarities, as they may be very properly termed, have the very natural effect to sour the young heart, to make it feel as if the parent, who ought to be the best friend, is really the greatest tormentor ; then a feeling of defiance and desperation succeeds, and by degrees the settled purpose is formed, of seeking means to escape from a control which has now grown up to be considered arbitrary and tyrannical to a degree not to be borne another hour ; and often, in a fit of passion, a step is taken which can never be recalled. When a daughter begins to feel, with or without cause, that she has not her mother's sympathies, that her mother does not enter into her years, and is deficient in that tenderness which is naturally looked for, she turns all the more eagerly to the attentions, the deference, and the consideration which the young man shows her, and before she is aware of it, she is ruined forever !

The undutiful step-mother has driven countless thousands from once happy and virtuous homes to crime and infamy. Harsh, unfeeling, inconsiderate teachers have many times driven the young to desperation or hopelessness. In the last year's JOURNAL three articles, with most impressive illustrations, were published, and now three more are given, in the hope of compelling a very general attention to this most important subject. The first incident occurred within a few miles of our birth-place.

“ Some three years ago a household in the city of Covington was thrown into commotion by the sudden disappearance of a daughter twelve years of age. She was tracked to the ferry-boat, but whether she passed safely over or had been drowned was not discovered. Patient and anxious waiting brought no tidings of her. The frenzied and unhappy father, although in moderate circumstances, sought the newspaper-offices, and advertised a reward of one thousand dollars to whoever should restore his missing child. All proved unavailing. Some time afterward the corpse of a young lady was found in the river near Vevay, Indiana, and hearing of it he went there, but it was not his daughter.

"Time went on, and no tidings came of the lost child. She was dead to them, but they could not visit her grave. About twelve months since, the stricken family removed to Mexico and took up their abode in a country foreign in language and customs, in features and in habits, from that in which they had met with their great loss. It might wear away their thoughts from sadly ruminating on the past, and enable them, in a region more devoted to religious duties, to look more hopefully toward the great future. There they still are.

"About a week since a steamer arriving from Memphis was crowded with passengers, who were upon the guards straining their eyes to gather into one look the multitudinous objects which throng the public landing. One, however, a young girl budding into womanhood, sought the outer rail and looked wistfully over the naked shore of Covington to where, hid away under a clump of trees, was the cottage of her childhood, hoping in vain to see the curling smoke announce to her a warm welcome within. Quickly she passed over the ferry where long since she had disappeared. No one noted or knew her, and she went without interruption to the door of her father's house. It answered not her knock; weeds had grown up rank and rough where she had left flowers, and no signs of human life were to be found there.

"It was the turn now of the wayward child to weep, and when by inquiry she found how far and almost hopelessly she was separated from her parents, she began to feel desolate. Piqued at some chiding or some punishment of her mother, she had gone upon a steamboat, where a female passenger hired her as a nurse. After a little while the war broke out, stopping all intercourse with the South by the river, and, though she soon found that untried friends but seldom prove steadfast in trouble, and that the harshness of a parent is melting kindness besides that of a stranger, yet she was unable until lately to return. A kind lady of Covington has given shelter to the wanderer until her return is made known to her parents."

THE HARSH TEACHER.

Says an exchange: "We listened, the other day, to an eminent divine, one of America's most gifted and honored sons, as he gave some account of the 'wrongs of his boyhood.'

“‘I went away to school,’ said he, ‘when I was seven years old. My teachers never understood me; my first teacher assumed that nothing was easier than to understand children. Hence he never took pains to study the character of a child.’

“‘You have blotted your book, sir—how is that? Do you mean to disobey me? Have I not told you that I would have clean writing-books?’ said my master.

“‘I have *not* blotted my book,’ said I stoutly.

“‘Who has blotted it, then? No one has had it but yourself. Do you accuse any one else?’

“‘I do not accuse any one, and I have not blotted my book.’

“‘I spoke in good faith, though impudently. I had no knowledge of having blotted my book.

“‘Hold out your hand, and be punished for disobedience and lying.’

“‘I held out the hand that my mother had so softly kissed. I was not eight years old. The master ferruled me till he was tired, and I never shed a tear. My eyeballs seemed on fire. The teacher rested, and then whipped me again; I did not weep or cry out.

“‘You shall beg to be let off, sir,’ said he. I did not beg. I endured all he chose to inflict, and he was obliged to leave me at last, worn out by my obstinacy.

“‘The worst boy I ever saw,’ said he. ‘You will come to the gallows yet. You have not human feelings.’

“‘I looked at my swollen and discolored hand. Oh! if any one had kissed that little hand instead of beating it, I could have hid my face in his bosom, and wept for every insult I had committed or ever should commit. I believe I registered a vow in heaven, then, to be always kind to little children.’”

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

“I am an old man; yet it seems a very short time since I climbed the tall poplar-tree that grew before the vicarage, in search of the starling's nest. I can fancy I hear the shout that greeted my descent with the long-coveted prize, and feel again the crimson mounting to my cheeks as it did when, turning to the vicarage, I saw an expression of pain on the pale face of my father as he stood at the study-window.

"It seems to me but yesterday since I stood in the center of that group of lads, and now

'They are all gone, the old familiar faces.'

"Dick, the surgeon's son, died many years ago in India. Harvey Vernon, the bravest of them all, was slain on the field of Waterloo; and when the village bells rang for the victory, the rudest fellow in the village was touched as he passed the Grange and saw the blinds down and knew of the breaking heart of old Widow Vernon.

"It was a sad day for us at the vicarage, especially for Emily. My father staid in his library all day, though I do not think he read a page in any of his books—even in his favorites, Sophocles and Horace.

"Emily and my mother were in my mother's chamber all the day. From that day Emily gradually drooped and faded. Her beautiful face grew more exquisitely beautiful—her dark deep eyes became more full and lustrous, but they wandered restlessly, as though seeking some missing resting-place; her golden hair (I have still a thick lock of it amongst an old man's memorials of other days, 'the days of auld lang syne') hung more carelessly about her shoulders, and her pale cheeks were suffused with a rosy tint that gradually deepened into a burning crimson, while her sweet voice sunk almost into a whisper. As I looked at her, her startling beauty reminded me of the language of the book my mother used to read to her as she lay on the couch in the drawing-room. Her 'face was as the face of an angel.'

"Ah me! how I am wandering from the circumstance I sat down to write about; but you must forgive an old man, for whenever I think of Emily, it is always so. Let me see—yes, I remember perfectly.

"It was Christmas eve, in the year 1791, and the snow had been falling heavily all the day, blotting out the hedges and walls which surrounded the vicarage, and burying the sun-dial that Willie and I had carved with great pains during the long winter evenings.

"I had come from my father's study, where I and Willie had been having our usual lesson in Latin. Willie was a high-spir-

ited lad, of a very loving and affectionate disposition; though, when excited or in a passion, his temper was fearful to behold, and his eyes flashed with a strange light that made us all tremble, except my father.

"It was some time before my father came down; but when he did, we heard him lock the study-door after him, and he came down alone. He looked very stern and angry; he was in one of those moods which sometimes took possession of him when he was disturbed. Though my father was always silent when in these moods, yet I always thought there was a vivid resemblance between them and Willie's outbreaks of passion.

" 'Willie will not come down to-night,' said he; 'I have left him in the study, with a lesson that will keep him all night.'

I thought I saw a tear start from my mother's eye, as she turned her face to the window and looked out upon the snow, which still continued to fall heavily.

"It was the anniversary of Emily's birthday, and we were expecting a party of her young friends, (children of the neighboring gentry,) to pass the evening at the vicarage.

"It began to grow dark about four o'clock, and then our company began to arrive. There were, first, the children of 'Squire Harcourt, who came wrapped in soft furs and shawls, in the old-fashioned cozy family carriage, with its couple of docile grays. Then came Harry Vernon, and his sisters, Emily and Agnes; and, as the time wore on, about a score of young people were assembled at the vicarage. It was a merry party. My father, whom it would be an injustice to represent as an unkind man, threw himself into the spirit of our merriment as though he had been one of us. The furniture, excepting the old-fashioned piano, had been removed from the drawing-room, and it and the sitting-room had, by the removal of a partition, been thrown into one, making a large and commodious room, which had been plentifully hung with holly and other evergreens. The red berries gleamed like tiny masses of fire beneath the dark green glossy leaves, and here and there my sister's hands had gracefully arranged bunches of many-colored ribbons.

"Many inquiries were made for Willie, and for a moment or two a shadow seemed cast upon the pleasure of the children

when they were told that Willie, the presiding spirit of fun in every juvenile party, would not be with them ; but all feeling of disappointment vanished as the time wore on—except from one gentle, loving spirit.

“I knew that my mother was thinking of the dear boy in the room above us, for Willie was my mother’s favorite. She was thinking of a handsome face pressed against the door, and of a tiny ear close to the key-hole, listening to the voices of the merry groups below. She knew these sounds would be exquisite torture to the prisoner. She knew how that quick, eager spirit would fret in the study above, like a wild bird in a cage.

“Sometimes I saw her whisper to my father, and then his face grew hard and dark, and my mother’s yet more sad and pained.

“My sister played, with exceeding grace, some simple airs upon the old piano ; and then, the boys choosing their partners from the little maidens who stood with eager, blushing faces and beseeching eyes, beneath the holly in a corner of the room, the dance began.

“While this was going on I saw my father put something into my mother’s hand ; it was the study-key. With a grateful smile—oh ! how sweet that smile was !—she left the room. I stole after her to the foot of the wide, old-fashioned staircase ; I saw her glide swiftly up the stairs ; and I could hear when she unlocked the door ; and when she opened the door to pass in, the moonlight streamed brightly through the doorway on to the dark landing, and as its light fell on the face of the old clock which stood there, I saw it wanted but a few minutes of ten o’clock.

“I had not stood more than a minute at the foot of the stairs, when I heard my mother cry : ‘Willie !’ Then I heard a piercing scream, and she suddenly passed me, her face white as the snow that lay outside on the steps, and rushing into the room where my father was playing with the children, went straight up to him, and crying, ‘Willie’s gone ! O Willie, Willie darling !’ fell fainting at his feet.

“My sister immediately left the piano, and with the aid of some cold water my mother was restored very soon. Of course, this put an end to the festivities, and the children were soon on

their way home, except Harry Vernon, who staid to assist in the search for the missing boy. Afterward my mother told us, that as she was endeavoring to amuse a group of the younger children, she heard Willie's voice distinctly calling, 'Mamma! mamma!' She instantly got the key, as I have before related, and went up to the study. As soon as she opened the door, she felt the window was open, by the rushing of the cold frosty air past her. The instant she entered the room she felt a tremor seize her! Why did not Willie spring to meet her? She felt in a moment that Willie was not there! The study-lamp was flickering out; there stood my father's easy-chair opposite a table on which lay his books and manuscripts, and amongst them poor Willie's soiled and hated Latin Grammar.

"He must have climbed down the side of the old house, by the aid of the ivy-stems which grew up to the pinnacles of the gables on to the top of the antique portico, and from thence have leaped to the ground. Willie, agile as a squirrel, could easily have accomplished this.

"In a few moments from the discovery of his absence, we—that is my mother and father, Harry and myself, and two servants, one of them old Walter, who passionately loved Willie—were out in search of the missing one.

"The snow was still falling heavily, but by the light of the moon, which was at full, we could see almost as distinctly as by daylight.

"Strange to say, my mother went instinctively toward a deep pool of water, called by the villagers the Black Pool—so called because of its depth. Near it, and overshadowing it, grew an old gnarled thorn-bush, which, after many winters' frosts and snows, still preserved its vitality. It was a pleasant place in summer. He was found drowned! Every means were used for his restoration, while old Walter was sent off on the brown mare to the doctor's. We heard the dull, heavy sound of her hoofs upon the snow, as she went off at a swift pace down the carriage-drive. In a short time she came back, bringing the doctor.

"My mother was bending over Willie, and nervously swaying herself backward and forward, when he came in; but she arose immediately, and with wide, flashing eyes, cried:

“‘O doctor! save my boy! O Willie! Willie darling! Speak to me, my child!’

“I never read David’s thrilling lament, ‘O Absalom! my son, Absalom!’ without thinking of my mother’s great agony in Willie’s chamber. The doctor was a remarkably skillful man; but it seemed a hopeless case. How my mother’s eager eye followed all his movements

“At last, when we were about despairing, Willie gently opened his eyes—those magnificent eyes of his! There was an unspeakable ecstasy on my mother’s face, the like of which I have never seen since and never expect to see again. It was coming light when the doctor left us, and Willie was in a refreshing sleep.

“The many-colored rainbow of hope now hung over the vicarage—alas! soon to fade away, leaving us but the cold rain and dark clouds of a great sorrow.

“After an hour or two of sleep, Willie awoke, and told my mother how he heard the shouts and laughter of the children in the drawing-room, and how the music seemed to taunt him; and then how he became afraid, and dared not look where the shadows lay in the library; and how, as he watched the moon rise through the poplars before the window, he was tempted to climb down the ivy-stems; and how he had wandered to the Black Pool, and been tempted to spring across it to get a bunch of crimson berries that hung from a branch on the other side, thinking he would give them to her; and how he had missed his footing and fallen backward into the pond. Then he told her how he arose to the surface—and how he was falling into a sweet and pleasant slumber at the bottom, with thoughts of her passing dream-like through his mind—and how he felt some hand touch him, and an exquisite sensation of pain as if he were dying—and that was all he knew.

“How my mother wept and smiled, clasped him to her bosom, and called him her darling Willie! I need not tell you how my poor father kissed him and asked—ay, he, the stern disciplinarian, asked—pardon of his own child. Willie, fatigued with his long talk, fell asleep again; but it was a troubled, broken slumber. His cheeks grew crimson, and his breath quick and hot, and he trembled as though he were very cold.

"The doctor came again, but this time he shook his head, and said there was no chance for him. My mother and father watched him night and day; but he grew worse and worse. Now he would talk of the wild bees' nests he had found, a few days ago, in a bank in the wood; then he would shout, as if at play; and then, whilst my father covered his face with his hands, and the big tears trickled through his fingers in an agony of grief, he would try to repeat his Latin, and failing to do so correctly, he would begin again, saying in beseeching tones: 'O papa! forgive me! I can not!'

"Willie died one morning, just as the old year was dying amidst frost and snow, repeating his Latin lesson, as my mother held his head with its splendid dark locks on her bosom, and his little hand lay in my father's trembling palm.

F R E N Z Y .

" 'ARE you ready for me! have you got the money?' and he went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while speaking, he drew a handful of papers from his pockets, saying: 'I got you into your office, and now I'll get you out.' I can not tell how long these threats and invectives lasted. At first, I kept interposing, trying to pacify him. But I could not stop him. Soon, my own temper was up. I forgot every thing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion; and in my fury I seized a small stick of wood and dealt him an instantaneous blow, with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know or think or care where nor how hard I should strike, nor what would be the effect. He fell instantly dead! I then cut up his body, hid a portion of it, and burned the remainder in a furnace." This was the confession of a highly educated man, just before he suffered the ignominious penalty of murder; the murder of the best friend he had on earth! It was done in an ecstasy of passion, in a "phrenzy," from a Greek word *phrene*, which means the mind; or a state of the brain in which the mind is excited to a pitch which places it beyond all human control; it is a momentary madness. The lesson sought to be impressed by this nar-

ration, is the danger of cherishing any mental excitement; and the consequent duty of studying how, in all possible ways, to keep the mental faculties in a uniformly calm, quiet, and deliberate condition. In the incident above, it was proven that half an hour before, the murderer had closed a philosophic lecture; and as he stepped from the rostrum into his own room, was met as above detailed, by a rich, remorseless creditor. In a very few minutes the calm philosopher was transformed into an ungovernable fury, by the utterance of a dozen taunting words; and had no more control over himself than an infant over an already sped thunderbolt. Cases are given in standard medical works, where the mental excitement has reached such an intensity, that the individual has fallen dead on the instant; even greater calamities are recorded; the loss of the mind forever, and the hapless victim has raved and raged in impotency behind the bars of a maniac's cell for the remainder of a long life; a fate surely worse than death! Sometimes the mind has gone out in eternal night with a fearful screech, combining the yell of the savage with the expressions of a demoniac.

Lesser degrees of mental excitement have found vent in words and manner so expressive, as to excite an uncontrollable horror in the minds of some of the hearers, and wilted the hearts of others, to bud and bloom no more. A single word uttered by a child to a parent, in a moment of excitement; of a parent to a child; of a husband to a wife, has many a time, before now, quenched every spark of human emotion and of human love, and a hate has sprung from the ashes, as virulent as the deadly upas, only to go out in the night of the grave. Human happiness, and life itself, then, often depends on a failure to control the mental emotion. An effort to practice such a control should be early made; the earlier the better. And let it be particularly remembered, that the most effectual practical manner of doing this, is to cultivate a habit of speaking in a low, slow, deliberate tone of voice, under all circumstances; but whenever the circumstances are exciting, speak not a syllable until the thought, embodied in words, stands out plainly before the mind, "My God and Father is here," and then speak accordingly. The reason of this lies in the curious fact, that the mind has a faculty of being persuaded to believe what the lips express, al-

though every word is a falsehood; for in the excited condition, that which is called imagination runs riot, and makes the merest presumption appear for a moment to be an actual fact. This is an every day occurrence in domestic life, where an excited husband or wife begins to talk of a supposed insult, or deviation of a servant; and the more they talk, the greater appears the aggravation. Reader, keep ever before you the fear of "frenzy," for in an unguarded hour, within any dozen minutes, it may lead you to utter a word against a heart that loves you, whose wound no tears can ever wash away; may lead you to commit an act which will send you to the gallows or a mad-house!

DEATH.

DEATH is the cessation of life. When by a wound, concussion, or mental shock, the action of the heart is destroyed, the brain ceases to live at once, because life-giving blood ceases to be sent to the brain and it dies, as a fish dies without water. It is desirable to know in all cases that death has certainly taken place, to avoid the horrible fate of being buried alive, which perhaps has not occurred a dozen times since the world began; perhaps not once, unless by deliberate design, as a murder or execution. The credulous Fontenelle, who died a hundred years old in 1757, gathered from all history only a hundred cases, without any proof of their truthfulness. It is true that persons disinterred have been found turned over in their coffins, their grave-clothes disarranged and even torn. Sounds have come from coffins while being let down into the grave or soon after, but no authenticated account has ever come to the writer's notice of a person coming to life after the coffin has been screwed down; and yet coffins have been found burst open, and appearances have been observed which would naturally be exhibited after some desperate struggle. But it is the nature of all dead bodies to swell; this process commences on the instant of life's cessation, because decomposition begins preparatory to the corruption which precedes our return to that dust from which we came. This decomposition generates gases, which keep on expanding until they compel an outlet. There is a well-authenticated case, (and various similar instances,) where a body, after

being laid on the dissecting-table, was suddenly heaved up and thrown on the floor in the presence of the young medical students; it was by the force of the exploding gas which had been generated within the body, which had been "found drowned." Persons may have been put in a coffin before they were perfectly dead, but it is absurd to suppose that life is possible after an interval of perfect seclusion from fresh air from the time of fastening the lid until the coffin reaches its last resting-place. The action of the gases in the cadaver will naturally and sufficiently explain all the appearances observed on occasions of opening the coffin after burial. The description which Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," gave of death over two thousand years ago, has never been improved upon. "The forehead wrinkled and dry; the eye sunken; the nose pointed, and bordered with a violet or black circle; the temples sunken, hollow, and retired; the lips hanging down; the cheeks sunken; the chin wrinkled and hard; the color of the skin leaden or violet; the hairs of the nose and eyelashes sprinkled with a yellowish white dust." This is as to the face; and when all observed, we may know that that face can never be lighted up to life again. But there are other proofs which do not leave the shadow of a doubt, as when the heart ceases to beat; the skin is pale and cold; a film is over the eye; the joints, first rigid, have become flexible; and a dark greenish color begins to form about the skin of the abdomen, the infallible sign of beginning corruption. But as we would have it done to us as the last request, let us with the utmost willingness allow the poor helpless, unresisting frame remain at least forty-eight hours under the unfastened lid after the surest proof of all has been noticed, the cessation of all movement of the chest and abdomen, for then the breath of life has gone out forever. The moments immediately preceding death from disease are probably those of utter insensibility to all pain, or of a delightful passivity, from that universal relaxation of every thing which pertains to the physical condition. Hence Louis XIV. is reported to have died saying: "I thought dying had been more difficult." The greatest surgeon of all ages, William Hunter, while dying said: "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Dear reader, may you and I so live, that in the practice of bodily temperances and moral purities, death may be to us the gate of endless joy and sinless bliss.

F I D E L I T Y .

SOME four years ago, a Baltimore gentleman had large interests at stake in St. Petersburg, which required prompt and very close attention. Among all he knew, there was one man who seemed to him to possess the requisites for managing all matters faithfully, justly, and well; upon this individual he called, and explained to him at length the nature of the business, and the judgment and discretion requisite in bringing it to a satisfactory adjustment, concluding by saying: "If you are willing to go, I will give you twenty-five hundred dollars a month, but I wish you to take your time; do not hurry away a day sooner than is requisite to fully arrange all details and close the business in such a way, that any trouble hereafter shall be in a measure impossible." "I will go," said Mr. L. He was absent many months; and on his return, gave the fullest explanation to his employer, who, on gathering up his papers, expressed his satisfaction as to the manner in which his agent had acted, and handed him a check, which Mr. L. put in his pocket, without looking at it, supposing it was the amount due him according to the original understanding. But when he returned to his family he found, on reading the paper, that it was a token (irrespective of the original agreement) of Mr. W.'s appreciation of "fidelity" to an important trust, in the shape of a check for fifty thousand dollars. This morning's paper, of Thursday, August twenty-first, 1862, announces that a young man, the confidential clerk of a gentleman of wealth in New-York, had been intrusted by his employer with the duty of collecting several bank checks of several thousand dollars each. The young man did not return that day. But having acted with the strictest fidelity to the interests of the house for some years, no suspicions were harbored. When, however, he was not found at his place the next morning, some misgivings were slowly awakened; and, investigation discovered that the money had been collected, and that the unfaithful clerk had left the city. He was followed by the officers of the law, who found him secreted in the upper room of a hotel in a distant place in the interior of the State. He was returned to the city in irons, and confined in a felon's cell, and awaits the fearful punishment

of wrong-doing. He said to the officers, that as soon as he left the city he became so nervous and conscience-stricken, that he did not know what course to pursue, and wandered around from place to place, without aim or end; the miserable victim of unappeasable remorse. In the former case, fidelity to trusts committed, has enriched a whole family for life; there being "thrown in" the sweet and comforting reflection, that their fortune was owing to a father's manly fidelity; the other, for the want of it, begins life at twenty-three, behind the bars of a jail, with no other rational prospect than that of suffering under the writhings of an outraged conscience, as long as life endures. The former will live in the serene contemplation of duty done, so promotive of health and happiness and a good old age; while the other, under the wasting influence of unavailing regrets, of sharp-pointed memories, and of bitter remorse, will doubtless sink into a premature grave, where body and memory will rot together.

"THE MITTEN."

SEVENTEEN years ago there was a fair girl so pure, so lovely, so refined, that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to angels. She was wooed and ultimately won by a handsome young man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and kept a fine pack of hounds. He neither played cards, drank wine, nor used tobacco. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade. He lived on his money, the interest of which alone would have supported a family handsomely. I never saw the fair bride again until a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and with them her beauty and her youth; her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in a log-cabin on the banks of the Ohio river, near Blennerhasset's Island; a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn bread. The husband had no business capacity. He was a gentleman of education, of refinement, of noble impulses; but when his money was gone he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do any thing. For a while he floundered about, first trying one thing, then another, but

"failure" was written on them all. He however finally obtained a situation; the labor was great, the compensation small; it was that or starvation; in his heroic efforts to discharge his duty acceptably he overworked himself and died, leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution. In seventeen years the sweet and joyous and beautiful girl had become a broken-hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a houseful of helpless children!

Young woman! if a rich young man asks you to marry him, and has no occupation, or trade, or calling, by which he could make a living if he were thrown on his own resources, you may give him your respect, but "give him the mitten."

Whatever may be a young man's qualities, if he is fond, very fond of going to the theater, "refuse" him.

If a young man shows by his conversation that he is an admirer of fast horses, and is pretty well acquainted with the qualities and "time" of the best racing nags of the country, when he asks your hand, "give him the mitten" only.

If you ever hear a young man speak of his father or mother disrespectfully, contemptuously, do not encourage his attentions; he will do the same of you, and in many ways will make your heart ache before you die.

If you know a young man likes to stand around tavern-doors, at the street-corners, and about "groceries," cut your hand off rather than place it in his; he is worth only the "mitten."

If your suitor can tell you a great deal about cards; seems familiar with a multitude of "tricks" which can be performed with the same, and is himself an adept in such things, let him win all the money he may from others, but let him not "win" your heart, for he will "lose it" in a year, and leave you a broken one in its place.

If you know of a "nice young man" who will certainly heir a large estate, who is of a "highly respectable family," who seems to be at home as to the usages, customs, and proprieties of good society, and yet who is indifferent about attending church on the Sabbath-day, who speaks disparagingly of clergymen, who talks about religion in a patronizing way as "a very good thing in its place," particularly for old women, weak young girls and children, never marry him should he ask you.

Such a man can never warm a woman's heart ; will never twine around it the tendrils of a true affection, for he is innately cold, unsympathizing and selfish, and should sickness and trouble come to you, he will leave you to bear them all alone.

Idleness, the having no occupation, will always and inevitably engender moral and physical disease ; and these traits will be more or less perpetuated in the children born to such ; the brunt of these calamities has to be borne by the mother, and in the bearing up against them, how many a noble-hearted woman has sorrowed, and grieved, and toiled herself into a premature grave, may never be known, but the number can not be expressed in a few figures. Therefore, my sunny-faced daughter, if you do not want to grow old before your time, to live a life of toil and sorrow, and then prematurely die, give not your hand, but only "the mitten" to a young man, however well born or rich, who has not a legitimate calling by which he could "make a living" if he were by some fortuity left penniless.

HOW TO RISE.

FRENCH statisticians say that the "well to do" live about eleven years longer, on an average, than those who work from day to day for a living, who, if they fail to get work to-day, will have no bread to eat to-morrow, unless they obtain it on credit, borrow, beg, or steal. Hence, it is clear that the moral debasements of the last two, and the wearing economies and anxieties attendant on the first named, tend to shorten human life. If, then, the young can have pointed out to them a sure means of rising in the world, of attaining a happy competence, it is the legitimate province of the physician to indicate what these means are, as applicable to a large class of readers. Let every young man and young woman bear in mind always, that their destiny in life depends on their individual character ; that what that is they will inevitably be ; because the character of a man is indicated by his actions. These actions are read by the observant, and they are "placed" accordingly. Hence, all should study propriety of deportment ; not only as to the greater, but in regard to things which may be considered of scarcely any importance.

A shrewd young man, one who is destined to "rise in the world," would never select that girl for a wife who would sit down on a book which chanced to lie on a chair or sofa, who would tread on or over a pocket-handkerchief, or any article of clothing on the floor, rather than stoop to pick it up.

A young lady of taste and refinement would scarcely accept the attentions of a young man the collar of whose coat was usually speckled with dandruff, or whose finger-ends were fringed with black, or whose shirt-bosom was often spotted with tobacco-juice, or was uniformly ruffled or soiled.

Those who are so full of the milk of human kindness as to promise unhesitatingly almost any thing asked of them, and are just as full, later on, of excellent reasons for not having fulfilled these promises, can never make their way into the confidence and respect of the thrifty and the good.

A man of good repute in Wall street, the other day applied to a well-known citizen to rent from him a furnished house. He was refused. A mutual friend expressed surprise. "He stands well on the street." "Yes." "His family are highly esteemed." "Yes." "He is known to be punctual in all his pecuniary engagements." "Yes."

"Well, why won't you let him have your house, at your own price, while you are away?"

"Because he came into my parlor and sat on my sofa with his hat on. Such a man can not have habits of personal neatness. He would spit on my carpets; he would break my chair-backs by tilting them against the wall, and soil it with his unkempt hair. The presumption is, his family are like him; at all events, he alone could injure my furniture more in six months than would be the profits of renting. No, sir! A man who sits in my parlor with his hat on, the first time he ever entered it, can not rent my house at any price."

Each defect in a person's character is read by the observant as easily as the scarlet letter on the back of the erring. Let the young remember that the character will "crop out" in the manners, in the little acts of life, and that, if these are unexceptionable, and if they are uniformly neat, methodical, prompt, and energetic, these qualities will prove a passport to "good places," and to that thrift which brings with it a quiet mind and length of days.

P U B L I C N O T I C E .

Hereafter, the price of Hall's Journal of Health will be One Dollar and a half a year; single numbers Twelve Cents. Our readers will, we are sure, appreciate the necessity of this increase in charges without any further explanation.

All our publications — "Bronchitis," "Consumption," "Health and Disease," "Sleep," the two Bound Volumes of "The Fireside Monthly," (now discontinued,) and the ten Bound Volumes of "Hall's Journal of Health" — are at the uniform price of \$1.25 each. By mail, post-paid, \$1.50 each.

HOME ON THE HUDSON.—For sale, one of the finest Country Seats on the east bank of the Hudson, sixty-six miles from town, and commanding a beautiful river view. About forty acres, four square, every foot productive. A handsome double mansion, with all the modern improvements of furnace, gas, range, with hot and cold water in the chambers, bath-room, laundry, etc., porter's lodge, ice-house well filled, and commodious stables and carriage-house. All the buildings in the most complete repair. Over two thousand ornamental, shade, and fruit trees have been set out within the last ten years; large garden, with every variety of small fruit, etc. Unsurpassed for healthfulness. Ready for immediate occupancy. Carpets, mirrors, book-cases in library, gas chandeliers, etc., will go with the house. A large portion of the purchase money can remain for a term of years on bond and mortgage if desired. Reference is made to Dr. W. W. Hall, of New-York, Theodore B. Wetmore, Esq., of 31 Pine street, New-York, whose country seat adjoins the place; to Daniel Denny, Esq., President of the Hamilton Bank, Boston; Hon. Erastus Brooks, New-York,

of Baltimore, Benj. T. Treedick, Esq., of Philadelphia, and Dr. Pliny Earle, at the United States Lunatic Hospital at Washington, D. C. The New-York Evening *Express* says of this valuable property that it is one of the most beautiful and healthy country seats upon the Hudson, complete in house, grounds, and stables, all properly furnished and fit to be occupied at once. Over two thousand fruit and ornamental trees are upon the place. The owner parts with this property only because he is about to leave the State.

BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—"Dodge's Tincture," applied monthly, keeps the scalp free from dandruff, promotes, by its cleansing, agreeably stimulating properties, the growth of the hair where any other agent can, is an admirably soothing curative of wounds and sores of the scalp, and has now been discovered to destroy instantly, by one application, all vermin infesting the hair of children and domestic pets, and of persons sleeping in strange beds and otherwise. Small bottles, 25 cents; Quarts, \$1.50. P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New-York.

ECONOMY, LIGHT, AND COOKERY.—W. D. Russell, of 206 Pearl street, New-York, has patented a lamp attachment by which water is boiled and a comfortable meal prepared by a common lamp, which at the same time lights the room without interfering with the comfort of the person reading, writing, sewing, etc. Price 50 cents.

The "MEDICINE SHELF," published by the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and by J. G. Broughton, 13 Bible House, New-York City, abounds in striking illustrations of useful and practical truths, in eighteen chapters, (315 pp. 16mo,) on Lifting the Curtain, My Neighbors, Square Corners, Sin and Sorrow, One Right Way, etc. Also, "Pictures and Lessons" for Little Readers, being ninety-six pictures and as many lessons, theoretical and practical, for young readers; every one of which will be literally devoured. "Sandy Maclean and two other Stories," all deeply interesting. Sargeant's Temperance Tales is well worthy of a place in every family, literally, whether temperate or intemperate. A most valuable present for any one to make to any one. "Home Stories for Boys and Girls," forty-seven stories. It is one of the most beautiful, interesting, and instructive volumes for children we have seen for many a day. Money can not be better laid out for family reading than by spending it at the New-York Bible House, number thirteen. We suppose the "other" Tract Society and the old-school Sunday-School Publishing House are reposing in their dignity, and are waiting for customers to come to them, for we seldom see any of their issues on our table, while the new-school branch are wide awake, and are making most of their time by letting the people know what delightful and useful reading they are preparing for them every week, for every week they have something new, and as good as it is new, and take pains to have them noticed in periodicals which go to families and households all over the land. Another of their interesting publications is "Our Father Who Art in Heaven," a story illustrative of the Lord's Prayer. Also, "Reposing in Jesus," or, the true secret of grace and strength, by G. W. Mylne, a book which every heart Christian can always feed upon and grow and thrive.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER AND STEREOSCOPE COMBINED—sent by mail for \$1.50—adds greatly to the beauty, interest, and value of all Stereoscopic and Photographic Pictures; it makes the Photographic Album more interesting, because it magnifies and brings out the features with such a life-likeness as to delight every one who takes up the instrument.

A NEW EDITION OF OUR BOOK ON SLEEP is just issued, treating of all subjects connected with the hours of sleep, and is of personal and practical application to all classes, ages, and conditions, especially to that multitude of youth who have been beguiled by advertisements in the daily papers under the headings of "Manhood," "Nervous Debility," "Physiology of Marriage," "Restored Powers," "Marriage Guide," etc. By mail, \$1.50.

"HEALTH AND DISEASE" is entirely exhausted, but is promised by our printer to be ready by the tenth of March; \$1.50 by mail. Our new book of "Two Hundred Health Tracts," with monograms on various interesting subjects, will appear at the same time. Price \$1.75. By mail, post-paid, \$2. Persons will be supplied in the order of their application.

APOPLEXY

MEANS "stricken from;" a description given by the Greeks, under the feeling that it was of unearthly origin. The person falls down as if suddenly struck with death. There is neither thought, feeling, nor voluntary motion. There is no sign of life, except that of deep heavy breathing. It comes on with the suddenness of the lightning's flash, and with as little premonition. A common fainting fit occurs suddenly, but there is no breathing, no pulse, and the face is pale and shrunken. In apoplexy, if the person is not really dead, the face is flushed, the breathing loud, and the pulse full and strong, usually. In mild attacks, a person is found in bed of a morning apparently in a sound sleep; but if so, he can be easily waked up. In apoplexy no amount of shaking makes any impression. The earliest Greek writers described apoplexy with a minute accuracy, which has scarcely been exceeded since, showing that it is a malady belonging to all time. To pass from apparent perfect health to instant death on entering one's own dwelling, or sitting down to the family table, or while at the happy fireside, in the loving interchange of affectionate offices, strikes us as being perfectly terrible. But the terror belongs to the witnesses; the victim is as perfectly destitute of thought, feeling, sensation, and consciousness, for the time being, as if the head had been taken off by a cannon-ball. In many cases, after lying for hours and even days in a state of perfect insensibility, the patient wakes up as if from an uneasy sleep or dream; but often, as many sadly know, there is no return to life again. The essential nature of the disease seems to be such an excess of blood in the brain that its appropriate vessels or channels can not contain it, and it is "extravasated," let out, upon the substance of the brain itself, and thus arrests the functions of life. Persons with short neck, who are "thick-set," corpulent, are almost the sole actual subjects of apoplexy, when not induced by falls, blows, shocks, and over-doses of certain drugs. Apoplexy is an avoidable disease, except in some cases of accidents, which we can neither foresee nor prevent; it is, essentially, too much blood in the brain. This blood is either sent there too rapidly, or, when there, is detained in some unnatural manner, the essential effect being the same. Whatever "excites the brain" does so by sending an unnatural amount of blood there; such as intense and long thought on one subject, all kinds of liquors; any drink containing alcohol, whether ale, beer, cider, wine, or brandy, excites the brain and endangers apoplexy. So will a hearty meal, especially if alcoholic drinks are taken at the same time; going to bed soon after eating heartily, sleeping on the back, if corpulent, may bring on an attack any night; so will a hot bath, so will a cold bath soon after eating. The ultimate effects of all opiates are to *detain* the blood in the brain, while the things just mentioned send it there in excess. The great preventives are warm feet, regular daily bodily habits, eating nothing later than three o'clock P.M., and the avoidance of opiates, tobacco, and all that can intoxicate. In case of an attack send for a physician. Meanwhile, put the feet in *hot* water, and envelop the head with *cold*; ice is still better. It is safer to live in a hilly than level country, in town than country. Winter is more dangerous than summer. The liability increases rapidly after forty years of age, greatest at sixty, when it gradually diminishes. Statistics seem to show that the most dangerous years are FORTY-EIGHT, FIFTY-EIGHT, SIXTY-SIX, while *forty-six* and *forty-nine* are almost exempt. The well-to-do are more liable than the laboring. Sudden changes of weather promote attacks. Let the liable, especially, live in reference to these well-established facts.

NOTICES.

"GOLDEN STORIES," published by Mr. Wood, 61 Walker street, embrace five delightful little books, in uniform binding, for young children: "The White Kitten," "The Tent in the Garden," "Loving Words or Loving Deeds," "The Water-Melon," and "Willie Wilson, the Newsboy." This House, it will be remembered, has had for many years the most extensive assortment of medical publications of any other establishment in the country, besides a large collection of miscellaneous books, all of sterling value.

Almanac for 1864. Being the Tenth Illustrated Register of Rural Affairs. By Luther Tucker & Co., Albany, N. Y. Sent free by mail for twenty-five cents, giving a vast amount of useful, reliable, and practical information to farmers upon every variety of subject connected with the cultivation of land.

The Mother's Journal, monthly, \$1 a year, New-York, by Mrs. Caroline O. Hiscox, is filled with articles of sterling value; the selections are made with a wise discrimination, nothing frivolous ever appears in its fair pages. It merits a very general circulation.

"It Beats the World," said our good-natured old colored laundress the other day, in admiration of the "Universal Clothes-Wringer," and her reasons were terse and laconic: "It saves work and clothes too."

Weather Indicator. Charles Wilder, of Peterboro, N. H., manufactures Woodruff's Barometer, which combines in a remarkable degree cheapness, accuracy, simplicity, durability, and portability. Prices from \$5 to \$20.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER, a most charming accompaniment to photographic albums. \$1, \$1.50 and \$3.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER affords the sweetest of all pleasures, as often as used for inspecting the portraits of those dear to us. Sold by P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New-York.

To YOUTH.—A warning against advertisements headed Physical Debility. Confessions of an Invalid. Marriage Guide. Warning to Young Men. Manhood Restored. Essence of Life. Advice to the Married. Early Indiscretions. Loss of Memory. Nervous Debility. See Hall's Journal of Health for December, 1863. Sent post-paid for twelve cents.

PERSONAL.—Our office for medical consultation temporarily, is at 831 Broadway, New-York, from eleven to one o'clock, daily. Ladies who desire a consultation are requested to notify us, when we will appoint a specific hour. Gentlemen who can not be in the city during the above hours can arrange a special appointment. We do not desire interruption at present, except from eleven to one, unless necessary.

The last editions of "Health and Disease" and "Sleep" are exhausted; new editions will be printed about first of February.

Any one of our books will be sent post-paid to any person sending us four new subscribers.

John G. Broughton, Esq., No. 13 Bible House, New-York, has sent us four publications of the American Tract Society, No. 28 Cornhill, Boston. "Temperance Tales," by Lucius M. Sargent, is an invaluable book for all classes, but especially for the young. "Pleasant Tales," in prose and verse, with twenty-six engravings. Contents: Mark's Temptation; Bill and his Bible; A Lesson from the Birds; True Courage, and fifty-four! other useful and most interesting stories, sent for forty cents; also, "Black and White," by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin, which will find thousands of admiring and sympathizing readers. Christ the Children's Guide, by Rev. J. S. Sewall, a sweetly instructive little book of thirty-six pages.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XI.]

APRIL, 1864.

[No. 9.]

NEVER

NEVER taste an atom when you are not hungry; it is suicidal.

Never enter an omnibus without having the exact change.

Never stop to talk in a church aisle after service is over.

Never hire servants who go in pairs, as sisters, cousins, or any thing else.

Never blow your nose between your thumb and fingers.

Never deposit the results of a "hawk" or cough on the sidewalk.

Never pick your nose in company.

Never open your handkerchief to inspect the product of a "blow."

Never speak of your father as "the old man."

Never reply to the epithet of a drunkard, a fool, or a fellow.

Never speak contemptuously of womankind.

Never abuse one who was once your bosom-friend, however bitter now.

Never smile at the expense of your religion or your Bible.

Never stand at the corner of a street.

Never take a second nap.

Never eat a hearty supper.

Never insult poverty.

Never eat between meals.

WEATHER AND WEALTH.

"WHAT has the weather to do with business?" was the reply of a cheery-faced and successful business man, to the inquiry: "Are you out such a day as this?" Such an hour of sleet and storm and angry howling winds is seldom seen in these latitudes. It was approaching three o'clock, and the bank account had to be made right, or financial ruin would have been the result. Suppose the storm had been ten times more tempestuous, the wind ten times more boisterous, the cold twenty degrees below zero, the City Hall clock would have struck three just as soon, and the bank notary would not have delayed one second later to have written the fatal word, "protested;" for business knows no law but that of promptitude; it knows no excuse; death even is no apology for the failure to meet a bank engagement. He who will succeed in making a fortune in a large city, must meet his engagements in all weathers.

It is precisely so in relation to health and disease. Moderate, daily exercise in the open air, with a cheerful spirit and an encouraging remuneration, is worth a thousand times more than all the remedies in the *materia medica* for the removal of ordinary ailments, when conjoined with temperance and cleanliness. But the same principle must be applied as in the successful prosecution of business. The exercise must be performed regardless of the weather. Not that exercise in bad weather is especially promotive to health; it is not as favorable to that end as good weather. But if exercise is needed at all, it is not the less necessary because it is raining, or very cold, or unendurably hot. If a man is hungry, he is not the less hungry because he can get nothing to eat. The necessity for exercise as a means of health is abiding; what makes the rule imperative, "Go out in all weathers" is, that we eat in all weathers; and if we exercise only when the weather is perfectly suitable, half the time would be lost in our changing climate. But the very energy and moral courage which enables a man to take out-door exercise, regardless of the weather, is of itself a potent means for the cure even of serious diseases.

The man who offers bad weather as an excuse for not going and paying a debt, will never succeed in business; nor will he get well, who, for that reason, fails to take his daily exercise, when it is an indispensable means of cure. It is precisely the same in religion; he who is swift to offer bad weather as an excuse for being absent from the worship of the great congregation on the Sabbath-day, or from other properly appointed "means of grace," never did make an efficient church member, will have nothing "added" in his napkin at the great accounting day! It is the man who is faithful to his duty, always, "regardless of the weather," or any thing else, who will hear the glad greeting from the Heavenly Judge, "WELL DONE!"

The First Wedding.—We like the short courtships, and in this Adam acted like a sensible man—he fell asleep a bachelor, and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have popped the question almost immediately after meeting Miss Eve, and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world we have had our own thoughts, however, and sometimes, in a poetical mood, wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is done—the chance was Adam's, and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden. Adam's was private. No envious aunts and grunting grandmothers. The birds of the heavens were the minstrels, and the glad sky flung its light on the scene. One thing about the first wedding brings queer things to us in spite of its scriptural truth. Adam and his wife were rather young to marry; some two or three days old, according to the sagest elder; without experience, without a house, a pot or kettle; nothing but love and Eden.—*M. M. Noah.*

Marriage.—Marriage is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss, raised on the death of present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her companions, her amusements—every thing on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, and for pleasure.

The parents by whose advice she has been guided—the sister to whom she has dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling—the brother who has played with her, by turns the counselor and the counseled, and the younger children to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke—every former tie is loosened—the spring of every action is changed; and she flies with joy in the untrodden paths before her, buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. *Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hopes*—who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyments, and watchful protection of home—who can, coward like, break the illusions which have won her, and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

Woe to him who has too early withdrawn the tender plant from the props and stays of moral discipline, in which she has been nurtured, and yet makes no effort to supply their places; for on him is the responsibility of her errors—on him who first taught her, by his example, to grow careless of her duty, and then exposed her, with a weakened spirit and unsatisfied heart, to the wild storms and the wily temptations of a sinful world.—*Anon.*

A Valuable Table.—I notice in the *Farmer* of July 26 an article under the above caption, which would be valuable if it was correct; but I find so much discrepancy in it that I am constrained to write.

When I was a boy I learned from Adams' old arithmetic that 268.8 cubic inches make a gallon dry measure, and on that supposition, the first box, 24 by 16 by 28 inches, said to contain five bushels or one barrel, is correct, if you call 40 gallons a barrel; but that is not the way we reckon barrels here. No matter—it is the boxes we are after now: all correct, so far.

But the second box, said to contain half as much as the first, is of the same length and breadth, and should be 14 inches deep instead of 12 inches.

The third box, 26 by 15.8 by 8 inches, said to contain one bushel, does contain over a bushel and a half.

The fourth box, 12 by 11.2 by 8 inches, said to contain one peck, does contain just half a bushel.

The fifth box, 8 by 8 by 4.2 inches, said to contain a gallon, is correct.

The sixth box, 4 by 8 by 4.8 inches, said to contain a half gallon, is 19.2 cubic inches too large.

The seventh box, 4 by 4 by 4.1, said to contain a quart, is 1.6 cubic inches too small.

Now I have my hand in, if you have room to spare, I should like to give a simple rule to ascertain the correctness of grain measures in the form commonly used for half-bushels, pecks, etc.—that is, the round or circular form.

First, to find the area of any circle, multiply the square of its diameter by .7854, that is the decimal form of $\frac{7854}{10,000}$, and the product will be the answer. And now for the half-bushel.

THE MOTHER.

Measure the diameter carefully in inches and fractions of an inch, (a carpenter's square will answer all practical purposes, but the Gunter's scale is better, because it gives the fractions in decimal form,) then multiply its square by 7854, as directed above, and you have the number of square inches checked right out on the half-bushel bottom, by which divide the number of cubic inches in half a bushel, and the quotient will be the required depth in inches and fractions of an inch. Now measure perpendicularly, and if not correct, cut down the top or move the bottom outward or inward.

The Mother.—She came leaning on the arm of her daughter, and wrapped in a thick cashmere shawl, which alone indicated the extreme delicacy of a constitution that could not endure exposure to a breeze so gentle as that which pervaded the apartment. One needed to bestow but a moment's glance on the mother to see whence the mountain girl inherited the spiritual expression which at times imparted such holy sweetness to her face. Nothing could exceed the elevated, the almost unearthly sanctity which marked the countenance, the manner, and even the voice of the slender, shadow-like woman, the marble pallor of whose face seemed enhanced by the brilliancy of her dark, lustrous eyes, and whose black, wavy hair drooped over her sunken cheek as if it were a mourning badge, a token of the decay of her early bloom. There was no undue claim to sympathy, however; no affectation of weakness in the gentle, hostess-like manner of the invalid, who, although she spoke English but imperfectly, made a successful use of her knowledge of the language in welcoming Meredith under her roof, accompanying her broken words with a kindness of tone and earnestness of gesture which left little for the tongue to express.

Mother—O word of undying beauty! Thine echoes sound along the walls of time until they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that holiest word is not sounded. Ay, by the golden flower of the river, by the crystal margin of the forest tree, in the hut built of bamboo-cane, in the mud and thatched cottage, by the peaks of the kissing mountains, in the wide-spread valley, on the blue ocean, in the changeless desert, where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet water

of the wilderness; under the white tent of the Arab, and in the dark-covered wigwam of the Indian hunter—wherever the pulses of the human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of failing life, is that sweet word spoken like a universal prayer.

The Motherless.—They are *motherless*! Oh! gently, gently keep back those bitter words. Avert that cold, cruel stare. See you not the tearful eyes? Alas! that sorrow should ever make a child's heart its home!

They are motherless! Stranger hands ministering to their daily wants; stranger hearts wearying of the irksome duty.

No fond, sweet kisses of warm embrace! No gentle words of comfort and love! No soft folding of little hands in prayer! No *mother*!

Missing the low, sweet cadence of her voice; missing that "Good-night!" seeking, seeking all in vain, that ark for the weary dove—a mother's *heart*.

Draw the little forms near to your heart. Pillow the aching head upon your bosom. Think of your sunny childhood—your mother's earnest love, her gentle care, her patient forbearance, her precious forgiveness. Then only in kindness let your hand rest on each honored little head; only in love reprove that stricken little flock.

Oh! let yours be the hand that will lead them in the green pastures, and by the still waters of the precious Saviour's love! Let yours be the blessed benediction: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Remember their angels do always behold the face of our Father in heaven. Then, it may be that a child's hand shall lead you to that heavenly home—a child's hand place the crown upon your head.

Speak gently to the motherless!

A weight of woe they bear;

Greet them with looks of tenderness—

Oh! add not to their care.

Speak gently to the motherless

When tears their eyes bedim;

Remember who has bid them "come,"

And lead them unto Him.

Then yours shall that blessing be—

"Friends ye have done this unto me!"

A Sweet Philosophy.—The celebrated teacher, Rabbi Meir, sat during the whole of one Sabbath-day in the public school, instructing the people. During his absence from the house, his two sons died—both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bed chamber, laid them upon the marriage-bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi came home.

She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and asked :

“Where are my two sons, that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there. Where are my sons, that they, too, may drink of the cup of blessing?”

“They will not be far off,” she said, and placed food before him, that he might eat.

He was in a gladsome and genial mood; and when he had said grace after the meal, she thus addressed him :

“Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question.”

“Ask it, then, my love,” he replied.

“A few days ago a person intrusted some jewels to my custody; now he demands them again. Should I give them up?”

“This is a question,” said Rabbi Meir, “which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?”

“No,” she replied; “but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting thee therewith.”

She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies.

“Ah! my sons, my sons!” loudly lamented the father. “My sons, the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but you were my teachers in the law.”

The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand and said: “Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was intrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, and

the Lord has taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be his name for thy sake, too; for well it is written: 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

How to Admonish.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons; for advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are as few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweet and pleasant ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behavior will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if, instead of pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have any influence over them, or rather create a feeling antagonistic to the advice we wish to give them.

Prejudice.—All men are apt to have a high conceit of their own understanding, and to be tenacious of the opinions they profess; and yet almost all men are guided by the understandings of others, not by their own, and may be said more truly to adopt than to beget their opinions. Nurses, parents, pedagogues, and after them all, and above them all, that universal pedagogue system fills the mind with notions which it has no share in framing; which it receives as passively as it receives the impressions of outward objects, and which, left to itself, it would never have framed, or would have examined afterwards. Thus prejudices are established by education, and

habits by custom. We are taught to think what others think, not how to think for ourselves; and whilst the memory is loaded, the understanding remains unexercised, or exercised in such trammels as constrain its motions and direct its pace, till that which is artificial becomes in some sort natural, and the mind can go to no other. It may sound oddly, but it is true in many cases, to say, that if men had learned less, their way to knowledge would be shorter and easier. It is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error. They who are in the last must unlearn before they can learn to any good purpose; and the first part of this double task is not in many respects the least difficult, for which reason it is seldom undertaken.—*Literary Journal*.

How Ladies should Dress.—As you look from your windows in Paris, observe the first fifty women who pass; forty have noses depressed in the middle, a small quantity of dark hair, and a swarthy complexion. But, then, what a toilet! Not only suitable for the season, but the age and complexion of the wearer. How neat the feet and hands! How well the clothes are put on, and more than all, how well they suit each other!

Before English women can dress perfectly, they must have the taste of the French, especially in color. One reason why we see colors ill-arranged in England is that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what is to be worn with it. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill, by its color, one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for the others. To be magnificently dressed costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good taste, knowledge, and refinement. Never buy an article unless it is suitable to your age, habit, style, and the rest of your wardrobe. Nothing is more vulgar than to wear costly laces with a common delaine, or cheap lace with expensive brocades.

What colors, it may be asked, go best together? Green with violet; cold with dark crimson, or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white; and gray with scarlet or

pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, combine well, both being cold colors. White and black are safe wear, but the latter is not favorable to dark or pale complexions. Pink is to some skins the most becoming; not, however, if there is much color in the cheeks and lips, and if there be even a suspicion of red in either hair or complexion. Peach color is, perhaps, one of the most elegant colors worn. Maize is very becoming, particularly to persons with dark hair and eyes. But whatever the colors or materials of the entire dress, the details are all in all; the lace around the bosom and sleeves, the flowers—in fact, all that furnishes the dress. The ornaments in the head must harmonize with the dress. If trimmed with black lace, some of the same should be worn in the head, and the flowers, which are worn in the hair, should decorate the dress.—*All the Year Round*.

Ingratitude to Parents.—There was once a father who gave up every thing to his children—his house, his fields, and goods—and expected that for this his children would support him. But after he had been some time with his son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him: “Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm-chair stands, the cradle must come. Will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a larger room?”

After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said: “Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head. Won’t you go to my brother, the baker?” The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him: “Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon-house, and you can not have your noonday sleep. Would you not be better off at my sister Kate’s, near the town-wall?”

The old man remarked how the wind blew, and said to himself: “Yes, I will do so; I will go and try it with my daughter. Women have softer hearts.” But after he had spent some time with his daughter, she grew weary of him, and said she was always so fearful when her father went to church, or

any where else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs, and at her sister Elizabeth's there were no stairs to descend; as she lived on the ground-floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to his other daughter. But after some time she, too, was tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with gout, and her sister, the grave-digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen. But after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather: "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth, that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs." These words broke the old man's heart, so he sank back in his chair and died.—*Martin Luther*.

Entering a Room.—I have sometimes envied the coolness and self-possession of those gentlemen who, fortified by long practice, can enter a drawing-room, having no previous knowledge of its inmates, with as much *sangfroid* and indifference as if they were lounging into a box at the opera, and commence a conversation without exhibiting the slightest embarrassment. Yet, after all, I doubt whether they are to be envied, for I apprehend that such demeanor must be the result either of remarkable self-complacency or of callousness of the heart and imagination. It argues the absence, I think, of that chivalrous feeling toward the fair sex which in the middle ages was carried to so extreme a length that, in the words of an old writer of romance, "a true knight should stand more awed and abated in the presence of beauty than if he were summoned before the throne of the most puissant emperor of the world."—*Norman Sinclair*.

A Good Woman Never Grows Old.—Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her view. When we look at a good woman we never think of her age; she looks charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and bene-

factor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman can never grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence.

Flowers for Winter.—Flowers intended for winter blooming need a season of repose, especially tropical plants, such as geranium, fuchsia, etc., which should be allowed rest from growth during the months of July and August, by almost entirely withdrawing the supply of water. Of course the leaves will fall off, but the plants will be fitted to start into fresh and vigorous growth as soon as the water is again supplied. Previous to this, the branches of the fuchsia should be pruned in, and water given sparingly at first, increasing the supply as the young shoots grow.

Resurrection Flower.—Dr. Deck, of this city, has in his possession an extraordinary floral production. While on a visit to Egypt, inspecting some lead and copper-mines upon the Upper Nile, an Arab was taken ill, and the Doctor rendered him medical aid; and when the Arab recovered, he gave the Doctor this extraordinary plant; and the history furnished of it was, that it was taken from the bosom of an embalmed Egyptian princess, found in one of the vaults containing the remains of Coptic royalty. It is, to all appearance, a dry, dead substance, resembling the flattened head of a poppy, or the cup of an acorn, with a short, woody stem. But upon placing the stem in water, the corolla begins to expand, like a sunflower or dahlia, and in the course of fifteen minutes it will not only unfold, but it will turn its entire leaves backward, until they hang downward in a fringe, like the passion-flower, leaving an exquisite purple heart exposed, and forming a blossom of symmetrical beauty. Since it has been in Dr. Deck's possession it has blossomed some eight or nine hundred times.

Two other specimens of this rare flower are known to exist; one was owned by the celebrated Baron Humboldt, and the other by a distinguished European *savan*. Dr. Deck's rational theory is, that it is a seminal vessel, and may drift about, with its seed carefully folded up, for ages in the desert, and only when it reaches the moisture of an oasis vegetates and blooms.

Not the only specimens, neighbors of the *Banner of Light*. We can illumine you a little, and tell you that the *California Farmer's* collection has *two* specimens of the Resurrection-Flower, and therefore we are as rich as the Baron Humboldt and the distinguished European *savan*, and California will always have her share of rare and beautiful plants from all parts of the world.—*California Farmer*.

Five Minutes' Value.—A number of years ago, it was a custom of the orthodox churches in Boston to furnish about a dozen teachers, who would voluntarily go to the prison on Sabbath forenoon, to instruct classes of the convicts in a Sabbath-school in the chapel.

Hon. Samuel Hubbard was one of those who went. Near the close of the time devoted to instruction, the chaplain said:

"We have five minutes to spare. Mr. Hubbard, will you please to make a few remarks?"

He arose in a calm, dignified manner, and looking at the prisoners, said:

"I am told that we have five minutes to spare. Much may be done in five minutes. In five minutes, Judas betrayed his Master, and went to his own place. In five minutes, the thief on the cross repented, and went with the Saviour to Paradise. No doubt many of those before me did that act in five minutes which brought them to this place. In five minutes, you may repent, and go to Paradise—or will you imitate Judas, and go to the place where he is? My five minutes have expired."

Life Uncertain.—Life is beautifully compared to a fountain filled up by a thousand streams that perishes if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings that parts asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the moldering tenement that we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death—health is made

to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body contains the elements of its decay ; the soul that animates it by a vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action ; death lurks in ambush along our path. Notwithstanding this is the truth, so palpably confirmed by daily examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors perishing around us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall, perhaps, give the next fruitless warning to the world ?

There is something eminently tragic in the lives of almost all the princes and princesses of the great Muscovite Kingdom. Some die by the dagger, some by poison ; some are dropping off suddenly in a mysterious manner, and others are ailing for years under the influence of a malady of which nobody knows the cause, and for which no physician can give advice. There has scarcely been one sovereign of Russia whose death appeared quite natural. Even the predecessor of the present Czar died with a mysterious suddenness, although he was one of the healthiest and strongest men in Europe, hardened like a mountaineer, simple and frugal in his habits, and accustomed to fatigue and the extremes of heat and cold. Ever since his death his widow has been suffering likewise, in a manner as yet unexplained. All the mineral springs of the continent have been appealed to in vain for a cure ; in vain, too, the genial climate of Naples, Rome and Nice has been tried. Hopeless and helpless the Czarina now returns to the cold grandeur of the north—returns to die.

How to Save a Drowning Person.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arm from behind, between the elbow and shoulder, he can not touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggles he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can keep a man thus above water for an hour. If seized any where else the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and perhaps, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

M E N T A L R E S T .

WHEN a locomotive is under full headway it can not be safely stopped in a moment ; the stream of steam must be gradually turned in another direction, and made to play on thin air, or on the fly-wheel, as well as to have its supply cut off. So when the nervous energy of the human system has been acting on the brain under a "full head" for an hour or more, as in the performance of the most harrowing tragedy, or in the delivery of an impassioned address, or in the execution of some momentous surgical operation, it is not safe to arrest instantly the outgoing of that power through the brain ; the fact is, it is not possible if the performers just named were carried direct from the theater of their operations to a prison or vacant room, and were so bound that bodily motion was impossible, the mind would run in ceaseless circles over the performances, would be vainly striking against the air, and sleep would be impossible, except as a result of sheer exhaustion ; even then it would not bring its natural renovation ; the tragedian, in spite of himself, would go over his part ; the orator would rehearse his sentences ; the advocate would joint together again his points and proofs ; the minister repeat his weighty appeals ; and the surgeon perform again his terrible operations, all in the mind, vainly, and with the almost invariable accompaniment, disagreeable and wearing—to wit, measuring the effects which might have resulted from certain variations in their respective performances, the surgeon would think that his operation might have been sooner performed, or would have had a more favorable recovery if he had done this, that, or the other thing which he had not done ; the clergyman will have his conscience touched by the reflection that if he had applied another text of Scripture, or presented another line of argument, or had summoned a deeper feeling of the heart, his discourse would have made a more lasting impression, and might have eventuated in more ineffaceable convictions. In one sense, these are vain thoughts ; they increase the exhaustion attendant on the previous actual labors, and are altogether unprofitable. The greatest lady tragedienne of modern times, Rachel, after an exciting performance, would go home, and although past midnight, would sometimes spend an hour or more in the physical effort of moving the furniture of one room

into another, and in arranging it, as if it were to remain so for months, as a means of calming the mental excitement, so that she could go to sleep; the philosophy of the matter was that the nervous energy was diverted from the brain, and compelled, in a measure, to pass out of the system through muscular action. while the mental exercise necessary was such as to engage a different portion of the brain altogether, allowing those organs opportunity of quiescence, which had been so lately exercised to an unwonted degree. Our clerical readers know it often happens that Sunday night is the worst night for sleep in the week, especially for those lazy and improvident and unsystematic unfortunates who put off their preparation for the Sabbath until the very last moment, as it were, and hence have to sit up late on Saturday night, and even encroach on the sacred hours of the Sabbath, thus profaning holy time, in the feeling that the end sanctifies the means, or that it is a perfectly legitimate labor, forgetting that it is an unnecessary labor, as it might and ought to have been done in proper work-days. As we were saying, clergymen sometimes can not get to sleep for hours after preaching at night; let such take a lesson from the above recital, and instead of going to bed as soon as they get home, let them perform some muscular movements, with the end above named in view; or, if that be not practicable at times, they should divert the current of nervous energy from the organs of the brain which have been unusually exercised, to the consideration of subjects which will employ other organs. This may very well be done by reading a number of short articles on every variety of subject and by various authors, such as we have strung together in the preceding pages. This is very much on the same principle that one set of muscles are rested by the exercise of another set, which allows them to be quiescent.

There are times to all, when the most industrious are utterly indisposed to do a single hand's turn, when the most diligent readers and thinkers lose the power of concentration, and would entirely fail to interest the mind in reading the most exciting history; neither can they go to sleep, which indeed would be the very best thing they could do; and then again, in times of great calamity, or trouble, or despondency, which unfortunately come to all, sooner or later, it will answer an excellent purpose to divert the mind and rest it by reading a variety of short ar-

ticles, which require no lengthened thought, no special mental effort to take in; even in these cases the reading may sometimes be almost mechanical, yet every now and then a paragraph will be met with which will compel attention more or less; sometimes from its incongruity, its oddity, its fun, its ridiculousness, or its profundity. Some of our weekly exchanges are valuable in this regard, by having half a column or more of miscellanies, brevities, jottings-down, etc.; these afford the means of mental diversion, recreation, and rest, which are of great value in connection with the subject in hand. The *Home Journal* of New-York has a column or two of such reading every week, of great hygienic value. The striking sentences which are met with in reading some new book, and which are industriously penned for the entertainment of its readers, aside from their intrinsic merit, are worth more than money, if used in the ways and at the times referred to in this article.

When a man "don't feel like doing a single thing," he is in danger, because he is very apt, under such circumstances, to dawdle or mope about and do nothing, the very state of mind which the great adversary delights to find, and is sure to take advantage of,

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

as the unequalled Isaac Watts has written. Rather than allow perfect idleness under any circumstances read the newspaper with its short and varied articles, even its advertisements, or even an antiquated scrap-book, as a healthful mental diversion, recreation, and rest under the circumstances adverted to. To the Christian heart, to that happiest of human kind who can receive with an unquestioning confidence and childlike trust all that the Bible says, the Psalms of David and the Proverbs of Solomon are of incalculable value in this connection; they make the body forget its weariness, they bring comfort to the desponding, cheer to the broken-hearted, courage to the fallen, and faith and rest and hope and happiness to all.

EMANATIONS.

PHILOSOPHERS have said that light and heat are ponderable bodies, and that although these have been coming out from the sun for six thousand years, that immense illuminary has not appreciably diminished in size.

The sweetest rose of the beautiful May throws out its delightful fragrance from the first flush of the spring morning until dewy eve, and remains as sweet as ever and quite as large.

The face and air of beauty charmed a thousand hearts yesterday; a thousand more feed upon it to-day, and other thousands of eyes will look upon it to-morrow with a lingering rapture, and the next day it will be not less beautiful than it was a week ago.

Influences go out hourly from the wise and good, and as years roll on these influences gather force, while the wise become wiser, and the good better, hour by hour.

So with business men of integrity, of sterling and tried principles, they throw out an influence from themselves which is a power for good in every community, to restrain the wrong-doer, and awe villainy.

All these are "emanations," influences; material, moral, social; there are also "emanations" malign.

In an autumn morning of the sunny South, or amid the flower-clad prairies of the wide-spreading West, or on the shores of our own Northern lakes and inland seas and crystal flowing streams from among the mountains, as delicious as the still air is, it is more so in the cool of the evening after the sun has gone down from the sky; and yet that balmy atmosphere is so loaded with miasmatic poison that it breeds disease and pestilence and death in a night; it will do the same on successive nights, to one or a million of human beings, without any appreciable diminution in either the amount or malignity of its venom; and so ethereal is it that no alembic of the chemist has ever been able to detect its presence, even to the amount of a single atom.

The very sight of filth and squalor and rags, of a victim of the horrifying small-pox, of the wretch whose whole body is a mass of festering corruption—any of these fill the most transient observer with unutterable disgust.

Proximity to moral worth, to maiden purity, to virtuous womanhood, to high Christian character, as infallibly elevate, ennoble, and sanctify, as associations with lawlessness, bestiality, and crime, degrade and ruin and destroy.

If then we desire that emanations should go out from us fairly loaded with influences and powers which are healthful, beautiful, elevating, and benign, we must be clean in person, as well as pure in heart; we must strive to be as faultless in dress as we desire to be engaging in manner; we must bring to our assistance all the aids of taste and art in order to present to the world as far as possible a comely and perfect physique; just as reason and grace are summoned to help us attain a high moral and religious character. In plainer phrase, if your clothes are dirty, wash them, or stay at home; if they are ragged, patch them, or keep out of the street; if you are deformed, employ a tailor or dressmaker of genius; if you have lost a limb, get a Palmer leg; if you have a snagged tooth, consult Allen of Bond street, for comeliness is a duty as much as health, and so is religion!

EATING ECONOMICALLY.

ONE of the good results of the existing civil war will be to inaugurate habits of economy throughout every department of social and domestic life, which will save millions of money every year, so that, in spite of increased taxation, multitudes of careful, thrifty families will be quite as well off as to money matters, as they would have been had there been no war, while, at the same time, they will have acquired a higher moral and social character than they had before, because economy implies carefulness and self-denial, and these are certainly elevating, as we know that waste and self-indulgence degrade, and in the end brutalize as to the appetites and propensities. This is not all. Waste brings want, and want obtunds the moral sense, so that in time it will not only tempt to take mean advantages in business, but next to borrow money, with a consciousness of having no specific means of returning the same; a little later comes deliberate fraud, theft, and robbery outright. To aid the reader in the practice of such high and necessary virtues as carefulness, economy, and a manly self-denial, let a few lessons be taken from an older, more experienced, and wiser nation—the French. The first step for a family to take, especially in New-York, in summer, and in all families where there are no servants, and consequently no need of “keeping up” a kitchen-fire, is to purchase some cooking-lamp for oil or gas, Fish’s patent, for example, by which a good meal can be prepared for half a dozen persons for a single cent, this alone will save the price of one or two tons of coal in a year. The older nations do not take any meat for the first meal in the day, we mean the better classes, and those who live mainly in-doors. *Bentley’s Miscellany* says of the richer classes of French, that they make an early breakfast of coffee, taking no meat until about noon. They cook no more for one day than lasts that day; and any observant housewife will soon learn how much will be eaten; but if any thing is left over for to-day, less is purchased to-morrow, for waste is not allowed; this saves the wickedness of trying to “eat up” the leavings of the current day. Close observation has shown that, at this time, a French family, in Paris, of three or four persons, with two servants, can live really well, with good management, including ordinary wine, kitchen fuel, and all supplementary expenses for food, for about nine English shillings a day. Outside of Paris, it certainly does not exceed six shillings a day for six persons, or one dollar and a half. This would be a healthier and happier land by far, if parents would make a systematic effort to impress on the minds of their children that waste is an unmitigated wickedness, and that economy is one of the higher virtues, albeit a good many of our children and wives consider it “mean,” and are absolutely ashamed that their unprincipled and cribbing servants should think they were trying to economize. Millions of money could be saved every year, if the larger cities of this country could adopt the plan of many Europeans, have no cooking done in the house, except for making a cup of tea or coffee, toasting bread, and boiling a potato, all of which a lamp can do, having other things prepared at the public cookeries. In other words, have dinner prepared outside, to be kept on the table “smoking hot,” if desired, by means of little lamps. This plan works well abroad, could be made to work acceptably here and would save a large per centage of the cost of housekeeping.

THE STOMACH'S APPEAL.

WHO but an idiot or some unprincipled servant or recklessly wasteful spendthrift would think of building as large fires in their houses in the April spring-time as in bleak December? And yet ladies and gentlemen, statesmen, philosophers, and scholars of every grade; the judge, the senator, the lawyer, and the clergyman, all commit the more unpardonable folly, unpardonable because it is against light and in favor of the lower instincts and propensities, of not only eating as much as the appetite demands, but of "taking something" to stimulate that appetite to call for more than nature really needs, as the warm weather approaches. The two objects of eating as to men and women are to give vigor to the body and to keep it warm; hence all food contains two principles in greater or less proportions, according to its quality—to wit, nutrition and warmth. We need nourishment all the year round, hence we must all the year round eat food which contains nourishment, that is, the flesh forming principal; but in warm weather the food which contains the most mere fuel, should be to a certain extent curtailed, otherwise we will create too much heat within us, and that is fever, whose victims are counted by millions every year, this excess of heat, this fever being generated by eating food which contains more warmth, more fuel, called carbon by chemists, than the season of the year requires. To a certain extent nature regulates the demand and supply by diminishing the appetite as the warm weather approaches; but many misinterpret her endeavors, and because they find that as the spring comes on their appetites are not as vigorous as they were a few weeks earlier, begin to take alarm, think they are going to get sick, and conclude they certainly will get sick, unless they can get up the appetite of kind winter; hence they begin to take Dutch gin, under the name of Schiedam schnapps, plantation bitters, or cheap whisky, with just enough of colombo root or any other bitter to give it "a trace" of bitter and rob it of the name of "rot-gut" or dirty beer, or ale, or porter, all these things tending to cheat nature into a call for more food than she requires, to impose on the stomach more labor than it can perform, hence laying the ground for summer fevers and dyspepsias, which bring death to thousands every year who might have lived to a good old age had they simply let themselves alone, and like any other dogs or donkeys, or wild beasts, had simply given the stomach rest, and waited for an appetite. The general lessons for the spring are, eat only when you are hungry, and to the extent of satisfying an unstimulated appetite; eat less of carbonaceous food, such as meats, fats, oils, syrups, etc., and more of cooling articles, such as green salads, vegetables, berries, fruits, and whatever has a natural tartness or acidity, there being little or no carbon or heat in them; but they contain as much nutriment as the system requires.

HOUSEHOLD KNOWLEDGE.

WINDOWS are kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

Percussion-caps are found to poison children, if swallowed.

Pigeons are hatched in eighteen days; chickens, twenty-one; turkeys, twenty-six; ducks and geese, thirty.

A cement which is a good protection against weather, water, and fire, to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt; put it on with a brush like paint.

Eggs, for cooking purposes.—One table-spoon of corn-starch is said to be equal to one egg.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, sift in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of yeast; beat these altogether well; when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible; bake on tins.

BOILING POTATOES.—Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made mealy.

Common cut-nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft-soap; the saliva is better than nothing for that purpose.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard; there are always two ways of telling a story.

POTATOES.—The best way to cook a potato is to bake or roast it in an oven; when done, crack the skins open and allow them to dry out for a few minutes before placing them on the table.

QUARRELS.—To avoid family quarrels, let the quarreling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word.

CORNS, *new cure!*—Let a piece of pure India-rubber, the twentieth of an inch thick, remain in constant contact with the corn, which should be kept closely and well pared; it requires four or five weeks.

CIDER VINEGAR.—Take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and wash, strain it well, add a pound of sugar.

NOTICES.

NOTICES, ETC., FOR APRIL.

THE American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New-York, are with indefatigable industry issuing book after book as attractive in manner as in matter, so that all classes of readers may be supplied with spiritual and mental food. "Jerry and his Friends, or the Way to Heaven," by Alice A. Dodge, is full of interest and instruction. "Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver," by Krune, contains eleven stories of practical use to all readers, old and young. Also "Letters to a Theological Student," by Leverett Griggs. Sargent's Temperance Tales, and a very valuable book of "Daily Prayers."

Agricultural Colleges are beginning to attract public attention. The great need of this country and its salvation from an oppressive national debt, is in intelligent farming; this will create gold in more incalculable quantities than the yield of the richest mines in California or Colorado. In this direction the Hon. Isaac Newton, with the assistance of his right-hand Secretary, James S. Grinnell, has given a sketch in the last bi-monthly report of the Agricultural Department for January and February, as to what studies these colleges should embrace, to wit, languages, mathematics, a geological museum, with a zoölogical department, maps, charts, philosophical instruments; a system of instruction for physical development, moral culture, drawing, land-surveying, book-keeping, normal school, model farm, military training, etc., etc. The report contains further a well-considered article on "The Future of American Cotton and Wool," tobacco cultivation, cattle-market, weights and measures, the weather, its effect on the farm, meteorological report, etc., etc. The Agricultural Department is not inferior in its importance on the future welfare of this country, to any other in the Government, and up to this time, it has been managed with an ability, wisdom, and judgment on the part of Messrs. Newton, Grinnell, with the aid of other gentlemen connected with this Bureau, which merits the thanks of this whole nation, and we trust our farmer readers, to whom the department sends its circulars for information and statistical statements on subjects connected with farming operations, will feel it to be a duty to themselves and to the country in general to be prompt, accurate, and painstaking, not only to give all the information they have within themselves, but to embody what they can collect from their neighbors, these very inquiries tending to excite a spirit of inquiry, investigation, and experiment, which will add millions to the national wealth eventually.

VOCAL GYMNASIUM.—Prof. Hurlburt, of this city, gives instructions at the Cooper Institute, in private families and public schools, in the cultivation of the voice, and the proper development of the muscles of the chest and of respiration in general. How to read naturally and well, without fatigue or consciousness of effort, is a social accomplishment of more general use and practical employment than almost any other study in our schools, and we hope that the able and conscientious and indefatigable Professor will receive the patronage which he so well merits. To be able to read well is an accomplishment of which any one may be laudably proud.

NOTICES.

"THE NATION'S SUCCESS AND GRATITUDE." — Our old friend, David A. Sayre, the Kentucky banker, only a small part of whose princely benevolences were recorded in the August number of last year, has forwarded to us a discourse on the above subject, delivered on the last National thanksgiving-day by that stern old Presbyterian and loyal Unionist, Robert J. Breckenridge, the vigor of whose intellect has caused him for a quarter of a century past to stand a head and shoulders above the men of his time, and who in this last eloquent utterance shows that he is still as great in mind as he is as fearless in heart; and who will not join with him in his closing petition that a complete triumph and lasting peace may be speedily secured to us, by means which God will own and bless, and that he would incline and enable all men to walk in ways of wisdom, justice, and humanity?

METROPOLITAN FAIR.—Surely it will cheer the hearts of our sick and wounded and imprisoned soldiers, as well as those who are now in the field, to learn that the wealth and the beauty and fashion of our great cities are making their very pleasures a means of enriching the treasury of the Sanitary Commission, a handsome contribution to which was realized on the evening of Saturday, March twelfth, on the occasion of a private concert, being the sixth of the series given at the princely mansion of one of our up-town millionaires, Dr. Thomas Ward, who, as on previous occasions, promptly and cordially gave up the use of the splendid music-room attached to his hundred-feet front, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh street, to the committee of ladies who managed the whole affair. A more elegant company has perhaps never assembled on any similar occasion in this city. A long line of splendid equipages lined the avenue in the direction of the Central Park, while a double row reached up Forty-seventh street, (the handsomest and best built in New-York,) extending apparently to Sixth Avenue. The night and the weather were splendid, and every thing went off successfully, happily, and without a single occurrence to mar the enjoyment of the evening, which always is the case when Dr. Ward has the arrangement of affairs; not the least interesting feature of the occasion was the introduction of a part of the opera of the "Gipsy's Frolic," the words and music of which were composed by the Doctor himself, whose opinion, by the way, in all matters of taste, and music, and art is final in the circles of the upper-five. On the nineteenth, the seventh concert of the series takes place at the house of the Hon. August Belmont, in Fifth Avenue, which no doubt will do credit to the liberal banker.

W. J. WIDDLETON announces through the Publishers' Circular a new edition of "Health and Disease," to be ready without fail on the first of April. Orders from the trade solicited.

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Vol. XI.]

MAY, 1864.

[No. 5.]

PHYSIOLOGY OF WAR.

GOING down Broadway any day, scores of men and women may be observed as unconscious of the presence of their fellow-men, despite the pressing along of the ceaseless crowd, the rattling of wheels, and the din of business, as if they were in the midst of Sahara or some boundless prairie of the West, or in an Indian canoe in mid ocean. There may be noticed at any hour, the compressed lip, the muttering speech, the sharp exclamation, the impatient gesture, and the smothered curse. The public pulse beats fast and high and hard; the machinery of life is running at a rate so abnormal in its rapidity, that it must wear out long before its time, or be shivered to atoms by the unnatural tension.

"Died suddenly," is the frequent announcement of the morning paper. "Who died suddenly?" The merchant whom we met on 'Change not thirty-six hours ago; the broker whom we saw on the street yesterday noon with flushed face, and fingers clenching a package of papers, the loose ends of which were fluttering in the wind. He was on the half-run, to get into his grave, and there he is. Go into a man's office, he does not ask you to take a seat; that would imply that some long story was to be listened to; he forgets to say good-morning, and with inquiring look he asks you to begin what you have to say, and be off. The visitor is just as intent on business as the visited, and the first sentence, sometimes the first word and only word indicates the whole object of the interview. A man calls at

the post-office for a letter: "Good-morning, neighbor, fine day to-day; all well at home? I called to see if there was any letter for me to-day, as I was expecting one." Does he make all this ado? Why, the post-office clerk would faint away; he wouldn't get through his work till midnight. You appear at the window, announce your name, the pile is looked over, the letter is silently handed to you, or the monosyllable "none" is uttered; you give room for the impatient man behind you, and all is over. The minister would be considered an old foggy who would hum and haw and beat around the bush twenty or even ten minutes, as in the olden time, before he announced the subject-matter of his discourse. He is expected to present the main idea in the first sentence, and without more ado, present his divisions, offer his proofs, make the application, and away, all in forty minutes, and wiser they who do it in thirty; beyond forty he becomes tedious, is unheard; irritation springs up, and he is pronounced "repetitious."

A man enters the breakfast-room with one arm in the sleeve of his coat, the other half-way; gobbles down his coffee and toast and tenderloin in silence, grabs up the morning paper, and at a two-forty gait makes for the car or omnibus, and is oblivious to all the world until he reaches his destination.

Said a thoughtful wife the other day: "My husband never thinks of his dinner; if I put a sandwich in his pocket in the morning at seven, it is there still when he reaches home at six; eleven hours, not a mouthful eaten; business, business, business!"

"My husband didn't sleep two hours last night," said a charming woman not long ago. "I waked up, and in the full glare of gas-light he was pacing the floor, and continued it until the morning." "Nor does mine sleep," said another wife, whose husband is one of the men of the time. "He tosses and tumbles the whole night through, and merely dozes for an hour."

"Three hours is all the sleep I can get in the twenty-four," said a man of great wealth, the other day. "I would be willing to begin where I began before, a poor boy, without a penny in the world, if I could sleep as I did then."

But there are moral aspects of the war more astounding, and still more to be lamented; it is the perfect breakdown of all personal morality. There is a recklessness of moral principle per-

vading all classes, (individual exceptions everywhere,) which almost makes the thoughtful feel that the millennium has been indefinitely postponed. Deception, extravagance, recklessness, and waste are everywhere in the ascendant, except in families long rich. The servant and the master; the employers and the employed; the boss and the journeyman; the apprentice and his teacher; all, all seem half demented; seem to act as if gold grew on every twig, and want was never to be known again.

But with all our admiration of womankind, it must be confessed that the wives and daughters of the common and aspiring classes are running riot in their fierce madness after fine dress, showy equipages and splendid mansions; few among these know the value of money, and fewer still care whence or how it comes, so they can get it with the trouble of asking, quarreling or crying for it. Not one in a thousand of them appreciates the risks, and toils, and vexations and crushing responsibilities involved on the part of their husbands in providing for their households in times like the present. Formerly a man could do business with his next-door neighbor without fear or misgiving, but the moral sense is so obtunded now that fellow can not trust fellow, nor friend, friend. To trust is to be defrauded. To favor, is to lose all.

Men who formerly stood high among their fellows in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston, have become government contractors and have been proved to be unprincipled scoundrels. Broadway clothing stores have furnished rotten coats to poor and suffering soldiers; ship-brokers have made out of the government scores of thousands in an hour. Money makes all laws, and unmakes them, as witness the whisky tax in Congress; the tobacco tax, the efforts to remove the duty from paper and coal; in a thousand other directions in Washington, in Albany, in Harrisburgh, and above all, in Trenton, corruption and trickery are the order of the day.

The monetary affairs of the country are rapidly verging to a common ruin. Money is apparently plenty, but never has it been so scarce in the history of the government. Coin is the only money, and nine persons out of ten fail to receive or pay out a five-cent piece in a month's traffic. Never were silk and satin and velvet so high in price; never were they seen so common on the street as at the present time.

War presents some curious features to our view. It has drained our cities in large part of a redundant, idle, diseased and degraded class; these either soon die or are killed off. But there are examples not a few where the activities of the camp, its discipline and its experience have made invalids robust; have imparted a higher moral tone to some, and given character and energy to others, who before were by common consent considered to be inane and worthless.

When a man of a good common education and some steadiness of character, goes to war and fairly engages in battle, he is thereafter, until his dying day, more of a man than he ever was before. No one of even common observation can have failed to notice in the faces of returned veteran regiments as they have marched along our streets, a stereotyped cast of countenance, common to all; there is an imprint of sternness on every face; of determination, and an elevation of spirit, despite of tattered garments and soiled clothing and the dust and sweat of a long march; as much as to say, I have been fighting for my country, I have imperiled my life to maintain her liberties and her unity; these are first things; my mission is god-like, to wit, to maintain liberty and the right forever! Amen.

When this war is ended, much of the scuff and scum of society will have disappeared, and nine out of ten of those who return from victorious battle-fields will make better, sterner, more manly members of society than ever before. The most of the great soldiers of history were men of simple tastes, quiet manners and of unassuming deportment. This is the tendency of war, to lop off excrescences, to consolidate the character, to inure to self-denial, to impart energy, determination and self reliance, and to mold the whole man aright. This war will leave more men in the country than were found in it the day when Sumter was fired at and fell.

Official reports of European countries have shown more boy-children are born in war than in times of peace, and that although at the end of the wars of the First Napoleon, it was rare to find a Frenchman over five feet three, there was a recuperation in the next age, and now the average height of the men does not vary much from what it was before the Directory.

As soon as the war closes there will inevitably be a universal

financial crash; in five years thereafter the country will exhibit a degree of solid prosperity and national power which can defy the world besides; an amount of cotton will be raised annually, which will astonish all civilized nations. Why?

War makes men; determined, self-reliant men; such men have a degree of self-respect which idlers never dreamed of; these characteristics will impel them to labor; to intelligent labor, to labor well directed. Five years ago, many a planter had from five hundred to five thousand acres of land, of which a few hundred only were cultivated, the remainder was held in reserve for children who were growing up with the expectation of a fortune and with the full calculation to live in ease and luxury, to end in a life of idleness, intemperance, and debauchery. Five years hence, there will be ten households instead of one, to every thousand acres; there will be ten families instead of one to be supplied with school-books, and libraries; with the ubiquitous newspaper; the weekly journal and the monthly magazine. Ten families will want a sewing-machine, a piano, a reaper and a clothes-wringer, where one does now. Ten neat cottages will spring up, where was seen but five years since a solitary planter's house, never papered, seldom plastered, and always in a more or less unfinished condition. Intelligence will not plant the teeming soil with corn and potatoes at a price of twenty dollars an acre when it can raise a hundred dollars' worth of cotton, and sometimes three hundred dollars' worth, with less labor.

That country is strongest, is most prosperous, and can best defy all outside nations which is marked off into farms of forty, fifty, or an hundred acres instead of embracing ten or twenty of these in one partially tilled plantation. So that aside from the mere question of slavery there will be benefits arising from this war which will present an encouraging front compared with the opposite phases.

The ravage of war as to human life is exaggerated in almost all minds, and is never so great as it seems to be. Many of the soldiers who sicken and die in hospitals would have sickened and died at home; while the proportion of all who die from wounds is astonishingly small, and some of these would have perished by accident had they remained at home.

It can not be denied that war is always a curse; and can sel-

dom, if ever, fail to be a sin; but as in the present state of human morals it will come sooner or later, to the nationalities of the earth, it is well to look at both sides calmly and dispassionately, take an intelligent view of all its phases, and endeavor to make the best of it.

SUNSHINE.

MESSRS. Walker, Wise & Co., of Boston, have sent us a paper-covered twelvemo of sixty-three pages, entitled *Sunshine*, by Mrs. Dall, author of *Woman's Right to Labor*. We always become suspicious of any man, woman, or book connected with "woman's rights" in the most remote manner possible, even by a link so minute, that it requires a microscope to discover it, just as we become suspicious of the softness of a man's cranium the instant we discover that he is fond of long hair, or has it parted in the middle. Those who advocate "woman's rights," spiritualism, steam doctoring, and cold-water sloshings, we regard as a little weak in the upper-story; at least, we have never yet come in contact with one who was not an object of pity, who was not brimful and overflowing with all sorts of impracticable theories about every thing under the sun, or who was not forever pecking at the Bible or the ministers of our holy religion. And if pains were taken to inquire about their domesticities, it would be found in a large number of cases, that there was either a strong leaning toward the doctrines of passionnal attraction, free-loveism, or the swapping of husbands and wives whenever they get tired of each other; or as a celebrated vegetarian doctor and author, who died twenty years sooner than other people, and whose wife couldn't live with him, expressed it in his application for a divorce: "She was not the psychological complement I took her to be." Whether he meant by such a phrase that her foot was too flat, her ankle too thick, her waist a mile through, or her character like a lump of dough, was not stated; the great probability is, that he was a beast, and she a woman in the highest sense, possessing all of a woman's delicacy, elevation, and refinement.

The book is well written, and abounds in valuable practical truths which all would do well to heed. It needed no such

catchpenny phrase as "woman's rights" on its title-page; and any respectable publisher outside of the "Hub" would have known this. But from transcendental Boston we may expect any thing from the sublime to the ridiculous, "both included."

This journal has very frequently advocated the power of moral medicines as being more efficient in many cases than any physic of the apothecary; so in this article we will let material, out-door sunshine alone, and say something of the sunshine of the heart and hearth; of its power to insure a new life and activity when physical toil has used up the vital energies, and when insidious disease has sapped the powers of life, and left the body a mere wreck of what it was. In our book on *Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases*, an account is given of a man who spent fifteen years in a dungeon so dark that it was impossible to discover the distinctive features of his fellow-prisoner, who was with him for five years of that time—during the remainder of his imprisonment he was alone; and yet he lived many years after that, and walked a free man under the glorious sunshine of the sky. But a year or two, or a month or two, sometimes even a few weeks of no sunshine in the heart, have been all sufficient to lay the body in the grave to be at rest at last. There are some men, spoonies, who look as if they had never smiled, there is a pitiful sadness, with an unmistakable expression of feature, a kind of hopelessness, as if they were kept under all the time at home. They don't exactly die; it's a great pity they didn't; they seem to have got used to it, and settled down in a state of sorrowful submission; they hadn't sense enough to maintain their liberties, nor energy enough to run away when every thing was lost.

There are other men, brave, indomitable; who live above the present; who having found themselves "in a fix," by having made a grand mistake in marriage, have made a virtue of necessity, and have proudly determined to "endure," to the end of the chapter. At the same time, there is a settled sadness on the features when at rest, showing plainly that there is no "sunshine" at home.

But the sight that pains us most, is that in Broadway, of young women and those of maturer years, in whose faces it is plainly seen there is no sunshine at home; but the skeleton of a step-mother; of a trifling husband; or of one who has no

sympathies; nothing in common with the woman of his choice; she, refined, educated, with cultivated tastes, of sensitive instincts; he, ignorant, debased, brutal; a gourmand, and a rake. He was rich; she poor; hence the tale of sadness; a home without any sunshine.

There is a young girl, not very well dressed; she would be handsome if she were; she walks as if it were done mechanically; as if there was no object ahead; as if she were going toward home, but did not care whether she ever got there or not; there is no spring, no elasticity in her step, but as if an iron weight were attached to each heel. There is certainly no sunshine under the roof which shelters her. Perhaps she has a drunken father; a brother who is a disgrace to the family; or her mother may be her skeleton, by having no feelings in common with her; thwarts her in all her undertakings, in all her plans; always disparaging, always finding fault, always giving directions; never satisfied with the manner in which any thing is done, and whose whole life is a dirge. Poor girl! a little sunshine at home, how it would lighten up her countenance, brighten her face, and make a greater change in her whole moral character, than any "sunshine" which Mrs. Dall describes, could make on the physical nature.

But what a light and life and genial warmth must be in the home of that woman who writes so well of the out-door sunshine; there must be an atmosphere of moral loveliness there, the mere thought of which actually "makes our mouth water," and gives us an earnest, an inappeasable longing to peep in upon them, just a moment of any hour of any day or evening; the daughters—how lady-like, how affectionate; the sons—how joyous and how manly; and the husband, happy dog, looking on with quiet satisfaction; first upon the girls, then on the boys, and anon instinctively resting his eyes with fond satisfaction on the composed and heaven-like features of the fond wife of his bosom, as the "author and giver of them all," next to Him who rules above.

Many times in our daily walk along the splendid Fifth Avenue, when looking at the lordly mansions of Ward, the druggist; of Henriques, the Jew; of Webb, the ship-builder; of James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*; of Stewart, the dry-goods man; or of Stuart, the big-hearted refiner, who seems to

be coining money every day, and working as hard at it with his brother Aleck as if he "hadn't a minute to live," just for the sake of having it in his power to give it away to help "Presbyters" to rise and shine. As we were saying, in passing these houses, we are often on the point of apostrophizing: "Well, old fellow, you've got more than your share of house-room." So the writer of "Sunshine," or rather her husband, if living, must have more than his share of domestic happiness; or may be he has passed away to his home in the skies, waiting to receive the one he "left behind him," to show her upward through the mansions of the Blessed, until they come right up to the great white throne to make their glad obeisance. While, then, we make it a daily duty to get at least an hour or two of out-door sunshine; and failing, think it an important loss to health and length of life, let us all aim to create an in-door sunshine, the sunshine of the heart and hearth, by a systematic determination to exercise toward every member of the household the fullest measure of all that is forbearing, thoughtful, affectionate, generous and lovely. Let every thing that has the most distant resemblance to a contemptible whine, to a devilish fault-finding, to a brutal boorishness and to a narrow-minded and degrading selfishness, be considered as emanations from that pit of darkness, where fiends and furies dwell; then shall light be in every family dwelling; cheerfulness in every face; and the twinkle of gladness in every eye; while every heart overflows with a joy so pure, that even angels might envy its sweetness and its bliss. And all this about a shilling pamphlet on "Sunshine," which every reader will thank the gifted authoress for writing. But let not this subject be dismissed without every parent, every child, determining to ask the question *daily*, with a religious interest, "How shall I act and speak and think this day, so as to bring the most sunshine to the heart and hearth of this household?" And fiercest indignations be to the fretful wretch, fit only for a solitary prison, on bread and water, or for a strait-jacket, nine tenths of whose waking existence is spent in bringing clouds in upon an otherwise happy household by complaining and fault-findings, and bitterness and repinings which none but the low-born and the vicious delight to indulge in; to whom it is as natural to snap and growl as the ugliest cur over his meager bone.

There are men everywhere who are daily crushing out the hearts of the women who left happy homes to nestle confidently in their bosoms; not always with deliberate design, but by a thoughtless inattention in the exhibition of those sympathies on which most women feed as flowers do on water. There are women, too, who have so much of wormwood and of gall in their composition that their first morning's utterance is a whine or a growl; who never, by any chance, sit down to the family table without a complaint; "pecking" first at one child, then at another; or servant or neighbor, or acquaintance or friend; who never enter a room without some exhibition of querulousness or dissatisfaction. We were witness of an extraordinary exemplification of this hateful feature in the character of a mother, about two years ago, in a family who had not been a great while in New-York. Some four or five, may be more children were in the parlor; some playing, some reading, some building mimic houses on the floor; we were contemplating the scene at the time, as one fit for a painter to transfer to canvas; there was a deep satisfaction, or a more uproarious gladness in every countenance, when the door opened and the mother entered; a thin, bilious, scraggy, hatched-faced woman, with an apparent spinal deformity, which almost doubled her up, as her head was not much higher than the door-lock. As instantaneous as a flash of lightning, every voice was hushed; all play was suspended, and there was the silence of the grave; the woman looked around the room, said not a word, and withdrew. As soon as the door closed, a little boy of five, straightened himself up as he sat on the floor, drew a long breath and exclaimed in a tone of surprise: "I thought mamma had come to kick up a fuss." As if it was one of the strangest of occurrences that she should come into a room where her children were, without saying or doing something calculated to bring a cloud over the household. It is related of a merchant's widow, somewhere in Brooklyn, that she was of such a fault-finding and querulous nature, that her only son had not slept in the house for two years! The two daughters, who had reached womanhood, exclaimed one day to a lady friend of ours whose face was always a sun: "O Mrs. P.! if mother was only like you, how happy we and brother would be." But the father,

where was he—in his grave! the acknowledged victim of his wife's habitual ill-nature and fretfulness.

And what shall we say of the husband and father, who comes home with a scowl; who brings a cloud with him which darkens the whole household the moment he enters the door, who frets and complains at every thing; whom nothing can please, whom nobody can satisfy? There are such men, and even worse. The cases above are rare; one, it may be in a decade or in a hundred thousand; but perhaps almost all have the germs of these undesirable traits, which ought to be watched against every hour of our existence, lest they might grow before we are aware of it, to unmanageable proportions; but this is only half our duty; we should sedulously cultivate all opposite qualities, that a pure and a true affection and a loveliness of disposition and temperament should so impregnate the whole character, that the household should be only the ante-chamber of heaven!

ECONOMY A DUTY.

THERE never has been a time in our nation's history, when the obligation on all classes has been so urgent to economize in every possible direction, in food, in dress, in rents and in every minor article of personal expenditure. It is true that money was never more abundant, seemingly, than it is now. In reality it never has been as scarce; the only money is silver and gold; articles which three years ago were handled every day by the very poorest of our population, in the most ordinary transactions in business or market traffic; now, there are tens of thousands who do not handle or see a gold-piece in a month. Even the copper penny, which was considered so much of a nuisance that the government, by the pressure of public opinion, was induced to call in that species of money by the keful, is now a welcome sight to every market-man and shop-keeper in New-York. The rich should practice economy for the sake of setting a good example to those in more moderate circumstances. The wives and daughters of half our citizens are demented; they no more know the value of money than an equal number of Egyptian mummies; this may seem at first sight a most extravagant statement; but it is

short of the truth. A mummy knows nothing; a live woman of our time has arrived at a state of mind by false knowledge, which leads to more pernicious results, than if she knew nothing at all. A mischievous argument has been presented by some, that the rich should spend as much as possible, and thus, not only give employment to those who are willing to work, but by a lavish expenditure in the way of dress, make importations from abroad more necessary, and thus the income of the government will be increased through the Custom-House. But it is forgotten that gold must be sent to pay for these goods, and by this incessant drainage the amount of our coin becomes less and less, and the price of every article of consumption becomes greater and greater. But suppose there were no importations, foreign countries being obliged to send for millions of dollars' worth of wheat and corn and meal and flour, would have to send also, these millions in gold, making it more abundant every month, instead of its becoming more and more scarce. The more gold there is, the less every article of consumption costs; the less would be the need of hurry and exposure, and over-work of body and mind, which things kill multitudes prematurely every year; while more time would be afforded for rest, for rational enjoyment, and for that mental and spiritual and social cultivation which so add to human elevation and human happiness.

If the times become better after the war, present economies will injure no one; whereas, if they become worse, the people will be better prepared to meet them. The safe and experienced sailor anticipates the storms of the sea; and they are wisest who look forward to clouds and darkness and tempests in the business future. Economies should begin in dress and food and house and servants. Old garments should be patched at a very early stage of their giving out, and in the most durable and painstaking manner. Families living to themselves, should not allow any kind of meat, fish or fowl to come on their tables but once a day; corn-meal should be the principal article for bread, and hominy and potatoes, and white beans, the main stand-bys in the way of vegetables, because they are beyond all comparison, the cheapest and most nutritious articles of food, of their class.

As to the item about servants, it is the greatest shame and

disgrace of our people, especially in New-York. We know a family of five persons which keeps four servants. Another of three, keeps three servants; some families, strictly private, have seven, eight, or nine helps. If this over-supply of servants ended simply with the increased expenditure of the particular family, the evil would not be so great, in the few cases in which the hire and board of these retinues are not paid eventually by other and more honest and industrious people. But it is notorious, that generally, such persons fail and their creditors are the real sufferers. The really rich of New-York, those who have been wealthy for a generation or more, are the only persons, as a class, who do practice a wise economy. They do it as a pleasure, arising from an honorable conviction of the justice and right and prudence of their course, and for the assurance which it gives them of a continuance of a comfortable competence in the long years of the future.

But this extravagant supply of servants has a pernicious effect on the servants themselves; they become inevitably more and more idle, careless, inattentive, impertinent, and wasteful; and when these qualities have arrived at an unendurable pitch, they are sent away, and then they impose themselves on less aspiring families, to annoy them by their worthlessness; and in a few years they go down lower and lower in the scale of efficiency, are more and more unemployed, their scanty earnings become exhausted in the miserable hovels in which they board; miserable enough, as all ladies have learned who attempt to hunt them up in answer to advertisements in the papers. Some of the places where cooks and chambermaids board while they are getting places, are not fit for the habitation of horned cattle; a good farmer would not keep his horse or his cow in such rickety, unventilated, and blackened apartments, situated as they generally are, in the distant, filthiest, and most noisome streets and alleys in the whole metropolis. And yet, when these same persons are introduced into a respectable dwelling, they assume the airs of duchesses and queens. They can't use brown sugar in their coffee, because it gives them the headache. They won't touch any other bread than that which is cut fresh from the loaf at the time they are wanting it; while the slices left at the family table of to-day, if not thrown into the ash-barrel, or given to some begging cousin or acquaintance, are placed on

the family table for the next meal. None but the costliest tea will "agree" with their delicate stomachs, and this is made so strong, that in order to be able to drink it, they saturate it with loaf-sugar. Unless they are closely watched on washing days, their own clothing first passes through the laundry; is first hung out to dry, and that too in the sunniest places in the yard; while in the starching process of skirts, etc., their own are made as stiff as pasteboard, and in every respect have the preference. Such impertinences as these, the less resolute of our wives have to endure, and in consequence, are kept in a state of irritation and fretfulness and anxiety which wastes the strength, ruffles the temper, sours the disposition, and makes housekeeping a penance instead of a happiness.

Economy in house-rent is becoming more and more a necessity, and it is greatly to be regretted that it is not more common for two families to live together and divide this expense and that of servant-hire. In many families there is really no use for an "up-stairs girl" or chambermaid, or waitress, if the "door-bell" had not to be attended to; and it is not much more trouble to cook for two families than for one, if they are well-ordered ones. In this way, better wages can be afforded and better servants can be had; thus not only will the board of two servants be saved, but the comfort of having faithful and competent ones, will be worth more than money itself.

It is often said and generally believed, that two families can not live together under the same roof. This is a great mistake; when two women can not live in the same house in comfort and peace and social enjoyment, it is because neither of them have any sense of a practical kind, and have very little religion or good principle of any sort; it is because they have no true religious principles; have been raised in vulgarity, or have had for mothers, persons who were unworthy of the sacred and blessed designation. Is a woman no better than a cat or a dog, that she can't dwell under the same roof with another in peace and harmony, with the common end of having a better table, better servants, a more lively household, at less expense and labor and anxiety and care, than if each family lived in a separate dwelling? We can not harbor such an opinion of our wives and daughters for a single moment. We have visited a house several times this last winter, one of the choicest and most truly

elegant in this city, in which lived three distinct families, with two sets of children, from a year old to seven, of boys and girls; each family was abundantly able to keep their own establishment, each having houses of their own; the washing was put out; one housemaid and one cook, both good, did all the work for these three families throughout the whole winter; there was not the slightest jar or unpleasantness, even among the servants; the children, we were told, were like brothers and sisters of the same family; and not a single unkind word was ever known to have passed between them; while a more abundant table, better prepared, and a neater and better kept house is seldom seen in this great metropolis. We personally know two families, both rich, who have lived in the same house for three years, and are as fast friends to-day as when first they cast their fortunes together; not so much for saving as for social enjoyment. We know of another household, made up of three or four different families, all independent; and go there any day, live there any week, and you would not know but they were all of a common stock. Let any considerable number of families have the moral firmness, the high Christian principle, the wisdom and the patriotism, to unite and make combinations of this sort popular and honorable, and in three months there would be the inevitable result of fifty per cent diminution in house-rents; servant-hire would be largely less; first-class servants would be in greater demand; while the trifling and dishonest and unprincipled would be glad to get work for little more than their victuals and clothes, simply because half the number of helps could be dispensed with, and the highest wages could be afforded to those who were really competent, and were willing to give their whole time to their employers. If two families combine and give a really competent cook twelve dollars a month, the saving of food and comfort and health secured by that arrangement, as compared with two separate households, with six-dollar cooks, could not be easily estimated. What is the great hindrance of a social reform like this; one which would not only save millions of dollars annually to the hard-working men who have to earn these dollars, but would be a means of greatly adding to social enjoyment and domestic comfort and general elevation and enlargement of the spheres of thought? The only obstacle is the pride and ignorance and

selfishness of the wives of the country. Not one husband or one brother in ten among the classes most needing it, would object to such an arrangement; the opposition would be almost wholly from mothers and marriageable daughters. A society organized with a view to bringing about a custom of this sort, would, in proper hands, do more good socially, religiously, and in a patriotic point of view, than nine out of ten of those of the later times.

Another plan, in some respects better, in others not so good, is that of having houses built, as in the older countries of Europe, having each story constructed so as to afford full accommodations for a whole family; these are called flats or floors; the highest are the healthiest and cheapest. But it would take years to make arrangements for this manner of living, as houses would have to be built especially for that purpose; the other plan could be carried into effect at once.

Another item of unnecessary extravagance of the times, is the imagined necessity of doing business in one part of the city and living in another. A clerk with six hundred a year must live up-town. A man, whose business is worth two thousand dollars per annum, must have his "store" down-town, and rent a house two or three miles away. Many of these ought to do business on the first floor and live up-stairs; the oldest and most honored merchants in our memories "did business" in this way, and have left names and fortunes behind them, which their children and grandchildren are still living to be proud of and to enjoy. The Paris Rothschild is said to live in the rear of the building in which he does his business.

Let our readers be assured that the purest and truest and highest patriotism of our times, is not the blatant cry of Unionism, liberty to all, free soil, and all that, but it is individual integrity and personal economy in their highest and strictest forms, carried out in every minutia of domestic expenditure.

There is another method of exhibiting a high patriotism, as a means of saving the national credit, and preventing a national and individual financial collapse; it is easily stated in a few words, to swear or affirm, in plain monosyllables: "From this good hour, I will not eat or drink or wear what does not grow in the land of my birth, the land I most love."

But we have too much apparent prosperity; fashion and folly and mad extravagance have too great a control over our people, to allow even the glimmer of a hope that such virtue can exist. Who is the maid or matron in New-York who will have the heroism of a Joan of Arc, and will step out of the ranks as the leader, in a cause so grand and glorious and good?

WHO ARE HAPPIEST?

"MECHANICS' families who are a little forehanded." Such was the answer of a monthly nurse of intelligence and observation, who had in the prosecution of her calling been thrown among families of all classes, from the very rich to the very poor; from the most famed to the most obscure.

Lord Byron seems from his standpoint to have arrived at very nearly the same conclusion. He wrote: "Mechanics and working-men who can maintain their families, are in my opinion the happiest body of men. Poverty is to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders."

Another author thought that the most to be envied was "a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, and bringing them home his wages at night."

Aside from the question of religion there are three indispensable requisites to a pleasurable, satisfactory state of the mind; if either be absent, there can not be any continuous mental, heart, enjoyment. In no case can a day ever pass without some interruption to quiet pleasures, even to those who are most favorably situated, because no man or woman ever waked up in the morning who did not experience before retiring at night some disappointment, some unexpected occurrence of an unpleasurable character to cloud the sunshine of the happiest day. Who can recollect a single day in any score or two, or three, in which some unanticipated, disagreeable thing did not occur? Echo answers: "Never one!"

He who would be uniformly happy; who would pass the greater part of his time in a state of mental pleasurable-ness,

Must be healthy.

Must be well-to-do.

Must be moderately busy.

However healthy a man may be, anxiety for to-morrow's bread will soon undermine the strongest constitution; hence the French returns officially announce that the well-to-do average eleven years longer life than those who live by their daily labor. If a man is healthy and well-to-do, and is not busy in his calling, he will seldom fail to become dyspeptic, intemperate, or restless, and die prematurely. Hence, to have a life of sunshine, a man must live healthfully; must have a reasonably profitable calling, and must be busy and buoyant in the prosecution of it.

COOKING MEATS.

EVERY wife and mother owes it to herself, her husband, and her children, as well as to society at large, to prevent waste in every department of the household, whether provisions are cheap or dear, whether the husband is rich or poor; for waste is a crime against humanity, an insult to the bounteous Hand which "giveth us all things, riches to enjoy." On the other hand, a true economy is one of the wisest, the best, and ennobling of domestic virtues. A hundred careful experiments were made in England in reference to roasting and boiling meats, in order to ascertain the respective losses:

Roasted chickens, lost 15 per ct.	Turkeys, lost.....	20 per ct.
Beef ribs and sirloins, 19 "	Mutton legs and shoulders, 24 "	
Geese, 19 "	Ducks, 27 "	
Boiled mutton legs, .. 10 "		
" beef, 15 "		
" shoulder mutton, 28 "		

Boiling beef saves more than four per cent over roasting. If a leg of mutton is boiled it loses ten per cent; if roasted, twenty-five per cent!

The fatter meat is, the greater the loss; it should be moderately fat, to make it tender; but there is an unprofitable fatness.

Eleven pounds of roast beef rib loses two pounds, and the bones one pound, so that of the eleven pounds bought, only seven pounds come to the table. Hence if roast rib-pieces cost in New-York, in April, 1864, twenty cents a pound at the butcher's stall, it is more than thirty-one cents a pound on the dinner-table.

It is philosophically true that one pound of clear roast beef is more concentrated than one pound of boiled beef, has less matter in it, and hence may contain more nourishment; but the more concentrated food is the more unwholesome it is, not only because it requires a greater digestive power to convert it into pure blood, but the sense of sufficiency at meals is induced to a considerable extent by the bulk of what is taken, and if we eat concentrated food until there is bulk enough to remove the feeling of hunger, there is so much nutriment in it that nature can't extract it all in a perfect manner; hence there is not only too much nutriment for the wants of the system, but all of it is imperfectly prepared, and we really get less strength and less pure blood out of it, than if much less had been eaten, or it had been taken in a more bulky, or, if you please, in a more watery condition. This is the reason why dyspeptics and others eat a great deal, but they do not get strong. But if there is too much bulk, there is not enough nutriment, although a great deal is taken into the stomach. Porter and beer, for example, fill up the stomach, and seem to make persons fleshy, but there is but little nutriment and great bulk; but great beer-drinkers are never strong, are puffy.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XI.]

JUNE, 1864.

[No. 6.

SAFETY OF FAMILIES.

ONE of the very best means for preserving the health, happiness, and morals of sons and daughters, for raising them up to occupy high, responsible, and honorable positions in society, and for securing to them an old age of quiet repose, with a happy freedom from wasting and wearing diseases of mind and body, is to make home, the family fireside, the companionship of parents and one another, the sweetest, happiest, and most delightful place of all others. Taking into consideration the intensely inquiring character of the youthful mind, and the tendency in all to regard as true what is put in print, there is, perhaps, no other one method of bringing up a loving and lovable family, of securing a happy household, than that of supplying the children with suitable reading from the time they are first able to read at all. There may be some difference of opinion as to what kind of reading is most suitable, but the great mass of the intelligent and the good will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that in the main it should be such as will combine truthfulness with interest. Fill and feed the mind with facts in language which shall engage the attention; facts, and truths, and histories which lead out the affections, the best feelings of the human heart, which will wake up the sympathies to a healthful and practical exercise. There is no scene in domestic life so purely beautiful, except that of

family worship, than that of father, mother, children, all gathered around the table, before a cheerful, blazing fire, of a winter's evening, reading aloud by turns, with intervals of remark as to the sentiments conveyed, their application to the times or to one another, their literal correctness, the propriety of the modes of expression, and the many other points which may be suggested to the mind of reader or listener, as page after page is passed over. Very many articles might be selected from different writers as an example of the miscellaneous reading which might, with advantage, come before a family once a month. The subjects are various enough and practical enough, and withal truthful enough to engage the attention, impart instruction, and lead out the mind to thoughtful inquiry and to practical action in any family circle which might meet together. All the articles are truthful. Fact and not fiction is the best nourishment, the most appropriate food for young minds; to feed them on imaginary narrations is as inevitably pernicious to the mind as the habitual use of stimulants is to the body. An early grave, or a life of poverty, dishonor, and bodily suffering, is the fate of those who "drink;" just as certainly will those who feed daily on fiction "spoil" the mind, weaken it, unfit it for the duties of life, and for the high and holy exercise of the sympathies and the best feelings of our nature. Novel-reading is the parent of selfishness, of hard-heartedness, and of a wayward, aimless, fruitless life. The last persons in the world to devote themselves to the beneficence of life, to the practical charities which so elevate us, are novel-writers and novel-readers. The blessings of the good be upon him who, reading this article, shall resolve that there shall be at least one family magazine in the world which shall come every month to eager households, freighted with all that is beautiful in sentiment, truthful in narration, and in matter instructive, pure, and elevating, to be read aloud in the family; of the advantages of which a recent writer well says:

"Books and periodicals should be angels in every household. They are urns to bring us the golden fruits of thought and experience from other minds and other lands. As the fruits of the trees of the earth's soil are most enjoyed around the family board, so should those that mature upon mental and moral boughs be gathered around by the entire household. No home

exercise could be more appropriate and pleasing than for one member to read aloud for the benefit of all. An author's ideas are energized by the confidence and love of the tender family affections, and every heart is open to the truth, like the unfolded rose, to receive the gathering dews. The ties of love between parents and children, and brothers and sisters, are thus cemented yet more and more, and varied charms and pleasures are constantly open through this medium to make a home a very paradise. If parents would introduce this exercise in their families, they would soon see the levity and giddiness that make up the conversation of too many circles giving way to refinement and chaste dignity. Read to your children, and encourage them to read to you, instead of reading your papers and books in silence, and in silence laying them away." Thus making home inviting, cheerful, and happy, the sons will be kept from the contaminating influence of the street, the corner-grocery, the engine-house, and the tavern, while the daughters will grow up loving, domestic, virtuous, and pure, and both sons and daughters will live happily, healthfully, usefully, and long.

NEPENTHE.

"It is equal to any thing Mrs. Stowe has written," said a lady of culture and eminent critical talents, of this new volume of the writer of *Olie*. For the truthfulness, beauty, and purity of its sentiments, few works of fiction have been produced at home or abroad. It will be eagerly read by the physician, the lawyer, and the divine; for the talented writer who has worked out this beautiful narrative seems to be at home in all these vocations; is equally expert in setting a broken bone, in unraveling a knotty point in law, and making clear as the light of day the principles and practice which will secure pulpit success. We commend the book to the learned professions.

FOOD AND HEALTH.

BREAD-CRUST baked in an oven until it is very brown, but not black, and then pounded to the fineness of ground coffee, is a safer, cheaper, and quite as agreeable and healthful a substitute for coffee as any other MIXTURE now in use.

Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and lounges about, who thinks himself into the mad-house or a premature grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is the mental and physical salvation of man.

White beans are the cheapest and most nutritious food which can be eaten. Beans and pork furnish nearly all the elements necessary to human subsistence. A quart of beans at eight cents and a pound of pork at twelve cents will feed a small family for a day. Four quarts of beans and two pounds of corned beef, boiled to rags, in fifty quarts of water, will furnish a good meal for forty men, or one and a quarter cents a meal.

SMALL POX.—It is said that as soon as any eruption appears on the skin it is small pox, if, on pressure with the end of the finger, there is the feeling as if a small fine shot had been placed under the cuticle of the skin.

FACE protection from cold.—An ordinary fine wire-gauze mask, such as is sometimes used at masquerades, will keep the face comfortable, even if a fierce wind is blowing, while the thermometer is below zero; a thin veil or a silk handkerchief is a good substitute.

COAL-GAS.—Two young girls were recently found dead in their bed, having retired in perfect health, in consequence of filling a pot with the live coals of a wood-fire, and placing it in the middle of their chamber, with closed doors and windows, the night being very cold. On New-Year's eve of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, Mr. I. F. Hall, aged fifty years, a gentleman of great moral worth, an exemplary citizen and loving father, retired to his chamber in perfect health, but in the morning was found to have been dead several hours; the gas in the room not having been turned fully off, or having been left burning a little, was puffed out by the wind. Within a year a clergyman from the West was found nearly dead in his chamber in New-York. Being unacquainted with the nature of coal-gas, he had blown out the light instead of turning it off. Every chamber ought to have a ventilator out of reach, or, which would be more certain, an open fireplace, which could not easily be closed. Breathing a vitiated atmosphere during sleeping hours, which is nearly one third of a man's entire existence, is sapping the constitution of multitudes. No one ought to be allowed to sleep in a close room. It will destroy the health sooner or later, and inevitably.

INHERITANCES.

ON the last Sabbath of the last year, that good old minister McElroy, rose in his place and said : " I have been preaching to you forty years this day. Of all the elders who then held up my hands, not one survives ; of all the male members, not one remains ; of all the women, only six live. But although the fathers and mothers have passed away, the more numerous sons and daughters have taken their places, and their children's children are convincing evidences that He is a covenant-keeping God whom we are serving this day, in that the grand-children, having had a good example set before them of holy living, of Sabbath observance, of habitual attendance on the services of the sanctuary, and a profound reverence, with an unquestioning and blessed faith in the word of God, have become religious by inheritance, as it were."

Sons have often inherited the wealth of their fathers, even to the third and fourth generation. The same principle holds good as to our physical nature, that a life of temperance and industry and moderate ambitions secures to children, even for several generations, a robustness of constitution, a vitality, a physical power, which may well be the envy of a multitude of the sick and diseased and effeminate in every grade of society. Children who see daily in their parents the practice of all that is gentle and lovable and courteous and kind, will seldom fail, without the necessity of direct teachings on these subjects, to acquire the same traits of character ; and the example lives and has its influence and power for good long after the parents have passed away. If parents want their children to grow up and inherit their own robust health, strength, and length of life, it must come, not so much by birth and blood, not so much by precept and command and reason, but by the daily exhibition of a calm, quiet, busy, temperate life on the part of their parents, carried out daily, habitually, and persistently by living examples. Conduct is the great, efficient teacher, not precept, not theory, not idle profession.

RESTLESS NIGHTS.

SOME persons "toss and tumble" half the night and get up in the morning weary, unrefreshed, and dispirited; wholly unfit, either in body or mind, for the duties of the day; they are not only incapacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungracious in their manners, so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom and a cloud over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound, delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness, in five minutes, but enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an incalculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of a wise and self-denying attention to the laws of our being.

Restless nights as to persons in apparent good health, arise chiefly from, first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third, from want of muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner at midday, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some hot drink; any thing beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, doughnuts, preserves, and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no call for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who can not sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; who feel as if they were going behindhand; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends, or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, Live hopefully for better days' ahead, and meanwhile strive diligently, persistently, and with a brave heart to that end.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate fatigue, is spent in steady work in the open air, or on horseback, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour, and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it is at two, four, or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week, each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no more.

THE REST.

I AM dreaming of the blessings
 Just beyond the bounds of time,
 Of the pearly-gated city,
 O'er whose wall no evils climb;
 Where the Father folds his children
 Safely to his loving breast;
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

Now the toiling Christian pilgrim
 On a roughened pathway goes,
 Here dejected, there disheartened,
 Ever harassed by his foes.
 Pilgrim, raise thine eye above thee,
 There are joys for the oppressed,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

Hast thou sickness, hast thou sorrow,
 Pains commingled with thy tears;
 Canst thou trace the path of weeping
 Down the passage of the years?
 "I am sick," none say in heaven,
 None by sorrow are possessed,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

Oh! the joys of holy dying!
 From a holy life they come;
 Constant toiling for the Master
 Yet will bring the servant home;
 When he calls the tired pilgrim
 To the mansions of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

—*Am. Mess.*

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

THE late Dr. Chalmers is said to have been the author of the following beautiful lines, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

I AM all alone in my chamber now,
 And the midnight hour is near,
 And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
 Are the only sounds I hear;
 And over my soul in its solitude
 Sweet feelings of sadness glide;
 For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
 Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
 Went home to the dear ones all,
 And softly I opened the garden-gate,
 And softly the door of the hall.
 My mother came out to meet her son—
 She kissed me, and then she sighed;
 And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
 For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come
 In the garden where he played;
 I shall miss him more by the fireside,
 When the flowers are all decayed;
 I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
 And the horse he used to ride,
 And they will speak with a silent speech,
 Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—
 To our Father's house in the skies,
 Where the hope of souls shall have no blight,
 Our love no broken ties;
 We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
 And bathe in its blissful tide;
 And one of the joys of life shall be,
 The little boy that died.

The Expression of Dress.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets—they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or the blush-rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like azaleas. Now and then, you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—*Meredith.*

NOTICES.

"POPULATION of the United States in 1860, compiled from the original returns of the Eighth Census, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by JOSEPH C. G. KENNEDY, Superintendent of the Census," issued at Washington, from the Government printing-office, 1864. This is a book of 694 pages, eleven inches long and ten broad. On opening it, whole pages of columns of figures strike the eye, as dry as a bone, at the first glance; but on a more minute examination, they are so admirably arranged, so systematic, concise, and full, we at once perceive that the whole volume is rich with information; it affords food for thought and reflection and comparison of the richest and most instructive character. A thinking man might feast on it for a month, and still turn over its leaves with an absorbing interest. It is one thing to string together the number of men, women, children, horses, dogs, and cats of a country; to say how many have died, how many married, how many born, and where they all come from. It is quite another thing to have a mind capable of placing these statements before the reader in such a manner as to make them of the highest interest, and to be a vehicle of instruction at once practical, useful, and of permanent value. For this purpose Congress acted wisely and well in intrusting this important and great work to Mr. Kennedy, who is universally acknowledged to be the most competent man in the nation by all odds for performing the work. In some future number we purpose giving several pages of curiosities of the census; marriage; which live longest, bachelors and maids, or married people? who oftenest remarry, and do so the soonest, widows or widowers? etc.

"Constitution of Nature," by William Andrew, Milwaukee, 1864, paper cover, 8vo, 100 pages. Proposes theories to unfold nature, matter, and vacuum; relative motion and rest; matter the cause of density; vacuum the cause of expansion or porosity; why bodies fall; capillary attraction; combustion; the universe; motion; heat; nature of the planets; weather, life, vital force, etc. These are suggestive themes and have occupied the thoughts of philosophers of all ages, and are treated of by the author in a calm, dignified spirit and with convincing power.

The American Tract Society, Boston, and No. 13 Bible House, New-York, have issued Vol. Ten of the Temperance Tales, by Lucius M. Sargent, and it is not inferior in interest to any of its predecessors. Among the subjects are The Life Preserver, The Prophets, Margaret's Bridal, Temperance Meeting in Tattertown. Dove Hamilton, or Sunshine and Shadow, printed from the London Religious Tract Society, is a sweet little book of 292 pages, and full of practical household truths; no one can read it, old or young, rich or poor, without deriving rich instruction from it. Among the subjects are: Bread cast upon the Waters, A Mother's Blessing, Going Home, Dove's First Grief, The Surprise, The Stepmother, The New Home, A Labor of Love, Use of Old China, Bread found after many Days, How all came Right at Last.

The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau street, New-York, have issued an interesting little volume, and instructive to the old as well as the young, entitled "The Chosen Friends," or the twelve disciples, being a short biography of each of the twelve disciples of the New Testament. Also "Out of the House of Bondage," and "Friendly Counsels," by Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. Another volume of 235 pages, "Helen Maurice; or, the Daughter at Home," is well worthy of being placed in the hands of every daughter in the land, and is written in a manner calculated to leave a lasting impression as to the duties and responsibilities of life. We hope it may be read and pondered over by many thousands.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S GUIDE, and every body's hand-book, containing over five hundred new and valuable recipes and references to household affairs, cooking, with a medical department, mechanic's department, and farmer's department, sixty-four pages; a pamphlet which will be prized by every good housekeeper. Published by Smith and Swinney, chemists, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1864. Price per copy, one dollar. It ought to be sent post-paid to Guinea for fifteen cents.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY, a magazine of literature, civil and military affairs. Portland, Maine. Edward P. Weston, Editor. \$2 a year, single numbers 20 cts.; size and shape of the Atlantic Monthly; 70 pages. Among the contributors to the April No. 2 are Caroline E. D. Howe, Miss S. P. Warren, John

Deal & others

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Vol. XI.]

JULY, 1864.

[No. 7.

BRONCHITIS, AND KINDRED DISEASES.

BY

W. W. HALL, A M., M. D., NEW YORK.

THERE IS no necessary reason why men should not generally live to the full age of three score years and ten, in health and comfort: that they do not do so, is because

THEY CONSUME TOO MUCH FOOD, AND TOO LITTLE PURE AIR;

THEY TAKE TOO MUCH MEDICINE, AND TOO LITTLE EXERCISE:

and when, by inattention to these things, they become diseased, they die chiefly, not because such disease is necessarily fatal, but because the symptoms which nature designs to admonish of its presence, are disregarded, until too late for remedy. And in no class of ailments are delays so uniformly attended with fatal results, as in affections of the Throat and Lungs. However terrible may have been the ravages of the Asiatic Cholera in this country, I know of no locality, where, in the course of a single year, it destroyed ten per cent. of the population. Yet, taking England and the United States together, twenty per cent. of the mortality is every year from diseases of the lungs alone; amid such a fearful fatality, no one dares say he shall certainly escape, while every one, without exception, will most assuredly suffer, either in his own person, or in that of some one near and dear to him, by this same universal scourge. No man, then, can take up these pages, who is not interested to the extent of life and death, in the important inquiry, *What can be done to mitigate this great evil?* It is not the object of this publication to answer that question; but to act it out; and the first great essential step thereto, is to impress upon the common mind, in language adapted to common readers, a proper understanding of the first symptoms of these ruthless diseases

Every reader of common intelligence and of the most ordinary observation, must know that countless numbers of people in every direction have been saved from certain death by having understood the premonitory symptoms of Cholera, and acting up to their knowledge. The physician does not live, who, in the course of ordinary practice, cannot point to a little army of the prematurely dead who have paid the forfeit of their lives by ignorance or neglect of the early symptoms of Consumptive disease. Perhaps the reader's own heart is this instant smitten at the sad recollection of similar cases in his own sphere of observation.

This book is not intended to recommend a medicinal preventive, or a patented cure for the diseases named on the title-page: it will afford no aid or comfort to those who hope, by its perusal, to save a doctor's fee, by a trifling tampering with their constitutions and their lives. Nor is it wished to make you believe, that if you come to me I will cure you. If you have symptoms of disease, I wish you to understand their nature first; and then to take advice from some regularly educated physician, who has done nothing to forfeit justly his honorable standing among his brethren, by the recommendation of secret medicines, patented contrivances or travelling lecturers for the cure of certain diseases. I may speak of persons in these pages, who had certain symptoms, and coming to me, were permanently cured. You may have similar symptoms, and yet I may be able to do you no good. I have sometimes failed to cure persons who had no symptoms at all. In other cases, where but a single symptom of disease existed, and it, apparently, a very trivial one, the malady has steadily progressed to a fatal termination, in spite of every effort to the contrary. The object of these statements is to have it understood, that I make no engagement to cure any thing or any body. The first great purpose is to enable you to understand properly any symptoms which you may have that point towards disease of the lungs; and when you have done so, to persuade you not to waste your time and money and health in blind efforts to remove them, by taking stuff, of which you know little, into a body of which you know less; but to go to a man of respectability and standing and experience—one in whom you have confidence, one who depends upon the practice of his profession for a living; describe your symptoms, according to your ability, place your health and life in his hands, and be assured that thus you and millions of others will stand the highest chance of attaining a prosperous, cheerful, and green old age. The rule should be universal, and among all classes, not only never to take an atom of medicine for anything, but not to take anything as a medicine—not even a teaspoon of common syrup or French brandy, or a cup of red pepper tea, unless by the previous advice of a physician; because a spoonful of the purest, simplest syrup, taken several times a day, will eventually destroy the tone of the healthiest stomach; and yet any person almost would suppose that a little syrup “*could do no harm, if it did no good.*” A tablespoon of good brandy, now and then, is simple enough, and yet it has made a wreck and ruin of the health and happiness and hope of multitudes. If these simple, that is, *well-known things, in their purity*, are used to such results, it requires but little intelligence to understand that more speedy injuries must follow their daily employment, morning, noon, and night, when they are sold in the shape of “syrups,” and “bitters,” and “tonics,” with other ingredients, however “*simple*” they, too, may be.

The common-sense reader will consider these sentiments reasonable and right, and think it a very laudable desire to diffuse information among the people as to the symptoms of dangerous, insidious, and widespread diseases; but he will not be prepared for the information, that the publication of such a pamphlet as this will be considered “unprofessional” by some. But latitude must be allowed for difference of opinion; else, all progress is at an end. Whoever lends a helping hand to the diffusion of useful knowledge, is, in proportion, the benefactor of his kind. Whether it be useful for man to know the nature and first symptoms of a disease which is destined to destroy one out of every six in the country, is a question which each one must decide for himself. I believe that such an effort is useful, and hereby act accordingly. Experienced physicians constantly feel, in reference to persons who evidently have Consumption, that it is too late, because the application had been too long delayed. The great reason why so many delay, is because they “did not

think it was anything more than a slight cold.” In other words, they were entirely ignorant of the difference between the cough of a common cold and the cough of Consumption, and the general symptoms attendant on the two. It is not practicable for all to study medicine, nor is it to be expected that for every cough one has, he shall go to the expense of taking medical advice; it therefore seems to me the dictate of humanity to make the necessary information more accessible, and I know of no better way to accomplish this object than by the general distribution of a tract like this: and when I pretend to no new principle of cure, no specific, and no ability of success, beyond what an entire devotion to one disease may give any ordinary capacity, no further apology is necessary.

THROAT-AIL,

or Laryngitis, pronounced *Lare-in-gee-tis*, is an affection of the top of the windpipe, where the voice-making organs are, answering to the parts familiarly called “Adam's Apple.” When these organs are diseased, the voice is impaired, or “*there is something wrong about the swallow.*”

BRONCHITIS,

pronounced *Bron-kee-tis*, is an affection of the *branches* of the windpipe, and in its first stages is called a common cold.

CONSUMPTION

is an affection, not of the *top* or *root* of the windpipe, for that is *Throat-Ail*; not of the *body* of the windpipe, for that is *Croup*; not of the *branches* of the windpipe, for that is *Bronchitis*; but it is an affection of the lungs themselves, which are millions of little air cells or bladders, of various sizes, from that of a pea downwards, and are at the *extremities* of the branches of the windpipe, as the buds or leaves of a tree are at the extremity of its branches.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF THROAT-AIL?

The most universal symptom is an impairment of the voice, which is more or less hoarse or weak. If there is no actual want of clearness of the sounds, there is an instinctive clearing of the throat, by swallowing, hawking, or heinming; or a summoning up of strength to enunciate words. When this is continued for some time, there is a sensation of tiredness about the throat, a dull heavy aching, or general feeling of discomfort or uneasiness, coming on in the afternoon or evening. In the early part of the day, there is nothing of the kind perceptible, as the voice-muscles have had time for rest and the recovery of their powers during the night. In the beginning of this disease, no inconvenience of this kind is felt, except some unusual effort has been made, such as speaking or singing in public; but as it progresses, these symptoms manifest themselves every evening; then earlier and earlier in the day, until the voice is clear only for a short time soon in the morning; next, there is a constant hoarseness or hinkiness from week to month, when the case is most generally incurable, and the patient dies of the common symptoms of Consumptive disease.

In some cases, the patient expresses himself as having a sensation as if a piece of wool or blanket were in the throat, or an aching or sore feeling, running up the sides of the neck towards the ears. Some have a burning or raw sensation at the little hollow at the bottom of the neck; others, about Adam's Apple; while a third class speak of such a feeling or a pricking at a spot along the sides of the neck. Among others, the first symptoms are a dryness in the throat after speaking or singing, or while in a crowded room, or when waking up in the morning. Some feel as if there were some unusual thickness or a lumpy sensation in the throat, at the upper part, removed at once by swallowing it away; but soon it comes back again, giving precisely the feelings which some persons have after swallowing a pill.

Sometimes, this frequent swallowing is most troublesome after meals. Throat-Ail is not like many other diseases, often getting well of itself by being left alone. I do not believe that one case in ten ever does so, but on the contrary, gradually grows worse, until the voice is permanently husky or subdued; and soon the swallowing of solids or fluids becomes painful, food or drink returns through the nose, causing a feeling of strangulation or great pain. When Throat-Ail symptoms

have been allowed to progress to this stage, death is almost inevitable in a very few weeks. Now and then a case may be saved, but restoration here is almost in the nature of a miracle.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF BRONCHITIS?

Bronchitis is a bad cold, and the experience of every one teaches what its symptoms are. The medical name for a cold is *Acute Bronchitis*; called *acute*, because it comes on at once, and lasts but a short time—a week or two generally. The ailment that is commonly denominated *Bronchitis*, is what physicians term *Chronic Bronchitis*; called *chronic*, because it is a long time in coming on, and lasts for months and years instead of days and weeks. It is not like Throat-Ail, or Consumption, which have a great many symptoms, almost any one of which may be absent, and still the case be one of Throat-Ail, or Consumption; but Bronchitis has three symptoms, every one of which are present every day, and together, and all the time, in all ages, sexes, constitutions, and temperaments. These three universal and essential symptoms are—

1st. A feeling of fullness, or binding, or cord-like sensation about the breast.

2d. A most harassing cough, liable to come on at any hour of the day or night.

3d. A large expectoration of a tough, stringy, tenacious, sticky, pearly or greyish-like substance, from a tablespoon to a pint or more a day. As the disease progresses, this becomes darkish, greenish, or yellowish in appearance; sometimes all three colors may be seen together, until at last it is uniformly yellow, and comes up without much effort, in mouthfuls, that fall heavily, without saliva or mucus. When this is the case, death comes in a very few weeks or—days.

WHAT ARE THE SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION?

A gradual wasting of breath, flesh, and strength are the three symptoms, progressing steadily through days and weeks and months, which are never absent in any case of true, active, confirmed Consumptive disease that I have ever seen. A man may have a daily cough for fifty years, and not have Consumption. A woman may spit blood for a quarter of a century, and not have Consumption. A young lady may breathe forty times a minute, and have a pulse of a hundred and forty beats a minute, day after day, for weeks and months together, and not have Consumption; and men and women and young ladies may have pains in the breast, and sides, and shoulders, and flushes in the cheeks; and night sweats, and swollen ankles, and yet have not an atom of Consumptive decay in the lungs. But where there is a slow, steady, painless decline of flesh and strength and breath, extending through weeks and months of time, Consumption exists in all persons, ages, and climes, although at the same time sleep, bowels, appetite, spirits, may be represented as good. Such, at least, are the results of my own observation.

The great, general, common symptoms of Consumption of the Lungs are night and morning cough, pains about the breast, easily tired in walking, except on level ground, shortness of breath on slight exercise, and general weakness. These are the symptoms of which Consumptive persons complain, and as they approach the grave, these symptoms gradually increase.

HOW DOES A PERSON GET THROAT-AIL?

A woman walked in the Park, in early spring, until a little heated and tired; then sat down on a cold stone. Next day, she had hoarseness and a raw burning feeling in the throat, and died within the year.

A man had suffered a great deal from sick headache; he was advised to have cold water poured on the top of his head: he did so; he had headache no more. The throat became affected; had frequent swallowing, clearing of throat, falling of palate, voice soon failed in singing, large red spots on the back part of the throat, and white lumps at either side; but the falling of the palate and interminable swallowing were the great symptoms, making and keeping him nervous, irritable, debilitated, and wretched. He was advised to take off the uvula, but would not do it. Had the nitrate of silver applied constantly for three months. Tried homoeopathy. After suffering thus two years, he came to me, and on a subsequent visit, said, "It is wonderful, that for two years I have been troubled

with this throat, and nothing would relieve it, and now it is removed in two days." That was four months ago. I saw him in the street yesterday. He said his throat gave him no more trouble; that he had no more chilliness, and had never taken a cold since he came under my care, although formerly "it was the easiest thing in the world to take cold."

A merchant (1002) slept in a steamboat state-room in December, with a glass broken out; woke up next morning with a hoarseness and sore throat; for several months did nothing, then applied to a physician. Counter-irritants were employed without any permanent effect. At the end of four years, he came to me with "a sort of uneasy feeling about the throat, more at times than others; not painful; sometimes a little hoarseness, with frequent inclination to swallow, or clear the throat. At the little hollow at the bottom of the neck, just above the top of the breast-bone, there was a feeling of pressure, stricture, or enlargement—no pain, but an unpleasant sensation, sometimes worse than at others. It is absent for days at a time, and then lasts for several hours a day." This case is under treatment.

A Clergyman (1012) has a hoarse, cracked, weak voice, easily tired in speaking; a raw sensation in the throat; and in swallowing has "a fish-bony feeling." He had become over-heated in a public address, and immediately after its close started to ride across a prairie in a damp, cold wind in February. Had to abandon preaching altogether, and become a school teacher." This gentleman wrote to me for advice, and having followed it closely for eighteen days, reported himself as almost entirely well.

I greatly desire it to be remembered here, that in this, as in other cases of Throat-Ail, however perfectly a person may be cured, the disease will return as often as exposure to the causes of it in the first place is permitted to occur. No cure, however perfect, will allow a man to commit with impunity such a thoughtless and inexcusable act as above named, that of riding across a prairie in February, in a damp, cold wind, within a few minutes after having delivered an excited address in a warm room. None of us are made out of India rubber or iron, but of flesh and blood and a reasonable soul, subject to wise and benevolent conditions and restrictions; and it is not to the discredit of physic or physicians, that being once cured, the disease should return as often as the indiscretion that originated it in the first instance is re-committed.

Three weeks ago, one of our merchants came to me with a troublesome tickling in the throat. At first it was only a tickling; but for some weeks the tickling compels a frequent clearing of the throat; and without a cough, each clearing or hemming brings up half a teaspoon-ful of yellow matter, with some saliva. On looking into his throat, the whole back part of it was red, with still redder spots here and there—epiglottis almost scarlet. On inquiry, I found he had for years been a chewer of tobacco; and began to smoke; would day after day smoke after each meal, but especially after tea would consume half a dozen cigars. In time, the other naturally consequent steps would have been taken—Consumption and the grave. Among other things, I advised him to abandon tobacco absolutely and at once. In two weeks he came again. Throat decidedly better; in every respect better, except that he, in his own opinion, "had taken a little cold," and had a constant slight cough—not by any means a trifling symptom. Let the reader learn a valuable lesson from this case. This gentleman had the causes of cough before; he found that smoking modified the tickling, and taking this as an indication of cure, he smoked more vigorously, and thus suppressed the cough, while the cause of it was still burrowing in the system and widening its ravages. It will require months of steady effort to arrest the progress of the disease, and he may consider himself fortunate—more so than in any mercantile speculation he ever made—if he gets well at all. If he does get well, and returns to the use of tobacco, the disease will as certainly return as that the same cause originated it. For the following reason, as was stated in the *First Part*:—Throat-Ail is inflammation; that is, too much heat in the parts. Tobacco smoke being warm, or even hot, is drawn directly back against the parts already too much heated, and very naturally increasing the heat, aggravates the disease. Again, any kind of smoke—that of common wood—is irritating, much more than that of such a powerful poison as tobacco

—soothing, indeed, in its first transient effects, like many other poisons, but leaving behind it consequences more remote, but more destructive and enduring.

A gentleman, just married, with a salary for his services as secretary to a Southern house, applied to me to be cured of a sore throat. He was permanently hoarse; swallowing food was often unendurably painful, besides causing violent paroxysms of cough. He said he knew no cause for his complaint, except that he had smoked very freely. On inquiry, I found that for the last two years he had used, on an average, about "a dozen cigars every day; perhaps more." He died in six weeks.

In several instances, persons have applied to me who had been advised to take brandy freely for a throat affection. Such advice is warranted by no one principle in medicine, reason, or common sense. Were I to give it, I should feel myself justly liable to the charge of being an ignorant man or a drunkard. The throat is inflamed; inflammation is excitement; brandy and tobacco both excite, inflame the whole body; that is why they are used at all. The throat partakes of its portion of the excitement, when the throat, body, and the man, all the more speedily go to ruin together. I have in my mind, while writing these lines, the melancholy history of two young men—one from Kentucky, the other from Missouri—who were advised "to drink brandy freely, three times a day, for throat complaint." One of these became a drunkard, and lost his property, and within another year he will leave an interesting family in penury, disgrace, and want. The other was one of the most high-minded, honorable young men I have lately known. He was the only son of a widow, and she was rich. He came to see me three or four times, and then stated that he had concluded to try the effects of a little brandy at each meal. A few weeks afterwards he informed me, that as he was constantly improving, he thought that the brandy would certainly effect a cure. Within seven months after his application to me, he had become a regular toper; that is, he had increased the original quantity allowed, of a tablespoon at each meal, to such an amount, that he was all the time under the influence of liquor. His business declined; he spent all his money; and secretly left for California, many thousand dollars in debt, and soon after died. The person who advised him is also now a confirmed drunkard; but in his wreck and ruin, still a great man.

A gentleman from a distant State wrote to me some months ago for advice as to a throat affection. He is a lawyer of note already, and of still higher promise, not yet having reached the prime of life. By earnest efforts as a temperance advocate, in addition to being a popular pleader at the bar, his voice became impaired with cough, spitting of blood, matter expectoration, diarrhœa, debility, and general wasting. He was induced to drink brandy with iron, but soon left off the iron and took the brandy pure. The habit grew upon him; he sometimes stimulated to excess, according to his own acknowledgment; his friends thought there was no interval, and gave him up as a lost man to themselves, his family, and his country; but in time the virulence of the disease rose above the stimulus of the brandy, and in occasional desperation he resorted to opium. He subsequently visited the water cure, gained in flesh and strength, and was hopeful of a speedy restoration; but he took "an occasional cigar"—the dryness in the throat, hoarseness, pain or pressure, and soreness still remained! He left the water cure, and in a few months wrote to me, having, in addition to the above throat symptoms, a recent hæmorrhage, constipation, pains in the breast, nervousness, debility, variable appetite, and daily cough. Within two months, he has become an almost entirely new man, requiring no further advice.

Further illustrations of the manner in which persons get Throat-Ail, may be more conveniently given in the letters of some who have applied to me, with the additional advantage of having the symptoms described in language not professional, consequently more generally understood.

A PRESBYTERIAN CLERGYMAN.

(1059) "I have had for three years past a troublesome affection of the thorax, which manifests itself by frequent and prolonged hemming or clearing the throat, and swelling; both more frequent in damp weather, or after slight cold. General health very feeble, sleeplessness, waste of flesh, low spirits. Visited a water cure, remain-

ed two months, but my hemming and swallowing were not a whit improved. Touching with the nitrate of silver slightly makes the larynx sore. I have been always able to preach. It has never affected my voice until very recently. Two weeks ago I preached two long sermons, in a loud and excited voice, in one day. During the last discourse my voice became hoarse, and my hemming has become very bad; and there has been a slight break in my voice ever since. Hem, hem, hem, is the order of the day; clearing the throat is incessant, swallowing often, and a slight soreness of the larynx, particularly after a slight cold, or after several days' use of nitrate of silver, with a scarce perceptible break in the voice. These are my principal symptoms."

This case is under treatment.

A LAWYER,

(1016) "aged thirty-seven. Have been liable, for several years past, in the fall, winter, and spring, to severe attacks of fever, accompanied with great debility, loss of flesh, appearing to myself and friends to be in the last stages of Consumption; in fact, the dread of it has been an incubus on me, paralyzing my energies and weighing down my spirits. In the summers, too, I have been subject to attacks of bilious fever and bilious colic. A year ago, I attended court soon after one of these attacks, and exerted myself a great deal. My throat became very sore, and I had hæmorrhage—two teaspoons of blood and matter. My health continued feeble. I went last summer to a water cure, and regained my flesh and strength, but the weakness in my throat and occasional hoarseness continued all the time. Afterwards, by cold and exposure, I became worse, continued to have chills and fever and night sweats, accompanied by violent cough and soreness of the throat. I got worse; was reduced to a perfect skeleton, and had another hæmorrhage. Mucus would collect in the top of the throat, and was expectorated freely. I am still liable to colds. The seat of the disease seems to be at the little hollow in front at the bottom of the neck, just above the top of the breast-bone. At my last bleeding, the pain seemed to be in the region of Adam's-apple. The principal present symptoms are soreness in throat, dryness, pain on pressing it, and hoarseness; pulse from eighty to ninety in a minute; irregular appetite. These symptoms, together with my fear of Consumption, serve to keep me unhappy. I find myself constantly liable to attacks of cold, sneezing, running at the nose even in the summer time. My mother and sister have died of Consumption, as also two of my mother's sisters. Feet always cold; daily cough."

OPINION OF THE CASE.

There is no Consumptive disease: it is impossible. No personal examination is needed to tell that. The foundation of all your ailments is a torpid liver and a weak stomach. If you are not cured, it will be your own fault.

The treatment of this case was conducted by correspondence, as he lived six hundred miles away, and therefore I had not the opportunity of a personal examination. Within a month he writes:—"I am gradually improving; feet warm; all pain has disappeared from the breast; appetite strong, regular, and good; pulse seventy-two; breathing eighteen; all cough has disappeared." At the end of two and a half months, no further advice was needed, as he wrote—"I have not written to you for a month, being absent on the circuit. I have not enjoyed better health for years than I have for the month. Weight increasing; no uneasiness or pain about my breast; pulse seventy-five; less in the morning. The only trouble I have is costiveness, from being so confined in court, and being away from home deprived of my regular diet. We were two weeks holding court, last of November, in a miserable room, the court-house having been recently burned; kept over-heated all the time. I made four or five speeches, and suffered no inconvenience whatever. I have no cough."

A CLERGYMAN

(1024) called over two months ago, having had at first an ailment at the top of the throat, apparently above or near the palate. It soon descended to the region of Adam's-apple, and within a month it seemed to have located itself lower down the neck, giving a feeling as

if there were an ulcer there, with a sense of fullness about the throat, hoarse after public speaking, lasting a day or two, with attacks every few weeks of distressing sick headache. As the disease seemed to be rapidly descending towards the lungs, a rigid, energetic treatment was proposed, and at the end of ten weeks he writes—"I take pleasure in introducing my friend, —, to you. He has suffered many things, from many advisers, with small benefit. I have desired him to consult with you, hoping that he may have the same occasion to be grateful for the providence which leads him to you, which I feel that I myself have for that which guided me to your counsels. I suffer but little, very little from my throat, and confidently anticipate entire relief at no distant day, for all which I feel myself under great obligation both to your skill and to your kindness," &c.

SICK HEADACHE

is a distressing malady, as those who are subject to it know full well, by sad experience. In this case, this troublesome affection had to be permanently removed before the throat ailment could be properly treated; when that was done, the throat itself was comparatively of easy management.

A MERCHANT

(947) wrote to me from the South, complaining chiefly of

Bad cough, sometimes giving a croupy sound;
Throat has a raw, choking, dry, rasping feeling;
Soon as he goes to sleep, there is a noise or motion, as if he were going to cough;
Startled in sleep, by mouth filling with phlegm;
Expectoration tough, white, and sticky; darkish particles sometimes;
Flashes or flushes pass over him sometimes;
Sick stomach sometimes, acid often, wind on stomach oppresses him greatly;
A lumpy feeling in the throat;
On entering his house, sometimes falls asleep in his chair, almost instantly;
In walking home, at sundown, half a mile from his store, is completely exhausted;
Slightest thing brings on a cough; never eats without coughing;
If he swallows honey, it stings the throat;
Got a cold a month ago, which left the palate and throat very much inflamed;
Throat and tongue both sore;
A hooping, suffocative cough; can hear the phlegm rattle just before the cough begins;
A dry, rough feeling from the little hollow at the bottom of the neck up to the top of the throat.
One night after going to bed, began to cough, choke, suffocate; could not get breath, jumped out of bed, ran across the room, struggled, and at length got breath, but was perfectly exhausted; could not speak for half an hour, without great difficulty.

In addition to his own description of the case, his wife writes—"Ten o'clock at Night.—I am no physician, nor physician's wife, but am his wife and nurse, and an anxious observer of his symptoms, and can see his throat inflamed behind the uvula. He says there is a lump somewhere, but he cannot tell where. Sometimes he thinks it is in the little hollow at the bottom of the neck, sometimes just above, and sometimes in or about the swallow. A recent cold has aggravated his symptoms. His cough to-day has been very frequent and loose. He has emaciated rapidly within a month, and is now a good deal despondent. As for myself, I feel as one who sees some fair prospect suddenly fading away. I had fondly hoped—oh! how ardently!—that he might be restored. If a knowledge of the fact would give any additional interest to the case, I will only say, he is one of the loveliest characters on earth. None in this community has a larger share of the respect and confidence of their acquaintance."

The opinion sent, for I have not seen this case, was as follows:—"The whole breathing apparatus, from the top of the windpipe to the extremity of its branches, is diseased; the lungs themselves are not at all affected by decay. Your whole constitution is diseased; and yet there is good ground for hope of life and reasonable health."

In three months this patient writes—"I am glad to inform you that I think I am still improving in health

and strength. My bowels are sometimes disordered by eating melons and fruits; but I felt so much better that I thought I might indulge. Pulse sixty-five to seventy; an almost ravenous appetite." A month later he writes—"My health and strength are still improving; cough not very troublesome; increasing in flesh," &c. I believe this gentleman now enjoys good health.

A LADY.

(948) teacher of vocal music, writes—"There is a peculiar sensation in my throat for the last two months. Whenever I attempt to swallow, it feels as if something were in the way; a swelling under the jaws, a soreness on the sides of the throat, extending to the ears, and occasioning throbbing painfully. I have a dull aching at the top of my collar-bone, and an unpleasant sensation of weakness and heaviness in my chest; a bad taste in my mouth frequently. Have been regular, but have been afflicted for a few years past with sickness at the stomach and vomiting, attended occasionally with great pain for a few hours. During these attacks, the complexion changes to a livid hue. I have been very much troubled with dyspepsia. On recovering from the attacks above mentioned, I have experienced a feeling of weakness almost insupportable. Am very costive; and my spirits are greatly depressed. Within a day or two I have taken a violent cold, which has affected me with sneezing, running from the eyes and nose, together with a slight hoarseness. I was advised to apply caustic to the throat, and Croton oil to my neck, chest, and throat. I have since discontinued these, not having received any permanent benefit from them. On two occasions, from over-exertion at concerts and examinations, I was unable to speak a loud word, from hoarseness, for several days. I am extremely anxious to learn your opinion. In about two months my public concerts take place, and it is absolutely necessary that something should be done for me."

OPINION.

Yours is general constitutional disease. There is no special cause of alarm. A weakened stomach, a torpid liver, a want of sufficient air and exercise, are the foundations of all your ailments, and by the proper regulation of these, you may expect to have good health and a stronger voice. You must have energy and patient perseverance in carrying out the prescriptions sent to you.

In one month this lady writes, and the letter is given to encourage others who may come under my care, to engage with determination and energy in carrying out the directions which may be given them. The reader may also see what great good a little medicine may do when combined with the judicious employment of rational means, which do not involve the taking of medicine or the use of painful and scarifying agencies and patent contrivances:—

"I began your prescriptions at once. Having followed them for some time, I was obliged to intermit them for a few days, in consequence of having to conduct a concert, besides having to travel by stage and railroad seventy or eighty miles. During this time, I was up every night until twelve o'clock, and was much exposed to the night air. On returning home, I recommenced your directions, have made it a point to attend to them strictly, and have very seldom failed of doing so. In consequence of two omissions in diet, I suffered from headache, which disappeared when I observed your directions. My appetite is good; my food agrees with me. I sometimes feel dull and sleepy after dinner. I drop to sleep immediately. Seldom wake in the night. Sleep about seven hours, and generally feel bright and strong in the morning, when I take a brisk walk of two miles and a half; the same after six, p.m. My walks at first fatigued me considerably; generally, however, I have felt better and better from their commencement to their end, and have perspired very freely. The exercise I take seems rather to increase than diminish my strength. I have not been prevented from taking exercise from any dampness in the atmosphere. I have sometimes been exposed to the night air in going to church and other places, but without any perceptible injury. The means you advised produce a general glow, and invariably remove headache, which I sometimes have to a slight degree after dinner. I think my throat is better. There is no unpleasant feeling about it at present, except the difficulty in swallowing, and even that is better. Pulse sixty-seven."

I had for some time ceased to regard this energetic young lady as a patient, when she announces a new ailment, a difficulty at periodic times:—"I walked two miles every day, and every thing was going on well, until one evening after walking very fast, I sat awhile with a friend, in a room without fire, in November. The weather was chilly and damp; was unwell, suppressed; had a chill and incessant cough for several hours, ending in something like inflammation of the lungs."

These things were remedied, and she is now engaged in the active discharge of her duties. This last incident is introduced here to warn every reader, especially women, against all such exposures at all times, most especially during particular seasons. Such exposures, as sitting in rooms without fire, in the fall and spring, after active walking, have thrown stout strong men into a fatal consumption; and it is not at all to be wondered at that delicate women should lay the foundation of incurable disease in the same manner. I will feel well repaid for writing these lines, if but here and there a reader may be found to guard against such exposures. Our parlors and drawing-rooms are kept closed to the air and light for a great portion of the twenty-four hours, and unless the weather is quite cool there is no fire in them. Thus they necessarily acquire a cold, clammy dampness, very perceptible on first entering. A fire is not thought necessary, as visitors usually remain but a few minutes; but when the blood is warmed by walking in the pure air and the clear sunshine, it is chilled in a very short space of time, if the person is at rest, in the cold and gloom of a modern parlor, especially as a contemplated call of a minute is often unconsciously extended to half an hour, under the excitement of friendly greetings and neighborly gossip. There can be no doubt that thousands every year catch their death of cold, to use a homely but expressive phrase, in the manner above named. Young women, especially, cannot act thus with impunity. Men perish by multitudes every year by exposures of a similar character; walking or working until they become warm, then sitting in a hall or entry or a cold counting-room; or standing still at the wharf or at a street corner; or running to reach a ferry-boat until they begin to perspire, and then sitting still in the wind while the boat is crossing. It is by inattention to what may be considered such trifling little things that thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

(950) from Washington City, complained of

Uneasiness at throat, caused by repeated colds; late hours, hot rooms;
Cough most of mornings—dry, tickling, hollow;
Expectoration a little yellow;
Bloody, streaked expectoration, six months ago;
Breathing oppressed, if sit or stoop long;
Take cold easy, in every way;
Throat has various feelings, tickling, heavy aching, raw, dry, from palate to depression;
Swallowing a little difficult at times;
Voice not much affected;
Headache, costive bowels, piles occasionally;
Pain about shoulder-blades and at their points;
Soreness under both ribs sometimes;
Pains in the breast—more of a soreness from the top of the breast-bone to the pit of the stomach;
Have been ailing fifteen months;
Father, mother, sister, uncle, aunt died of Consumption.

OPINION.

You cannot have Consumption now: you are decidedly threatened with it. With proper attention, persevering and prompt you may ward it off effectually, and live to the ordinary term of human life to those of your occupation. It is my opinion, that without this care, you will fall into settled disease within a year.

In two months, this gentleman called to see me for the first time. His lungs were working freely and fully, over the natural standard; pulse seventy-two; appetite good; bowels regular. I did not think he required any particular medical advice; and it is my present belief, that with proper attention to diet, exercise, and regular habits of life, his health will become permanently good.

952.

Took a severe cold last winter, which left a severe cough. Every morning the breast feels sore, until stars about some. Pain in the left side, running through to the left shoulder blade, and between the shoulders; pain in the breast-bone, and in the centre of the left breast. Chief complaint is pain in the chest, left side, and a constant raising of frothy, thick, tough, and yellow matter, with frequent hawking, heaving, and clearing of the throat. Age 22.

OPINION.

Your ailments are all removeable by diligent attention to the directions I may give you. I very much hope you will spare no pains in carrying them out most thoroughly. You certainly have not Consumptive disease.

He called upon me some months afterwards, when I saw him for the first time. He had nothing to complain of; pulse sixty; his lungs working freely and fully, being considerably above the natural standard; and as far as I know, he continues well to this day.

973.

"Am officer in a bank. Was at a fire during Christmas, seven months ago. Used my voice a great deal; began to be hoarse; very much so by morning. This lasted a week, and went off; but in three weeks there appeared to be something about the palate which wanted to come away. Throat seemed inflamed, and ever since then have had a clogging feeling in the throat, that does not affect my voice, unless I read aloud, when I soon become hoarse. Two days ago, spit up a spoonful of dark blood; never before or since. I have a binding sensation across the top of the breast, and three months since had a pain up and down the breast-bone. Have used iodide of potash; have had the throat pencilled, and then sponged with nitrate of silver, without benefit—pulse, one hundred and ten."

OPINION.

Yours is a throat ailment, at the entrance of the windpipe—not as low down as the voice organs. There is very considerable active inflammation there. Your lungs are a little weakened, nothing more; the pains in the breast are not serious at all, and I see no obstacle to your entire recovery.

I received letter after letter from this young gentleman, stating that no perceptible benefit seemed to follow what I advised. He was encouraged to persevere, and finally his symptoms began to change, and then disappeared; and in two months from his first consultation he wrote me to say that he had steadily improved; pulse, permanently at sixty-five; expressing his obligations, &c. This case shows strikingly the advantage of perseverance.

A CLERGYMAN

(844) wrote to me for advice in reference to a throat complaint. I prescribed, and had entirely forgotten the circumstance, when the following letter was received:—

"I began to follow your directions on the 4th day of May, not quite three months ago, and have adhered to them strictly ever since. I am evidently a great deal better. I have lost no flesh; although it is summer, my weight has not varied three pounds, since I wrote to you; it is now one hundred and forty-nine pounds. My tonsils are diminished, and give me no uneasiness, except in damp weather. From my throat, which is now generally perfectly comfortable, I am continually bringing up a pearly substance. Sometimes it is perfectly clear, and like the pure white of an egg. But this is a mighty change. At first, I could not talk five minutes in the family circle. My throat was constantly tickling and burning; so that a mustard plaster, which took all the skin off my neck in front, was a comfort; but now I can talk as much as I wish, read a page or so aloud, and am almost tempted to sing a little."

HOW DO PERSONS GET BRONCHITIS?

In the same manner as a common cold, for Bronchitis is a common cold protracted, settling not on the lungs, but on the branches of the windpipe, clogging them up with a secretion thicker than is natural; this adheres

to the inside of the tube-like branches, and to a certain extent closes them: hence, but a small portion of air gets into the lungs. Nature soon begins to feel the deficiency, and instinctively makes extra efforts to obtain the necessary quantity, in causing the patient to draw in air forcibly instead of doing it naturally and without an effort. This forcible inspiration of external air drives before it the accumulating phlegm, and wedges it more compactly in a *constantly-diminishing tube*, until the passage is entirely plugged up. The patient makes greater efforts to draw in the air, but these plugs of mucus arrest it, and there is a feeling as if the air did not get down to its proper place, or as if it were stopped short, causing a painful stricture, or cord-like sensation, or as some express it, a *stoppage of breath*. If relief is not given in such cases, either by medicine judiciously administered, or by a convulsive nature of effort at a cough, which is a sudden and forcible expulsion of such air as happened to be on the other side of the plug, the patient would die; and they often do feel as if they could not possibly live an hour. This is more particularly a description of an attack of Acute Bronchitis. Chronic Bronchitis is but a milder form of the same thing, very closely allied in the sensations produced, if not indeed in the very nature of the thing, to what may be considered a kind of

PERPETUAL ASTHMA,

which may in most cases be removed and warded off for an indefinite time by the use of very little medicine, if the patient could be induced to have a reasonable degree of self-denial and careful perseverance.

HOW DO PERSONS GET CONSUMPTION?

As they do most other diseases, by inattention, neglect, inopinion on nature. Many persons have this disease hereditarily, but the same means which permanently arrest the progress of accidental Consumption will as often and as uniformly ward off, indefinitely, the effects and symptoms of the hereditary form, the essential nature of accidental and hereditary Consumption being the same. The treatment is also the same, except that in the accidental form it must be more prompt, more energetic; in the hereditary form it must be more mild, more persevering. I consider the latter, the less speedily and critically dangerous of the two.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A number of pages will be devoted to the illustration of a variety of topics connected with the general subject; all, however, will be of a practical character—at least, such is the intention.

CONSUMPTION IS THE OXIDATION OF THE EXUDATION CORPUSCLE. This corpuscle—*this little body*, this tubercle, this seed of Consumption—is an albuminous exudation, as minutely described on page 5, First Part, and being deficient in fatty matter, its elementary molecules cannot constitute nuclei, capable of cell development; therefore, these nuclei remain abortive, are foreign bodies in the lungs, and like all other foreign bodies there, cause irritation, tickling. This tickling is a cause of cough, as itching is a cause of scratching, both being instinctive efforts of nature to remove the cause of the difficulty. The oxidation—that is, the burning, the softening of this corpuscle or tubercle—gives yellow matter as a product, just as the burning—that is, the oxidation of wood—gives ashes as a product. Thus the yellow matter expectorated in Consumption is a sign infallible, that a destructive, consuming process is going on in the lungs, just as the sight of ashes is an infallible sign that wood or some other solid substance has been burned—that is, destroyed.

But why is it that this albuminous exudation, this tubercle, this exudation corpuscle, should lack this fatty matter, this oil, this carbon, which, did it have, would make it a healthy product, instead of being a foreign body and a seed of death?

Consumption is an error of nutrition. The patient has soliloquized a thousand times, "I sleep pretty well, bowels regular, and I relish my food, but somehow or other it does not seem to do me the good it used to. I do not get strong." The reason of this is, that the food is imperfectly digested, and when that is the case, acidity is the result, which is the distinguishing feature of Consumptive disease. This excess of acid in the alimentary canal dissolves the albumen of the food, and carries it off into the blood in its dissolved state,


making the whole mass of blood in perfect, impure, thick, sluggish, damming up in the lungs—that is, congesting them—instead of flowing out to the surface, and keeping the skin of a soft feel and a healthful warmth. Thus it is that the skin of all Consumptives has either a dry, hot feel, or a cold, clammy, dampness; at one time having cold chills creeping over them, causing them to shiver in the sun or hover over the fire; at another time, by the reaction, burning hot, the cheek a glowing red, the mouth parched with thirst. Another effect of the excess of acidity dissolving the albumen and carrying it into the blood is, that the blood is deficient in the fat, or oil, or carbon, which would have been made by the union of this albumen with alkaline secretions; the blood then wanting the fat or fuel which is necessary to keep the body warm, that which was already in the body, in the shape of what we call flesh, is used instead, and the man wastes away, just as when steamboat men, when out of wood, split up the doors, partitions, and other parts of the boat, to keep her going, she moves by consuming herself. So the Consumptive lives on, is kept warm by the burning up, the oxidation of his own flesh every day and every hour; this same wasting away being the invariable, the inseparable attendant of every case of true Consumption. He lives upon himself until there is no more fuel to burn, no more fat or flesh, and he dies—"nothing but skin and bone." What, then, must be done to cure a man of Consumptive disease?

He must be made more (what is called) "*fleshy*;" that is, he must have more fuel, fat, to keep him warm.

The acidity of the alimentary canal must be removed, in order that the food may be perfectly digested, so as to make pure blood, such as will flow healthfully and actively through every part of the system, and become congested, sluggish, stagnant nowhere.

To remove this acidity, the stomach must be made strong, and healthfully active; but no more than healthfully active, so as to convert the food into a substance fit for the manufacture of pure blood.

To make the stomach thus capable of forming a good blood material from the aliment introduced into it, as a perfect mill converts the grain into good flour or meal, there is behind the mill a power to turn it, there is behind the stomach powers to be exerted. These are the glandular system, the liver being the main one of all. This must be kept in healthful, operating order; if it acts too much or too little, the food is badly manufactured, and the blood which is made out of the food, and of the food alone, is imperfect and impure.

After all this is done, there is one more operation, which is the last finishing touch by which pure life-giving blood is made;  a sufficient amount of pure air must come in contact with it before blood is constituted. This contact takes place in the lungs; not such a contact as the actual commingling of wine and water, for the air and what is soon to become blood are not mixed together; they are kept separate in different vessels. The air is in the lungs; that is, in the little bladders or cells, and this fluid, which is to be converted into blood, is in the little veins or tubes, which are spread around over the sides of the air-cells, as a vine is spread over a wall; but these little vessels have sides so very thin, that the life-giving material of the air passes through into the blood, just as the warmth of the sun passes through glass; but while this life-giving quality of the air passes into the blood, making it perfect, the impure and deathly ingredients of the blood pass out of it, into the air, which has just been deprived of its life. Thus it is, that while the air we draw in at a single breath is cool and pure and full of life, that which is expired is so hurtful, so poisonous, at least so destitute of life, that were it breathed in, instantly, uncombined with other air, by a perfectly healthy person, he would instantaneously die. So that pure air in breathing is most essentially indispensable; first, to impart perfection, life to the blood; and also to withdraw from it its death. No wonder, then, that a plentiful supply of pure air is so essential to the maintenance of health, so doubly essential to the removal of disease and restoration to a natural condition. No wonder, then, that when a man's lungs are decaying, and thus depriving him of the requisite amount of air, he so certainly fades away, unless the decay is first arrested, and the lung power or capacity restored.

The great principles, then, involved in the cure of Consumptive disease, or, professionally speaking, the great indications, are--

To cause the consumption and healthful digestion of the largest amount possible of substantial, nutritious, plain food.

To cause the patient to consume more pure air.

To bring about the first condition requires the exercise of extensive medical knowledge, combined with a wide experience and close and constant observation. To regulate healthfully the digestive apparatus—that is, to keep the whole glandular system of the human body in healthfully-working order—requires remedies and treatment as varied in their combinations almost as the varied features of the human face. Scarcely any two persons in a hundred are to be treated in the same way, unless you can find them of the same size, age, sex, constitution, temperament, country, climate, occupation, habits of life, and manner of inducing the disease. Here are ten characteristics which are capable, as every arithmetician knows, of a thousand different combinations; so that any person proposing any one thing as a remedy—a cure for Consumption, applicable to all cases and stages, must be ignorant or infamous beyond expression.

The two things above named will be always curative in proportion to their timely accomplishment. The ways of bringing these about must be varied according to constitution, temperament, and condition. *The mode of doing the thing is not the essential, but the thing done.* Beyond all question, the thing can be done: Consumption can be cured, and is cured in various ways. The scientific practitioner varies his means according to the existing state of the case. The name of the disease is nothing to him; he attacks the symptoms as they are at the time of prescribing; and if he be an experienced practitioner, he will know what ought to be done, and how it should be attempted, just as a classical scholar knows the meaning of a classical phrase or word the first time he ever sees it as perfectly as if he had seen it a thousand times before. And without setting myself up as an instructor to my medical brethren, I may here intimate my conviction, that the cure of Consumption would be a matter of every day occurrence, if they would simply study the nature of the disease, read not a word of how it had been treated by others, but observe closely every case, and treat its symptoms by general principles, as old as the hills, and follow up the treatment perseveringly, prescribe for the symptoms, and let the name and disease go. But then they must first understand perfectly the whole pathology of the disease—its whole nature. That, however, requires years of laborious study and patient observation.

The above things being true, as perhaps none will deny, it is worse than idle to be catching up every year some new medicine for the cure of Consumption. The readiness with which every new remedy is grasped at, shows beyond all question that the predecessors have been failures. Scores of cures have been eagerly experimented upon;—naphtha, cod liver oil, phosphate of lime, each will have its day, and each its speedy night, simply because no one thing can by any possibility be generally applicable, when solely relied upon. The physician must keep his eye steadily upon the thing to be done, varying the means infinitely, according to the case in hand. Therefore, the treatment of every individual case of Consumption must be placed in the hands of a scientific and experienced physician in time, and not wait, as is usually the case, until every balsam and syrup ever heard of has been tasted, tried, and experimented upon, leaving the practitioner nothing to work upon but a rotten, ruined hulk, leaving scarcely anything to do but to write out a certificate of burial, and receive as compensation all the discredit of the death.

The intelligent reader will perceive that I have spoken of the cure of Consumption as a matter of course. From the resolute vigor with which cod liver oil has been prescribed and (believably) swallowed within a very few years past, one would suppose that almost every one believed that the cure of Consumption was a common every day affair. A few years ago, nobody thought so, except perhaps here and there a timid believer who kept his credence to himself, lest he should be laughed at. But the public got hold of the idea that cod liver oil was a remedy for the cure of Consumption, and swallowed thousands of barrels of what was said to be it, before they thought of inquiring for the facts of the case. I have never to this hour heard or read of a single case of true Consumption ever being perfectly and permanently arrested by

the alone use of cod liver oil. No case that I have seen reported as cured would bear a legal investigation. There has always been some kind of reservation. It is my belief that all the virtues of cod liver oil, or any other oil, or phosphate of lime, as curative of consumption of the lungs, are contained in plain meat and bread, pure air and pure water; the whole of the difficulty being in making the patient competent to consume and assimilate enough of these. Herein consists the skill of the practitioner, and on this point he needs to bring to bear the knowledge, the study, the investigation, the observation, the experience of a lifetime; and he who trusts to anything short of this, throws his life away.

The following articles are interesting and corroborative. "Littell's Living Age," No. 379, for August, the most popular and best conducted journal of the kind in America, copies from the London "Spectator" the following highly interesting and well-written article. Every line of it merits the mature consideration of the intelligent reader.

"NEW HOSPITAL FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST."

"While one-third of the deaths in the metropolis are ascribable to diseases of the chest, the hospital accommodation devoted to that class of diseases has heretofore been only one-tenth; that is to say, the most prevalent and destructive class of diseases has had the least counteraction among the poorer classes. This peculiar, if not studied neglect, must be ascribed to a notion, now happily dying out, that diseases connected with the respiratory organs, and especially the lungs, were virtually beyond the reach of certain or effective treatment. It was indifference to this old notion that Lord Carlisle made an admission, in his address to Prince Albert, on laying the first stone of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest—'We admit,' he said, 'that hospitals ought to give the preference to those maladies which afford a prospect of cure, rather than to those of a less hopeful character.' Now this admission, especially as compared with the qualification which followed it, that very much may be effected by precaution and a timely counteraction, is far too strong for the truth. Without accepting as literally true the inference of a physician eminent in the treatment of pectoral diseases, that all persons are at one time or other visited by maladies of that class, we believe it is certain that the proportion of mortality, enormous as it is, scarcely represents the comparative extension of such diseases. In the practical and popular sense of the word, it may be said that cure is as common in the class of pectoral diseases as in any other class. It has become much more common, indeed, since the great advance that has been made with the knowledge of such complaints in our own day. This advance has been of a two-fold character. The immense progress of physiological inquiry has thrown great light on the connection and common causes of most cognate diseases, not only with each other but with the general health, and has thus enormously augmented the power of the physician in treating them by medicine and regimen. The invention of the stethoscope, by placing the exploration of the inner chest within reach of observation, has given a distinctness of knowledge on the most characteristic and dangerous symptoms, heretofore unattainable: it has thus completed the round of evidence which establishes the connection of diseases, and at the same time guides the nature and application of topical treatment.

In discovering that the prevalence of pectoral diseases was far greater than had been supposed, science has also discovered how much more they are under subjection to the general laws of physiology and medicine. This branch of science, however, is younger than others—a fact which teaches us to remember how much is to be expected from the active and vigorous intellects now devoted to its exploration. We may also remember that while the primary object of hospitals is the relief of sufferers who are too poor to obtain it for themselves, they are also great instruments for the benefit of society at large, by checking the inroads of disease where it could not otherwise be encountered. They are still more signally valuable as great schools for the study of the diseases to which they are appropriated. They exemplify most powerfully the double blessing of charity, for him that gives as well as him that receives; the aid extended by a hospital to the poor is returned to the rich in the

knowledge which it collects; for in rescuing from untimely death the assembled children of poverty, science learns, as it could in no other way do, methods which enable it to rescue the children of wealth.

The more hopeful character of the most modern science had been in great part anticipated by the brave intellect of Andrew Combe. Before his time, it was too generally, if not universally assumed, that the symptoms of Consumption were a death-warrant; he proclaimed the reverse truth, and established it. He became in his own person the teacher and exemplar, both to physician and patient; and in his compact popular volume and regimen, he has recorded, in a form accessible to all, the conclusions of his practical experience. He did away many of the old coddling notions, which helped to kill the patient by stifling the pores of the skin, filling the lungs with bad air, softening the muscular system with inaction, and deadening the vital functions; a service scarcely more useful in reconciling the patient to the restorative influences of nature, than in returning hope to the afflicted relatives, and in showing what might be done by common sense and diligence. At an early age, Andrew Combe was found to be in a Consumption—words which were formerly accepted as a death-warrant, in submission to which the ailed patient duly laid down and died; Andrew Combe lived more than twenty years longer, a life of activity, usefulness, and temperate enjoyment.

"The 'People's Journal,' for July, one of the most popular European publications, has an interesting article in relation to the Consumption Hospital, founded at Brompton; and few institutions have risen so rapidly. It has a long list of noble and wealthy subscribers, with the Queen and most of the royal family at its head. 'As death has abundantly proved the mortality of the disease, so, paradoxical as it may seem, death also supplies us with evidence that the chief structural lesions of Consumption, tubercles in the lungs, are not necessarily fatal. The writer of these lines can state, from his own observation, (which has not been limited, and is confirmed by that of others,) that, in the lungs of nearly one-half of the adult persons examined after death from other diseases, and even from accidents, a few tubercles, or some unequivocal traces of them, are to be found. In these cases, the seeds of the malady were present, but were dormant, waiting for circumstances capable of exciting them into activity, and if such circumstances could not occur, the tubercles gradually dwindled away, or were in a state of comparative, harmless quiescence. This fact, supported by others, too technical to be adduced here, goes far to prove an important proposition, that Consumptive disease is fatal by its degree, rather than by its kind; and the smaller degrees of the disease, if withdrawn from the circumstances favorable to its increase, may be retarded, arrested, or even permanently cured. There are few practitioners of experience who cannot narrate cases of supposed Consumption which, after exhibiting during months and even years, undoubted symptoms of the disease, have astonished all by their subsequent, more or less, complete recovery. Cautious medical men have concluded themselves mistaken, and that the disease was not truly tuberculous; but, in these days, when the detection and distinction of diseases is brought to a perfection bordering on certainty, the conclusion that recoveries do take place from limited degrees of tubercles of the lungs, is admitted by the best authorities, and is in exact accordance with the above-mentioned results of cadaveric inspection. Consider properly, and you will be ready to admit the truth of what has been already established by experience, that Consumption may be often prevented, arrested, or retarded by opportune aid. On this point we know that many medical men are utterly incredulous, and stigmatize others who are less so, in no measured terms; but, with the present rapid improvements in all the departments of medical knowledge, there is less ground for such incredulity than there was for that which opposed and ridiculed Jenner in his advocacy of vaccination as the preventive of small-pox."

In view of the above and other testimonials of the most distinguished living writers in favor of the curability of Consumption, it is impossible for any well-informed and well-balanced mind any longer to deny it. We cannot conceive it possible that so many great men should be so much deceived on a point which they have made it the business of a life-time to investigate and study.

"SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

"A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the *Sieur V.* rushed into the electoral college armed with a dagger, which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet. The assassination was committed in the full light of day, and in the presence of an assembled multitude.

"V. was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. His high spirit and resolute character were well known, and it was suspected that he would seek, by a voluntary death, to evade the disgrace of perishing on the scaffold. He was therefore vigilantly watched, and every precaution taken to deprive him of the means of putting an end to his existence.

"He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court or Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

"He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailers a portion of the food with which they supplied him, so as to make it be believed that he regularly took his meals. After three days' abstinence, the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might the more speedily accomplish the object he had in view by eating with avidity. He thought that the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired. He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously, choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, from which, contrary to his expectation, the prison doctor speedily cured him.

"He then resumed his fatal design. He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst, too, was intolerable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand towards the jug of water which had been placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and, to use his own expression, *was restored to life.*

"To avoid yielding again to a similar temptation, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand. In this manner he passed eighteen days.

"Every day, at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse, and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual wasting of his strength. In several parts of his melancholy *memento*, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confesses that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

"He was surprised to find his sight become more and more clear, strong, and accurate; it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself: 'It appears as though I could see through the thickest walls.' His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

"The *Sieur V.* had devoted some attention to anatomy and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

"His ideas, he says, were numerous and clear, and very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects, or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculation, a study for which he had previously felt very little inclination. In short, he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition, as throughout the whole duration of his physical torture.

"He made notes in his album to the last moments of his existence. He had scarcely strength sufficient to

hold the pencil with which he traced the following words: 'My pulse has nearly ceased to beat—but my brain retains a degree of vigor which, in my sad condition, is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day. My jailers watch me, and fancy they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annuls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse.'

"V. expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to medical professors. The slow torture, endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science."

Illustrating the same point, a gentleman, Mr. I. F. H., stated to the author that he was once under medical treatment for some affection of the eyes, requiring a very scanty diet. His general health was excellent, but he was always hungry; yet so far from having any sense of debility, he had, when he went out into the street, an elasticity of mind and body, an instinctive desire of locomotion, which caused him to feel as if he could almost fly, and a joyousness of spirit, which was perfectly delightful.

These two cases strikingly show, that with a smaller amount of food, and consequently of blood, men are cheerful in mind and active in body; ~~and~~ therefore, a small amount of food, perfectly digested, gives more health and strength than a larger, not so. It is better, incomparably better, to feel a little hungry all the time, than to feel full, oppressed, heavy, with over eating.

Every patient of mine, who ever expects to get well, must keep this fact constantly and practically in view. It is too much the custom to measure one's health by the avidity of his appetite and his increase in flesh, as if he were a pig; forgetting that a voracious appetite and fat are always indications of a diseased body. A uniform moderate appetite is the attendant of good health. A racer's ribs must be seen before he is fit for the track, because then he is most capable of endurance.

The next incident shows, that with a moderate amount of substantial food and cold water, such being prisoner's fare, men may live for many years, with but little exercise, in the dark vaults of a prison, breathing all the time an atmosphere not very pure, as may be readily supposed. And it is earnestly hoped that the incidents narrated will leave upon the mind of every reader a life-long impression as to the value, both to the sick and the healthy, of living habitually on a moderate allowance of plain, substantial, nourishing food. It may be well to recollect here that it is not the quality, so much as the quantity of food, which lays the foundation every year of innumerable diseases and deaths. Let it be remembered, also, that men need a variety of food; living on one of two kinds for a length of time will always undermine a healthy constitution. Milk only has all the elements of life; and any other one kind of aliment, used indefinitely as to time, will as certainly deteriorate the constitution, bodily and mental, as anything that is planted will deteriorate if kept for successive years in the same field unrenewed. The popular notion that one or two kinds of food at a meal is *most wholesome*, is wholly untrue. On the contrary, several kinds at a meal, other things being equal, are more conducive to our well-being. Quantity, and not quality, is the measure of health.

COUNT CONFALONERI

wrote from the great jail of Vienna as follows:—

"I am an old man now, yet by fifteen years my soul is younger than my body: fifteen years I existed, for I did not live. It was not life in the self-same dungeon, ten feet square. During six years I had a companion; nine years I was alone. I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell.

"The first year we talked incessantly together. We related our past lives; our joys forever gone, over and over again.

"The next year we communicated to each other our ideas on all subjects.

"The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection.

"The fourth, at intervals of a month or so we would

open our lips, to ask each other if it were indeed possible that the world were as gay and bustling as it was when we formed a portion of mankind.

"The fifth year we were silent.

"The sixth, he was taken away, I never knew where, to execution or to liberty. But I was glad when he was gone: even solitude was better than that pale and vacant face. After that, I was alone.

"Only one event broke in upon my nine years' vacancy. One day, it must have been a year or two after my companion left me, my dungeon door was opened, and a voice, I knew not whence, uttered these words: 'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you, that one year ago your wife died.' Then the door was shut. I heard no more. They had but flung this great agony in upon me, and left me alone with it again."—Phil. Pennsylvanian, March 2, 1850.

Having shown the bearing which food has on health, I desire to make some statements as to the value of air and exercise in the same direction. These will be given succinctly, in the hope that the intelligent reader will study them and apply them at length, especially if he should come to me for medical advice. My habit is not merely to cure when I can the patient who comes to me, but to induce him to study and understand his own case and constitution, so that by the application of general principles he may afterwards be able to regulate his health under all ordinary circumstances, as far as it can be done by diet, air, exercise, and regularity of personal habits; but never venturing to take an atom of medicine, however simple, except by the special advice of an educated, experienced physician.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR TO HEALTH.

Men are reported to have lived three weeks without food, but without air we cannot live three minutes. The lungs of a full-sized man weigh about three pounds, and will hold twelve pints of air; but nine pints are as much as can be inhaled at one full breath, there being always a residuum in the lungs; that is, *all* the air that is within them can never be expelled at once. In common, easy breathing, in repose, we inhale one pint. Singers take in from five to seven pints at a single breath. We breathe, in health, about eighteen times in a minute; that is, take in eighteen pints of air in one minute of time, or three thousand gallons in twenty-four hours.

On the other hand, the quantity of blood in a common-sized man is twenty pints. The heart beats seventy times in a minute, and at each beat throws out four table-spoons; that is, two ounces of blood; therefore, there passes through the heart, and from it through the lungs, an amount of blood every twenty-four hours equal to two thousand gallons.

The process of human life, therefore, consists in there meeting together in the lungs, every twenty-four hours, two thousand gallons of blood and three thousand gallons of air. Good health requires this absolutely, and cannot be long maintained with less than the full amount of each; for such are the proportions that nature has ordained and called for. It is easy, then, to perceive, that in proportion as a person is consuming daily less air than is natural, in such proportion is a decline of health rapid and inevitable. To know, then, how much air a man does habitually consume, is second in importance, in determining his true condition, to no other fact; is a symptom to be noticed and measured in every case of disease, most especially of disease of the lungs; and no man can safely say that the lungs are sound and well and working fully, until he has ascertained, by actual mathematical measurement, their capacity of action at the time of the examination. All else is indefinite, dark conjecture. And I claim for myself to have been the first physician in America who made the measured amount of consumed air an essential element as to symptoms, in ascertaining the condition of persons in reference to the existence of Consumptive disease, and making a publication thereupon. The great and most satisfactory deduction in all cases being this, that if, upon a proper examination, the lungs of any given person are working freely and fully, according to the figures of the case, one thing is incontrovertibly true, demonstrably true, that whatever thousand other things may be the matter with the man, he certainly has nothing like Consumption. And Consumption being considered a fatal disease by most persons, there is quite a wil-

ingness to have anything else; and the announcement and certainty that it is not Consumption, brings with it a satisfaction, a gladness of relief, that cannot be measured.

On the other hand, just in proportion as a person is habitually breathing less air than he ought to do, in such proportion he is falling fast and surely into a fatal disease. This tendency to Consumption can be usually discovered years in advance of the actual occurrence of the disease; and were it possible to induce the parents of children over fifteen years of age to have investigations as to this point in the *first place*, and then to take active, prompt, and persevering measures to correct the difficulty, and not one case in a thousand need fail of such correction, with but little, if any medicine, in most instances many, many a child would be prevented from falling into a premature grave, and would live to be a happiness and honor to the old age of those who bore them. Persons who live in cities and large towns think, and wisely so, that the teeth of their children should be carefully examined by a good dentist once or twice a year; but to have the condition of the lungs examined, and, if need be, rectified, who ever thought of such a thing? And yet, as to practical importance, it immeasurably exceeds that of attention to the teeth. The latter are cared for as a matter of personal appearance and comfort; the lungs are a matter of life and death. We can live and be happy without a tooth, but without lungs we must prematurely die. Were the condition of the lungs, after such an examination as I have suggested, a matter of opinion or conjecture only, I would not propose it; but it is not: it is a thing of numerical measurement, of mathematical demonstration, as to the one point, Do the lungs work freely and fully or not? If they do not, declining health is inevitable, sooner or later, unless their activity is restored, which, however, can be done in the vast majority of cases.

YOUNG PERSONS.

While speaking of the health and habits of the young, it may be well further to state, that wrong indulgences debilitate the system; in time, the mind becomes unable to fix itself upon any subject profitably. Exhausting discharges further weaken the energies, and idleness sometimes supervenes, in various forms and degrees of epilepsy; at other times, fatal symptoms of Throat-Ail and Bronchitis. (See Trousseau and Belloc.)

A CASE.

"A youth, aged nineteen, indulged freely for some time, and at length began to experience pains about the throat. The voice was altered; shrill at first, then entirely lost. Swallowing liquids became impossible. He spit up large quantities of matter, and died after a year's illness. The lungs, on examination, were entirely sound, but the whole throat was ulcerated."

Throat-Ail and Consumption are diseases of debility, and it may be easily supposed that no progress can be made towards a cure while causes of debility are in operation. This statement is made here to save the necessity, in all cases, of more direct inquiries. If, however, there is no personal control, parents may apply for their children, and permanent relief be obtained without wounding the feelings or self-respect of the ailing party, who indeed may be blameless.

MISCELLANEOUS CASES.

(851. Sept. 2.) Your lungs are unimpaired; they are in full working order. There is no tendency at this time to Consumptive disease. Your ailment is dyspeptic laryngitis, complicated with a slight pleuritic affection, and with proper attention you will get well. At the same time, it is important for you to know, that these throat affections are among the most incurable of all diseases when once fully established. This consideration should induce you to commence at once a proper course of treatment, and to persevere in it until you are perfectly restored to health.

Note.—His principal ailment was an uneasy feeling in the throat, a frequent clearing of it, and an almost constant pain in the left breast. He wrote me in three weeks, that my prescriptions were acting admirably, and that he was getting well.

(852. Sep. 2.) Your ailment is common tubercular disease, mainly tending to fix itself on the lungs, and next on the bowels. Decay of the lungs has not yet begun to take place; they are becoming inactive, about

one-tenth of them doing you no efficient good. There is a reasonable probability that the disease may be arrested at this stage. A return to good health is by no means impossible; it is doubtful. The throat ailment is nothing more than what may arise from a dyspeptic condition of the stomach, liable to end in tubercular ulceration in your case, your lungs being already tuberculated to some extent; the right side slightly more than the other.

Note.—He complained chiefly of spitting blood, cough and debility; had been using cod liver oil for several months to no purpose. I have not heard from him since giving the opinion.

(853. Sept. 2.) You have chronic laryngitis, torpid liver, lungs acting imperfectly. There is no decaying process, no Consumptive disease, and I see no special reason why you may not, with judicious treatment, recover your health.

He complained chiefly of husky voice (had to abandon preaching), constipation, and variable appetite. In five months he wrote me that he "was able to enter upon his pastoral duties," and had been discharging them three months.

(854. Sept. 12.) Your lungs are not in a safe condition; one-third of them are now useless to you. It will be necessary for you to use diligent efforts to arrest the progress of your disease, and spare no pains in doing so.

Note.—Complains chiefly of spitting blood, cough, sore throat, debility. He appears to be getting well rapidly.

(855. Sept. 7.) Your disease is common consumption of the lungs; one-fourth of them are doing you no good; a part of them are irrecoverably gone; therefore, under no circumstances can you be as stout and strong as you once were. The decay of your lungs is progressing every hour. If that decay is not arrested, you cannot live until spring. Whether that decay can be arrested I cannot tell. It is possible that it may be done. It is not my opinion that it can be done.

Note.—Chief symptoms harassing cough, drenching night-sweats, daily expectoration of blood, constipation, irregular appetite, great emaciation and debility, could scarcely walk around one square. In three weeks he could walk twenty squares in a day without special fatigue. Here he ceased very unexpectedly to call upon me. Being a favorite child of his father, I took great interest in his case. Whether he suddenly relapsed and died, or thought he could get along now without farther aid from a physician, I do not know.

A MERCHANT.

"At this time the lungs are untouched by disease; they do not work as free and full as they ought to do, but it is impossible that there should be any decay, or that they should be tuberculated to any extent. If your present weak state of health continues, the system will become so debilitated by winter, and so susceptible to impressions from cold, that you will in all probability fall into an eventual decline. At this time, nothing is the matter with you but symptoms arising from a torpid liver and impaired digestion. Your health can be certainly restored."

Note.—Aged thirty; he had spitting of blood, pains in the breast, and other symptoms which greatly alarmed himself and friends, as pointing to settled Consumption. He got perfectly well with little or no medicine, and remains so to this day.

On the same day, September 18, a young woman came for examination, having walked several squares.

Opinion.—"You are in the last stages of Consumption. A large portion of the lungs is utterly gone; the decay is rapidly progressing, and nothing can arrest it. Death is inevitable before the close of the year."

Note.—She had a hoarse, loud cough, cold feet, chills, no appetite, irregular bowels, difficult breathing on slight exercise. I did not prescribe. She died in a short time.

(714.) J. S., married, aged 40, an officer in the Mexican war, and severely wounded at Cerro Gordo, complained most of cough, weakness, sweating at night, and shortness of breath. Any sudden movement of the body or mental emotion produced almost entire prostration. Had lost one-ninth of his weight.

Opinion.—"Your lungs are in good working order; no decay, not an atom; the yellow matter expectorated is a morbid secretion from the windpipe and its branches. Your heart is affected; the calibre of its blood vessels is too small to transmit the blood with

sufficient rapidity; hence the fluttering and great debility on any sudden motion or protracted exercise, for these but increase the quantity of blood to be conveyed away. Your ailments depend on constitutional causes to a great extent, and in proportion are capable of removal."

I heard of this gentleman no more for one year, when he came into my office a well man in every respect, saying that he began to get well in three days after taking the first weekly pill, and thought as he was doing so well, there was no necessity of writing."

A case (988) similar, in some respects, is now under treatment: great throbbing of heart and weakness on slight exercise; a violent beating in the temples the moment he lays his head on a pillow at night. This does not occur when he lies on his back. Frequent numbness and pricking sensation in left arm and leg; tosses and tumbles in bed for hours every night before he can get to sleep; great general weakness, and total inability to walk; riding in any kind of a carriage over a rough road, often but not always, brings on sick headache; has frequent distress at stomach; pulse one hundred; much dispirited, and has fallen away more than one-sixth.

Opinion.—"Your ailment is a symptomatic heart affection, depending now, mainly, on constitutional causes, originating in over efforts of mind and body. The lungs are sound and well."

In three weeks he writes, each of the two weekly pills brought away large quantities of stuff, yellow as yolk of egg, with masses of a colorless, stringy substance, and left my bowels regular. I now sleep as well as I could wish; very little pain in the side; stomach no longer distresses me. I have gained strength, but no flesh, and some throbbing yet remains.

Note.—This man will probably get well if he continues to follow the directions as well as at the beginning. He had been advised to exercise his arms and the muscles of his chest a great deal, and was told that he must work, and thinking he could accomplish both at the same time, and being naturally industrious, he began to saw wood for family use during the coming winter; but every day he became weaker and worse, until he could scarcely stand up. This being a heart affection, every moment of such exercise necessarily aggravated the malady.

This shows the mischievous effects of taking a wrong view of a case and of following the advice of every person one meets with. Many persons are advised to death. Over-confident advice is the attendant of inexperience and ignorance. It is forgotten that unpaid advisers, being well themselves, do not endanger their own lives, in case their recommendations are inefficient, if, indeed, not positively harmful. Many are infatuated with *vegetable remedies*, taking it for granted that they can do no harm, even if they do no good; forgetting that in many cases a loss of time is equivalent to a loss of life, and that the most virulent poisons in all nature—those which produce almost instantaneous death—are of vegetable origin, such as nicotine, prussic acid, and the like.

I. Q. H., married, aged forty-eight; had a distressing cough, which, with a severe pain below the point of the right shoulder-blade, prevented any refreshing sleep. He arose every morning sweaty, haggard, and weary; no appetite, and daily expectoration of large quantities of matter. He had fallen off forty-two pounds, and was greatly depressed. I informed him that his lungs were not diseased, and that there was no necessary obstacle to his recovery. His friends thought he became worse under my treatment, for at the end of four weeks he was confined to his bed day and night, with frequent rigors and flushes. The pain steadily increased, at times aggravated almost beyond endurance by a cough, which I thought nothing could safely control, and hence gave nothing for it. He thought he could not live unless speedily relieved; his relative, a physician, came to remonstrate against my "holding out hopes of recovery to a man who was evidently sinking with Consumption." I informed the patient he was better; that he would probably need no more medicine, and explained to him the reasons for such an opinion. In a few days his strength began to increase, and he walked out. He left the city soon afterwards, and now, at the end of three years, he is a hearty, healthy man, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds, having taken no medicine since he saw me. I considered his case to be one of great torpidity of the liver, with abscess, and treated it accordingly.

The reader may see by this, how important it is some times to know that a case is not Consumption, and also the value of a steady resistance against ignorant interferences.

(July 23.) "Your lungs are not diseased, nor are they even impaired in their action. There is not only no Consumption in your case, but there is a less tendency that way than in most persons. You have not merely lungs enough for the ordinary wants of the system, but a large amount in reserve. Your whole ailment is a dyspeptic condition, and there is no reason why a rational habit of life should not restore you to as good health as you have ever enjoyed, without any medicine whatever."

He complained of pain in the breast, large expectoration, voice sometimes husky, and a tightness across the chest.

(July 23.) "Your lungs at this time are not in a satisfactory condition, more than one-sixth of them being valueless to you. A portion at the top of the right breast has decayed away. Your case is one presenting all the ordinary symptoms of common Consumption. It will be altogether impossible for you to arrest the progress of your disease if you continue your present habits of business (printer). If you pursue an out-door calling, and acquire judicious habits of life, it is probable that your disease may be arrested, and that you may be restored to renewed health."

Note.—As he had a good appetite, was working daily at his trade, and did not feel very bad, he thought it not advisable to abandon his calling, and died in three months.

(Nov. 8.) "Your lungs are whole, sound, and in full working order. There is at present no appearance of Consumptive disease. Your ailments arise wholly from general constitutional causes, and may be removed by proper and rational habits of life and conduct."

Note.—He was not satisfied with my opinion; was fully impressed with a belief that he was falling into a decline, and insisted upon repeated examination. He was a man of wealth, of fortunate social relations, and very naturally dreaded death—too much so for a man. He observed faithfully the directions given, no medicine was advised, and wrote in three months that he was as well as he ever was in his life; his chief complaint was an "uneasy sensation about the heart," and some "trouble in the throat."

(Nov. 9.) "Your lungs are not diseased materially at this time. They do not work fully, but there is no decay. Your ailment is Chronic Laryngitis, of a very dangerous and aggravated character. It is very doubtful whether you will get well. Something may be done for you by a rigid attention to all the directions given."

Note.—He could not speak above a whisper; swallowed food with great difficulty and pain. He remained under the treatment of his family physician, and died in seven weeks."

(849.) "You are suffering under the combined influence of dyspepsia and consumptive disease, and they mutually aggravate each other. One-fifth of your lungs are now useless to you. This is a very serious deficiency. The extent to which you may be benefited, can only be ascertained by attention to directions given. Your case is not hopeless, yet it is critical and of a very grave character." He died in five weeks. He could not or would not control his appetite, and the author ceased to prescribe, as is his practice when instructions are not implicitly followed.

(Aug. 30.) "All your ailments arise from a want of natural proportion between exercise and eating. If these were properly regulated, you would get well without any other means, as the lungs are sound, healthy, and entire. You are too full of blood, and it is not healthful; hence it does not flow freely, but gathers about the internal organs, oppressing them and giving rise to any number of ailments, constantly varying as to character and locality. Make less blood, and take more exercise, according to the printed instructions given you, and your return to good health will be speedy and permanent."

She complained of pains and oppressions, particularly about the chest, tickling cough, &c. I heard no more of her for six months, when her husband, a Southern planter, called to express his satisfaction, and to say that she was in good health, and had been for some time.

(Sep. 30.) "Your disease is common consumption of the lungs. It began at the top of the right breast, and

after making some ravages there, it ceased and attacked the left, which is now in a state of continued decay. It may spontaneously cease on the left side, as it did on the right; in that event, life would be preserved for the present. Without such an occurrence as just named, one-half of the lungs being useless to you, the constitution usually fails in six or eight weeks, and sometimes much sooner." She died in six weeks.

Frail and feeble persons often outlive by half a life-time the robust and the strong, because they feel compelled to take care of themselves, that is, to observe the causes of all their ill-feelings, and habitually and strenuously avoid them. Our climate is changeable, and in proportion unhealthful. In New York City, for example, during one week in December last, in which the thermometer ranged from five degrees above Zero to fifty-five, there were forty-one deaths from inflammation of the lungs, while the ordinary number is about fifteen. The healthy disregard these changes to a great extent, and perish within a few days. The feeble are more sensitive to these changes; they increase their clothing and their bedding with the cold, and with equal care diminish both, with the amount eaten, as the weather grows warmer, and thus long outlive their hardier neighbors. These precautions, with others, must all observe. **THOROUGH LIFE**, who have been cured of an affection of the throat or lungs. Let this never be forgotten, for the oftener you are re-attacked, the less recuperative energy is there in the system, and the less efficient will be the remedial means which once cured you, unless by months of continued attention and wise observances you give the parts a power and a strength they never had before. This can be done in many cases.

But once cured, avoid the causes which first injured you. If you put your hand in the fire, you may restore it, but however magical may be the remedy, that hand will be burned as often as it is placed in the fire, without any disparagement of the virtues of the restorative. No cure of your throat or lungs will render you invulnerable. What caused the disease in the first instance will continue to cause it as long as you are exposed to them. No promise is given you of permanence of cure longer than you are careful of your health. The safer plan by far will be to consider yourself peculiarly liable to the disease which once annoyed you, and make proportionate endeavors to guard yourself habitually against its advances. All assurances that any mode of cure will afford you a guarantee against subsequent attacks, are deceptive. No medicine that any man can take in health will protect him from disease. There is no greater falsity than this, that if you are well, a particular remedy, or drink, or medicine, will fortify the system against any specified disease, whether cholera, yellow fever, or any other malady. So far from this being so, it is precisely the reverse. Doubly so; you are thrown off your guard, and in addition you make the body more liable to the prevalent malady by poisoning the blood; for whatever is not wholesome food, is a poison to the system, pure water excepted. Nothing, therefore, will protect a healthy man from disease but a rational attention to diet, exercise, cleanliness, and a quiet mind; all else will but the more predispose him to it. But when once diseased and then cured, these things are not sufficient to keep him well; he must avoid what first made him an invalid, otherwise permanent health is not possible, but a speedy relapse and death are inevitable, as to Throat-Ail, Bronchitis, and Consumption.

DANGER OF CUTTING TONSILS.

M. Landouville removed an enlarged tonsil of a woman, aged 21. In eight days she had uncontrollable spitting of blood, which was constant, besides vomiting a large quantity. Small pulse; extremities cold. The danger was imminent. Various means had already been adopted in vain; such as ice externally, styptics internally; then pressure with lint dipped in lemon juice; but it was at length controlled by pressing ice against the spot with forceps. (See *Hays's Med. Jour.*, October, 1851.) Other cases are given in medical publications; they are not of frequent occurrence, but each one operated upon is liable to experience disagreeable results. An operation is seldom necessary—not one case in twenty. And as in the case above, the danger was not over for a week after the operation had been performed, others who have the tonsils taken out

have cause for a lengthened and most unpleasant suspense.

It must not be forgotten that Throat-Ail is in very many instances wholly unmanageable, and ends fatally, simply from its being thought lightly of, until it has produced such a state of general irritation throughout the system, that the constitutional stamina is exhausted, and the pulse is habitually a fourth, or third, or even more, above the natural standard. Most generally, such cases go on to a fatal termination, in spite of all modes of treatment. This is so uniformly the result, that any certain benefit in such cases cannot be promised; nor is it just that the general principles of treatment should suffer discredit from failure here; they are admirably and uniformly successful whenever they are applied in the early stages of the disease. It is to invoke prompt attention to the first and earliest symptoms of Throat-Ail, that pains have been taken in these pages to describe them plainly, clearly, and distinctly.

CELL DEVELOPMENT.

The human body is in constant transition. The particles of which its structure is constituted are not the same in position and relation for any two minutes in succession. Thousands of atoms which compose it the present instant are separated from it the next, to make a part of it no more; and other thousands, which are a portion of the reader's living self while scanning this line, will have been rendered useless and dead on reading the next. There are two different armies of workers, whose occupations cease not from the cradle to the grave. One army, composed of its countless millions, is building up the body; the other removes its waste; one party brings in the wood and the coal for the fire-place and the grate, the other carries away the ashes and the cinders;—the builders and the cleansers. When the builders work faster than the cleansers, a man becomes fat, and over-fat is a disease. When the cleansers are too active, the man becomes lean, and wastes away to a skeleton, as in Consumption. Health consists in the proper equilibrium of these workers.

Every movement of the body, every thought of the mind, is at the expense of a portion of the material frame; that is to say, certain atoms of the living body are killed by every action of the mind, by every motion of the body, and being dead, are useless. But they must be removed from the body, or these "heaps of slain" would fill up the workshop of life, and the whole machinery would stand still; the fire-place would be filled with ashes, the furnace clogged with cinders, and the grate be useless. Vast masses of these dead atoms are pushed, worked out, or thrown from the body at the surface. At any night, on undressing, the cleanliest person may rub from the body countless numbers of these dead atoms, a teaspoon-ful of them may be gathered from the feet at a single washing, if long neglected. Hence the value of thorough daily frictions to the skin, as promotive of health, because, on an average, we all eat about one-third more than is needed; thus throwing on the cleansers a third more labor every twenty-four hours than they were designed to perform. By the frictions we come to their aid artificially. They are wise who perform these frictions daily and well; but wiser they by far who do not eat the extra one-third, and consequently do not need to be scrubbed and bathed and washed every day of their existence, to save them from the effects of over-feeding. Better eat less and save trouble. The surplus third would feed half the poor of the land.

But a larger portion of these dead atoms are scattered in the more interior parts of the body, and the cleansers remove them by first rendering them fluid, as solid ice or snow is made fluid by heat. It is then, as it were, sucked up by these cleansers, and conveyed finally to the blood, just at the heart, where they are mingled together and sent direct to the lungs, where they meet with the pure air that is breathed. Here an exchange takes place between the air and the blood. The air gives to the blood its oxygen, its life, while the blood gives its death to the air. Hence it is that the air gives life as it goes into the lungs, but gives death if breathed unmixed as it comes from the lungs; that is, if a healthy person were to breathe for three minutes no other air than that which has just come out of the lungs of another man, in three minutes he would die. Hence my insisting so much on causing


Consumptive persons to breathe the largest possible amount of pure air; it unloads the blood more perfectly of its dead atoms, and also gives life to the essence of food which it also meets in the lungs; that is, puts the finishing work to its becoming living blood.

Let us notice next the builders, whose work is to supply new and living particles as fast as the old ones fall off and die. These new particles are in the blood, which delivers its living freight as it flows through the body, as a steamer delivers its freight to the thousand different ports as it ploughs along the majestic Mississippi. Whenever a living particle comes to the point where it is needed to supply the place of one just fallen or dead, by some inscrutable, inexplicable agency, as quick as electricity itself, a vesicle, a cell, a little boat, as it were, is formed, which floats it to the spot, delivers its charge, and bursts and dies, its duty done, the object of its creation having been performed;—an apt type of the whole and living man, who, when the great object of his creation is performed on earth, himself passes away in death; and happy indeed would he be, were that work so fully, so well, and so invariably done. These little wrecked, these burst boats, have been collected, and ascertained to be made invariably and almost wholly of two materials—phosphorus and lime, which also are constituents of the brain itself. This phosphorus and lime are supplied by what we eat and drink. If we do not eat and drink enough, or if what we eat and drink has not enough of these constituents; or if, again, it is not perfectly digested, then there is not enough of these constituents to make the necessary boats to freight the nutrient particles to their destination; hence, the man wastes away to skin and bone, and dies—not because he does not eat, but because what he does eat does him little or no good. Especially thus is it in Consumption; a man dies of inanition, or, as physicians say, *an error of nutrition*.

Consumptive people die for want of strength, want of flesh, want of nutriment; not for want of lung substance, as is almost universally supposed. They die, in almost every instance, long before the lungs are consumed, so far as to be incapable of sustaining life. Numerous cases are given where men have lived for years with an amount of available lungs not equal to one-fourth of the whole. They were there, perhaps, but not available, not efficient. The majority of persons who die of Consumption, perish before a *third* of the lungs have consumed away, in consequence of loose bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, night sweats, want of sleep, clogging up of the lungs with matter and mucus by the daily use of cough drops, balsams, tonics, or other destructive agents. These symptoms need but be controlled to protect life indefinitely; that is to say, if the symptoms were prescribed for according to general principles, and properly nursed, letting the Consumptive portion of the disease alone, it would sometimes cure itself, or at least allow the patient to live in reasonable comfort for a number of years.

The reader may almost imagine that he has a clue to the cure of Consumption, if he could but give the patient phosphorus and lime, or phosphate of lime—that is, burnt bones—eight or ten grains, with the first mouthful of each meal, so as to let it be mixed with the food and carried with it into the blood; for twenty to thirty grains being daily needed in health. The scientific world were charmed less than a hundred years ago by the discovery of oxygen. It was supposed that as oxygen was the constituent of the air which imparted vitality to the blood, gave it its purity, its activity, and filled the man with life and animation, nothing was needed but to take enough oxygen to purify the blood, and thus strike at the root of all disease. Accordingly, the oxygen was prepared and administered. The recipient revived, was transported, was fleet as the antelope, could run with the wind. He smiled, he fairly yelled for joy, and—died, laughing, or from over excitement. The machine worked too fast; it could not be stopped, and pure oxygen has never been taken for health since.

Thus it will, perhaps, always be with artificial remedies; they cannot equal those which are prepared in Nature's manufactory. The phosphate of lime, in order to answer the purposes of nature, must be eliminated from the healthful digestion of substantial food in the stomach, and the only natural and efficient means of obtaining the requisite amount is, to regulate the great glands of the system in such a manner as to cause the perfect digestion of a sufficient amount of

suitable food,  and this is within the power of the scientific practitioner, in the great majority of cases of Consumption, when attempted in its early stages; but for confirmed Consumption—that is, when the lungs have begun to decay away, it is criminal to hold out any promises of cure, or even of essential relief, in any given instance.

It is often stated as disparaging to physicians, that, notwithstanding the general increase in knowledge, in all departments, and the claim that medicine is reduced almost to a science, that human life is gradually shortening. There is great reason why men should not live so long as formerly. As a nation, we live more luxuriously; our habits of eating and sleeping have become more artificial, more irregular. Large numbers of people have no regular occupation. Our young women are trained in female boarding schools, which, with rare exceptions, are academies of mental, moral, and physical depravation; where novel reading in secret, and a smattering of everything in public, with a thorough practical knowledge of nothing, is the order of the day. From graduation to marriage nothing is done to establish the constitution, to make firm the health—no instructions given as to how that health may be preserved, no active teaching as to household duties, no invigorating morning walks, no wholesome, elegant, and graceful exercises on horseback. The days are spent in eating, in easy lounging, in ceremonial visitings, in luxurious dreaminess over sentimental fictions; their nights in heated rooms or crowded assemblies of hot and poisoned, if not putrid air. No wonder that with educations like these, the girls of our cities and larger towns fade away into the grave long before they reach the maturity of womanhood.

Our young men, also, in cities and large towns especially, grow up in too many instances without any stamina of constitution. Bad practices—drinking, chewing, smoking, theatre going, secret society gatherings—involving late hours, late suppers, late exposures, private indulgences—these destroy the health, deprave the morals, and waste the energies of the whole man. Many are permitted to grow up without any trade, trusting to a wealthy parentage, or political influence, or the name of a profession, entered only for show and not for practical life. Others grow up as clerks in stores, banks, offices, with good salaries it may be; but when the merchant has become a bankrupt, the offices failed, the banks broken, the party in power defeated, their occupation is gone, their resources are exhausted; they lounge about waiting for a place, the clothes are wearing out, the board bill is in arrears, independence lost, spirits broken, mind irritated, disposition soured, and the first crime is committed—that of engaging board without any certain means of paying, or leaving a struggling widow in arrears;—the proud, the high-minded, the well-dressed, courteous, and cheerful-faced young man of six months ago has made his first step towards degradation, by making a toiling woman give him for nothing the bread and meat which she had earned in toil and sweat, and tears perhaps, and which the children of her own bosom needed. When the honor is lost, low habits and loss of health and life soon follow. Let every young man from the country hesitate to come to the city to try his fortune, unless he have *learned well* an honest and substantial trade; then he may work his way sternly and steadily to usefulness, influence, and wealth. It is for want of a suitable education and occupation that such numbers of our young go down to a premature, if not dishonored, grave. But notwithstanding these errors as to the education and employment of our young men and young women, medical writers have been extensively disseminating useful knowledge by means of books, pamphlets, lectures, newspaper articles and the like, in reference to the preservation of health in the nursery, the school-house, the academy, the college—in factories, work-houses, penitentiaries, as to diet, exercise, ventilation, drains, sewages, house-building; and the general result is, that within three hundred years past, the average length of human life has been increasing and not diminishing. The average age increased two and a half years for the twenty years ending 1830 in the United States. For the fifty years ending in 1831 in France, it increased from 28½ years to 31½, notwithstanding the devastations of the wars of Napoleon and the French Revolution. In London, for the century ending 1828, the average age of all who died had increased 4½ years. In Geneva, 300 years ago, it was 21 years; it is now 41. Europe is computed to have a population of two

hundred and thirty millions. Not a hundred years ago, Gibbon, the great historian, estimated it at less than one-half. This immense increase has taken place notwithstanding the millions who have emigrated to this and other countries—notwithstanding, too, the far greater drawback, that during a considerable portion of the time the most desolating wars were waged that were ever carried on there. This can only be accounted for by the reforms which medical science has introduced, and the more general diffusion of practical knowledge as to the preservation and promotion of health, in publications made by eminent physicians and surgeons.


As, therefore, a higher degree of medical intelligence has extended the average of human life—in some places fifty per cent., taking all diseases together—it is reasonable to suppose that increased intelligence as to one class of diseases would, in the course of time, have a like happy effect; that if more truthful views as to the nature, causes, and symptoms of diseases of the lungs were extensively promulgated among the people, their fearful ravages would be diminished in corresponding proportion.

In 1851, the deaths in Boston, from Consumption alone, were about thirty per cent. of the entire mortality, and the Medical Association announces that it "is steadily on the increase from year to year." If this is the case in Boston, where such large quantities of cod-liver oil have been purely made, and hence more easily and cheaply obtained, it presents a striking and practical contradiction of its curative powers in Consumption, and calls upon us in louder and louder tones to look less to the cure of this terrible scourge, and more to the detection of its early symptoms and its prevention, by scattering intelligence to every family, and on the wings of every wind, as to what are its causes and what these early symptoms are. Such is the object of this publication.

Patent Medicines are those whose contents are not made known. A physician who has any respect for himself would scarcely use them, or advise their use. It is a universal custom among all honorable practitioners, to communicate to their brethren any valuable discovery: thus, any one of them is benefited by the discoveries of all the others: they hold their knowledge in common. A remedy discovered to be truly valuable in New York to-day, in the cure of any disease whatever, is, in a few months, known wherever the English language is read and spoken. Thus thousands, scattered over the world, whom the discoverer never could see, are benefited and blessed by his discovery, through the regular practitioner. Some other person obtains this knowledge, prepares the ingredients, disguises them with some inert substance, and sells it as a secret remedy, leaving those to die, as far as he cares, who do not buy from him or his agents; while thousands of others, in other states and countries, perish for the want of a knowledge locked up in his bosom. Any patent medicine is a cure for a given disease, or it is not. If it is not a cure, it is false and criminal to sell it as a cure. If, on the other hand, it is what it professes to be, it cannot be much better than murder to withhold it from those who cannot purchase it, and to allow thousands, at a distance, to die from the want of it, who never heard of it, or, if they did, live too far away to send for it in time. Let those who purchase these articles think of the argument, and aid and abet no more, by their patronage, those who allow their fellow-creatures to die by thousands every year, who would be saved (if what is said be true) by the knowledge of the remedy whose composition is so carefully concealed.

Many things have been passed over in the foregoing pages, which might satisfy the curiosity or interest a large class of readers, but it is not necessary that they should be known, and if known, might have an injurious effect, considering the present state of knowledge on the subject of Consumptive disease; such, for example, as stating what symptoms are infallibly fatal, what kind of persons, as to sex, temperament, color of hair, eyes, skin, make of body, are most liable to it, or having it, have less hope of recovery. For similar reasons, I have given but few fatal cases and their symptoms; for persons having one or more of these same symptoms might conclude that they, too, must die, when those same symptoms, in combination with others, would indicate a very different result. I do not wish the reader to suppose that I do not lose any cases—that few or none die in my hands. I lose patients as other physicians do. I have lost some whom

I expected would recover. Nor do I wish to make the impression, that it is a frequent occurrence that persons in the advanced stages of Consumption are restored to comparative health; for it is not a frequent occurrence—it is a rare thing. My object is, first, to show what the early symptoms are; and, second, to induce the reader to make application to me at this early stage, with the full assurance of my belief, that thus one person would not die of disease of the throat or lungs where one hundred now do. In truth, I had greatly rather that persons in the advanced stages would not apply to me; for it at once involves a degree of responsibility and solicitude, which is to extend through weeks and months, and for which any money paid is not the shadow of a remuneration.

I greatly desire it to be understood that I have no magical means of cure. Ailments of the throat and lungs are not to be removed by a box of pills or a bottle of balsam. It is not the work of a day, nor of a week. These cases often require weeks and months of treatment, and of a treatment constantly varying, to meet the varying phases of the disease. Sometimes it occurs, but not often, that a person writes for advice in full, and it is given, and the single prescription, *PERSEVERED IN*, has effected a happy cure, and months and years after, such persons have come to see me, to express their gratification. At other times, prescriptions are sent, and the persons never heard of afterwards. In nearly all cases, these are young people, or persons who have no energy of character, no perseverance, no determination. For a few days or a fortnight, they give a general attention to the directions, and because they are not cured, break off and apply to some other physician, to follow the same course, or become negligent of themselves, and eventually die. It is a most hopeless task to attempt to cure any of Throat-ail or Consumption who have no energy of character. It is time, and trouble, and money lost, as they are not diseases to be eradicated in a day, by a drop or a pill. It is to be accomplished, if at all, by a determined, thorough and persevering attention, for weeks and sometimes many months, to rational means,  calculated to build up the constitution, with a decreasing use of medicine and an increasing attention to habits of life.

ASTHMA.—I have said but little of this distressing disease. It is not often critical or dangerous until advanced life. As a general rule, it is incurable. Children who have it, sometimes *grow out of it*. In some women, it often disappears at the turn of life; in others, during the years of child-bearing. A *fit of asthma*, as it is called, generally cures itself, by being let alone. An attack is often hastened away by judicious means. In persons of a feeble constitution, it is liable to come or go any day or hour, and prove fatal in marked changes of weather—that is, to very cold, or from cold to a warm, heavy, thawy, foggy atmosphere. The only proper and efficient method of treatment is, to *prevent the attack*, which can be done in the great majority of cases, and for an indefinite length of time. The distinguishing symptom is *want of breath*; the patient feels sometimes as if it would almost kill him to speak two or three words; the necessity of breath is so great, he cannot find time to cough, and represses it, lest it should *take his breath away*. He can neither cough, sneeze, spit, nor speak freely. He sits up, wheezes, throws his head back, wants the doors and windows opened. The attacks generally come on towards the close of the day, and pass off about midnight or soon after, when the cough becomes loose, and large quantities of a substance more or less yellow, pearly, and tenacious, are expectorated; urination becomes copious, and the patient recovers, to be attacked in the same way night after night, until the violence of the disease is expended, and recovery takes place; or if these ameliorations do not occur about midnight, the case is aggravated, and the patient dies in a few hours. This disease is treated more at length in the large edition. It is certain, that in a vast number of cases, whether hereditary or accidental, the attacks can be indefinitely warded off by proper care and habits of life, if the constitution is not much broken.

CROUP OF CHILDREN.

Many a lovely child is destroyed in a single night by this alarming disease. Its nature is described in the First Part. It is a disease of the windpipe, which is filled or lined with a phlegm, which becomes more and more tough, almost leathery—thickens, and at length closes up the passage to the lungs, and the child dies.

It usually comes on in the night. The distinguishing symptom is a wheezing, barking cough. A mother who has ever heard it once, needs no description to enable her to recognise it again. The first born are most likely to perish with it; simply because the parent has no experience of its nature, and hence is not alarmed in time, or knows not what to do, while the physician is being sent for. In the hope of being instrumental in saving some little sufferer, whose life is inexpressibly dear, at least to one or two, I will make some suggestions, not for the cure of the patient, but to save time. The instant you perceive that the child has *Croup*, indicated by the *barking Cough*, *uneasy breathing*, *restlessness*, send for a physician, and as instantly wrap a hot flannel around each foot, to keep it warm; but while the flannels are being heated, dip another flannel, of two or more thicknesses, in spirits of *turpentine*, or spirits of *hartshorn*; or have a large mustard plaster applied, one that will reach from the top of the throat down to some two inches below the collar bones, wide enough at top to reach half-way round the neck on either side, and nearly across the whole breast at bottom. But it will take time to send for a physician, to prepare flannels, and to make the plaster or obtain the turpented flannel, and in some cases fifteen minutes is an age—is death, if lost; therefore, while these things are preparing, give the child, if one year old or over (and half as much, if less), about half a teaspoon-ful of *Hive Syrup*, and double the dose every fifteen minutes until vomiting is produced; and every half hour after vomiting, give half as much as caused the vomiting, until the physician comes, or the child ceases to cough, when he breathes free, and is safe. If you have no *Hive Syrup*, give a teaspoon-ful of *Syrup of Ipecac*, and double the dose every fifteen minutes until vomiting is produced. If you have been so thoughtless as to have nothing at all, boil some water, keep it boiling, dip a woollen flannel of several folds into it, squeeze it out moderately with *our hand*, and apply it as hot as the child can possibly bear to the throat, and in from one to three minutes, according to the violence of the symptoms, have another to put on the instant the first is removed, and keep this up until the breathing is easy and the cough is loose and the phlegm is freely discharged, or until the arrival of the physician.

I wish to impress upon the reader's mind a few disconnected subjects. Consumption most generally comes on by a slight cough in the morning, about the time of rising or first stirring about. The existence of tubercles in the lungs is not necessarily fatal; they remain dormant for a life-time, unless irritation or inflammatory action is excited by *bad colds neglected*, or *exhausting habits or diseases*, or *debilitating occurrences*, or *wasting indulgences*. These things throw more persons into fatal Consumption than are destroyed by the hereditary form of the disease; and these should be, as they can in very many instances, safely remedied.

The following recipes are frequently referred to:—

How to Toast Bread.—Keep the bread a proper distance from the fire, so as to make it of a straw color. It is spoiled if it is black, or even brown.

Toast Water.—Take a slice of bread about three inches across and four long, a day or two old. When it is browned, not blackened, pour on it a quart of water which has been boiled and afterwards cooled. Cover the vessel, and after two hours, pour off the water from the bread gently. An agreeable flavor may be imparted by putting a piece of orange or lemon peel on the bread at the time the water is first poured on the bread.

Barley Water.—Take two tablespoons of pearl barley, wash it well in cold water, then pour on it half a pint of water, and boil it fifteen minutes; throw this water away, then pour on two quarts of boiling water, and boil down to a pint; then strain it for use. An ounce of gum arabic dissolved in a pint of barley water is a good demulcent drink.

Flax-seed Tea.—Take an ounce or full table-spoon of flax seed, but not bruised, to which may be added two drams of bruised liquorice root; pour on a pint of boiling water, place it covered near the fire for four hours, strain through a cotton or linen rag. Make it fresh daily.

Tamarind Whey.—Two tablespoon-fuls of tamarind, stirred in a pint of boiling milk; then boil for fifteen minutes, and strain.

Wine Whey.—Take a pint of milk, put it on the fire;

as soon as it begins to boil, pour on eight or ten table-spoons of Madeira wine, in which has been stirred two teaspoons of brown sugar; stir the whole until it has been boiling for fifteen minutes; then strain through a cloth.

Boiled Flour and Milk.—Take a pint of flour; make it into a dough ball with water; tie it tightly in a linen bag; put it into a pan of water, covering the ball, and let it boil ten hours; place it before the fire to dry, cloth and all; take it out of the cloth, remove the skin, dry the ball itself. Grate a tablespoon of this, and stir it into a pint of boiling milk, until a kind of mush is formed.

Boiled Turnips.—Small turnips boiled make one of the best articles of food which invalids and convalescents can use. Carrots may be added; half and half. Boil them once; repeat the boiling in fresh water until they are quite soft; press the water out through a coarse cloth; then mix enough new milk to form a kind of pulp; season with salt, and then place them before the fire until it is a little dry or crusted.

Beef Tea.—Cut into thin slices a pound of lean meat, pour on a full quart of cold water, let it gradually warm over a gentle fire; let it simmer half an hour, taking off the skum; strain it through a napkin. Let it stand ten minutes, then pour off the clear tea.

Cracked Wheat.—Dry some common wheat, then grind it in a coffee mill; boil it three or four hours; add a little salt, a little milk, butter, cream, or molasses may be added, as in using hominy. It should be always washed clean, and then boiled long enough to become of the consistence of boiled rice or hominy. A pint of wheat dried and ground is enough for a day; not to be used for supper.

Dandelion Diet Drink.—Take three ounces of the bruised root of the dandelion flower, which should be gathered in July, August, and September; pour on a quart of water, boil it to a pint, and strain it.

60 Drops	make one Teaspoon.
4 Teaspoons	" " one Tablespoon.
2 Tablespoons	" " one Ounce.
2 Ounces	" " one Wine-glass.
2 Wine-glasses	" " one Gill or Teacup.
4 Gills	" " one Pint.

I greatly desire that nothing I have written should excite unreasonable expectations as to the speediness of cure of the diseases treated of; they come on slowly, are sometimes for years gathering force in the system, and hence it is unreasonable to suppose that they are to be eradicated except by energetic treatment, long-continued, unless attended to in their very first stages. The patient, page 107 top of second column, expressed himself as being cured in two days:—it was three months before every remnant of disease seemed to have left his throat. Remember this, if no other sentence—attend at once to the first morning cough, or frequent hawking, hemming, swallowing, or want of clearness of voice of two weeks' continuance; otherwise, in nine cases out of ten, a fatal Consumptor will be the result.

OPEN FIREPLACES.

It is not possible to supply a pure warmth by any furnace ever invented, unless it simply heats water or air, out of which is given the caloric necessary to make a dwelling comfortable. But warming houses by steam, hot water, or hot air, costs, for an ordinary residence, about eight hundred dollars, which makes it impracticable—places this luxury wholly beyond the means of all the households in the land. That the heat which comes from any furnace through an ordinary register, although the coals are red-hot, is a sickening stench, can be demonstrated any moment in a winter's day; it is sending into a room an incessant stream of air, almost wholly divested of its oxygen, which is the element for which alone air is breathed at all; nor is this all—the oxygen has not only been abstracted, but sulphureted hydrogen and carbonated hydrogen, which are among the most noisome smells in nature—that of rotten eggs—replace the oxygen; and that such an atmosphere, steaming into our parlors, and dining-rooms, and chambers, can not be otherwise than most pernicious to health, only but an idiot can deny. Every year new patents are coming out, claiming to meet the failures of their predecessors, proving conclusively that all previous ones have been signal and lamentable failures.

It may be a more potent and convincing argument against the pestiferous effects of furnace heat, at least in the minds of some, that it ruins the furniture and the woodwork of all buildings into which it is introduced.

Open wood-fires, the most cheery and delightful of all modes of house-warming, are too expensive, and are exceedingly troublesome. The common open grates for coal are the next best, but they fail to give a comfortable heat in the coldest weather; they fail to keep the feet warm, which is the most important part of the body to be kept agreeably heated; and, in addition, the very instant the coal in the grate is touched, the whole room is filled with a fine dust, which settles on the paintings, the furniture, the carpets, and the very clothing in the drawers, making dingy the most polished surfaces, scratching the furniture and the gilding, and grinding out the carpets by the flinty dust.

But there is a method of warming houses, cheaper than grates and more efficient, giving almost none of their dust; incomparably less troublesome than wood-fires, while the heat is just as genial and quite as pure; the fire needs replenishing but once a day, never requires a poker, if properly attended to; gives very little dust, keeps the feet warm, and keeps before the eyes the cheery sight of a broad bed of burning, glowing coals. In short, it is a plan for warming houses, which has never, in all its points, been surpassed—has never been equaled. It is Dixon's low-down grate. It is believed that there is scarcely a single educated physician in Philadelphia, who owns the house he lives in, who is not supplied with one or more of these delightful luxuries. They cost from twenty-five dollars each and upward, and are placed in stead of an ordinary fireplace or grate in the course of a few hours.

Three fourths of the heat of a grate or fireplace goes up the chimney, and is wasted. Dixon's Philadelphia low-down grate, by a moderate extra expense, can be so arranged that all the ashes are conveyed into the cellar, and the otherwise wasted heat is saved to a considerable extent, and conveyed into the rooms above; not the heat of burning coals, but air is brought from out-doors, carried behind the chimney-back, heated without coming in contact with the coals, and is conveyed into the room above by an ordinary register, not in a sulphurous odor, but simply in the shape of pure air warmed, which is of inestimable value for sitting-rooms, chambers, and nurseries. We had one of these admirable contrivances put in our house in 1859, and every additional year only increases our appreciation of the luxury. This notice has been written without the knowledge of the manufacturer, and will surprise him as much as any one of our readers; but it would add so much to the health of families, both in town and country, whether they burn soft coal, anthracite, or common wood, for it is adapted to the consumption of any kind of solid fuel, that we feel constrained to bring it thus prominently forward, and the more fearlessly because we know whereof we affirm. To save us the expense, time, and trouble of answering letters of inquiry, our readers will please address T. W. Dixon, 1324 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or his agents, Mead & Woodward, 37 Park Row, New-York City.

THE PIANO-FORTE.

THE very name brings with it associations of the sweetest, dearest, tenderest kind; it makes us think of sisters in the far past, whose voices have long since been hushed in death, and have gone upward to strike the strings of immortality; of daughters in their youth and beauty and loveliness; of home with all its affectionate and refining and elevating influences. In fact, we can scarcely think of a home without a piano. How it binds a family together! keeping the girls from the contaminations of the theater and the ball-room, and the boys from the street and the negro minstrelsy; cultivating a taste for all that is pure and gentle and loving, and, to that extent, throwing a barrier around the young; guarding them against the indulgence of vicious propensities and intemperate habits; implanting in their minds a lofty looking-down on low associations, and the companionship of the reckless, the dissolute, and the unrestrained. It is well then to know of an instrument which has such high social influences, that its value, more than that of any other musical instrument, depends on the quality of its tone, which, in turn, owes its perfection to one mechanical point, in reference to which that very valuable paper, recognized the world over as authority in the mechanic arts, *The Scientific American* says, under the head of the "Use and Abuse of the Piano-Forte":

"The great desideratum aimed at, by the best manufacturers of pianos, is to make them stand in tune well, for unless they succeed in this respect, the quality of tone or beauty of finish they may impart to their pianos is comparatively of little value. To attain this desirable object, therefore, is the principal aim of our best makers; but few, however, succeed, and we will briefly state the reason. The steel pins that hold the wires of a piano are driven into a solid block of wood, and in order that this wood may retain a firm hold of the pin, and yet admit of its being turned by the hammer of the tuner, not only is great care and skill necessary in regard to the fitting of these pins, but it is absolutely requisite that the wood forming the 'pin-block' should be of the very best seasoned material. Now this 'seasoned' wood is best when prepared by out-door seasoning

instead of by artificial means; but unfortunately this former method requires considerable capital to admit of so much dead stock, as it were, lying by. This large capital but few manufacturers have, and the result is, they have to use heat-dried wood, and the majority place wood thus seasoned in their pianos that will not stand the action of the hot-air furnaces in such general use in private houses. The consequence in such cases can be readily foreseen, the result being that a year or two's use so shrinks up the wood of the pin-blocks of those pianos in which this half-seasoned stuff is used, that the pins move in the block from every hard blow on the wires, and hence the piano will not stand in tune.

"So much for the injurious effects of this artificial heat on a piano, as far as its standing in tune is concerned. In reference to its effect on the 'action' of a piano, namely, the keys and machinery for striking the wires, the result is, that the heat warps the keys, loosens the hold of the great number of screws used in an action, in the wood, and thereby causes the keys to stick or rattle, as the case may be. Now, how to obviate these evils is the question, and the answer is, in the first place, only to purchase those pianos that are made of thoroughly seasoned wood, and of the best quality of materials generally, for such only are the cheapest pianos, no matter what their first cost may be; and, secondly, to keep your piano as much from the influence of the hot air of your house furnace as possible, for it injures the best made pianos, and almost renders those of inferior quality useless."

Some years ago we drew attention to this fact of the proper seasoning of the timber, as the reason why the Worcester piano gave out the same sweet musical tones at the end of fifteen years' constant family usage as on the day it came from the manufacturer's ware-rooms. Every piece of wood connected with the keys and strings was, at that early day, in Mr. Worcester's establishment, subjected to a seasoning process for from two to six years; hence they had a reputation in the damp climate of the South and the West-Indies not equaled by those of any other manufacturer in the land. Many piano-makers have failed because they had not the means, the time, and the high moral principle to procure the best materials; hence no one family ever made a second purchase; no father, having bought one for

his own use, made a present of another to his newly married daughter. Such men ought to fail. Worcester never failed. His extensive establishment was never shut up for an hour by a strike, for he early and always made it a practice to employ the very best hands, and he wisely concluded that they deserved the very best wages, and the very best he always gives.

The Worcester piano, so superior before, is absolutely peerless now by a patented improvement—the maker's own discovery—which so lengthens the tones of the instrument as to excite the astonishment and admiration of the very best of living performers, who have enthusiastically testified as to this point. Gottschalk does not hesitate to say that a hundred per cent is added to the volume of the tone by means of Worcester's hinged plate improvement; and Pattison, and Timm, and Maretzek, and Stein, and Mason, and Sanderson, and a long list of the most celebrated performers and most accomplished teachers join in the testimonial. As this important improvement is peculiar to Worcester's pianos, parents who are anxious to have the very best article for their children will obtain these unrivaled instruments in preference to all others, especially as they are afforded on as liberal terms as at other first-class establishments, with the additional most important advantage that the care and time and money spent in most manufactories in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston in making a flash appearance, irrespective of any inherent utility, are given at Worcester's to the substantial and lasting finish of the instrument.

NOTICES.

THE American Tract Society, No. 150 Nassau street, New-York, is issuing several volumes exceedingly appropriate to the times, as their several titles will indicate: "United States Primer," eighty-four pages, 12mo. "Advice to Freedmen," by Rev. J. W. Brinkerhoff, sixty-four pages, paper cover, closing with fourteen beautiful hymns. Tens of thousands of both these little volumes should be circulated. "I wish I was Poor," a story for little girls. "The Weed with an Ill Name" is a most instructive and suggestive little book for all classes of persons;

it is full of life-lessons, and wisest are they who learn them earliest. "Soldiers and Soldiers' Homes," a vest-pocket book by Mrs. Phelps. We earnestly wish every one of our soldiers could be presented with one. "The Anglo-American Sabbath," by the Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., read before the National Convention, at Saratoga, August 11th, 1863. Where the holy Sabbath is best observed, there are the best, the most law-abiding individuals in all climes; the happiest families, the most prosperous communities, and the greatest and noblest nations of all ages; and they who labor for the better observance of the Sabbath-day, with the greatest intellects, do more for a nation's radical good than the greatest generals.

BUSINESS SUCCESS.—The Messrs. Scott & Baldwin, No. 505 Broadway, New-York, owe their success to the steady observance of a few general business principles, which, if carried out uniformly among mercantile and other buyers and sellers, would insure success in almost every case, and would prevent an amount of human sorrow and destitution which no array of figures could intelligibly express to the human understanding; it would shut the door against falsehood and other human meannesses, which in amount would be utterly incalculable; and, if this article should lead a tithe of our readers to resolve upon the adoption of the business methods about to be stated, we shall consider that we have lived to no small purpose in our day and generation.

Many years ago the gentlemen above referred to began business together, and so have amicably and pleasurably continued to the present hour, never having made even an approach to a "failure," never having had occasion, in any of the commercial crises which have, like a ruthless tornado, swept thousands of our most active and wary merchants into hopeless bankruptcy, been under the necessity of asking even "an extension."

1. They began with the inflexible determination never to purchase what they could not conveniently pay for on the spot.

2. Never to ask or give credit for any article purchased.

3. Never to abate a penny on any article offered for sale.

4. Never to sell an article which was not, in all respects, what they claimed it to be.

5. Never to give short change or of a kind inferior to the note offered.

6. Never to allow a clerk to remain an hour who should exhibit the slightest discourtesy or want of patience to any customer for any cause.

Here are six business rules which are worthy of being committed to memory by every youth in the nation who has an ambition to become a successful business man.

We are sure that any of our readers who have occasion to deal with the gentlemen above named will find it both pleasurable and profitable.

"The People's Journal of Health" is a comely-looking monthly from Chicago, Illinois, at one dollar a year, edited by Drs. Hayes and Blackall. We welcome it as a co-laborer with us in the great cause of instructing the people as to the best method of keeping well. This third number of Vol. I., the first which reaches us, abounds in good things, written wisely and well. We wish every State could have its own Journal of Health, ably conducted; the tendency would be to promote a taste for this kind of reading, with the inevitable effect of largely increasing our own subscription-list. We believe that there is a plenty of room on this "mundane sphere" for every body; for every brother, laboring in a good cause, to flourish and prosper.

We are glad to notice The American Artisan and Patent Record, published weekly, at two dollars a year, by Brown, Coombs & Co., No. 212 Broadway, New-York. Mr. Brown was in the office of our particular pet, the *Scientific American*, for many years, and helped to make that unequalled paper the great success it is. We hope that the *Artisan* will merit and attain the success and high character of the *Scientific* without the least prejudice to the latter; but if Mr. Brown ever gets in sight or hailing distance of Mr. Munn, he will have to keep wide awake, for the "Scientific" has the start, has the inside track, and a bottom which can't be knocked out!

American Tract Society, Boston, No. 28 Cornhill, and No. 13 Bible House, New-York, have issued "New Stories from an

old Book," 216 pages, with illustrations. "Walter Lightfoot's Pictures," 180 pages, by Mrs. H. E. Brown. "The Gospel among the Caffres, or the Story of Rev. Mr. Moffat, and his Labors in South-Africa," 284 pages. "Ancient Egypt, its Antiquities, Religion, and History to the Close of the Old Testament Period," by the Rev. George Trevor, M.A., Canon of York, 400 pages. The first two volumes are specially adapted to secure the attention of children, and to inculcate sound, practical principles; the last two are of very great value as veritable histories, and would be important additions to any library, public or private.

The whole country owes a very great deal to the energy, enterprise, and judgment of the managers of the Boston American Tract Society, and the money spent at its rooms is not only a personal benefit to the purchaser, but places means in the hands of the Society of extending its beneficent operations to all lands.

"The Union Monthly and Journal of Health and Education," a dollar monthly, Philadelphia, Pa., edited by Wm. M. Cornell, M.D., LL.D. Dr. Cornell is a veteran in the science and practice of medicine. The public are familiar with his contributions to the press, which are uniformly sound in principle, safe in practice, and always of a high moral tone. We wish him a great success.

TO FARMERS. — That very excellent agricultural weekly, "The Country Gentleman," begins a new volume with July, \$2.50 a year, Albany, N. Y. It has been conducted with great ability for many years, and any farmer's family can not fail to be benefited many times its subscription price, if it is carefully and habitually read, and its suggestions as to the most certain and profitable modes of managing all that pertains to the farm are attended to. It is a most miserable economy not to take some agricultural publication. Certainly no farmer of intelligence, thrift, and influence would do without one, at five times the present cost.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

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No. 8.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

THE true method of renovating the health and invigorating the constitution is for gentlemen, scholars, clerks, and others of sedentary occupation, to travel on foot through mountainous regions, camp out, fish, hunt, botanize, or with hammer and satchel read the "rocks" of every locality through which they pass. Ladies should eschew the luxurious carriage-trunks of warehouse size, and skirts forty yards in circumference, and in the old-time "riding habit" ride on horseback over the hills and far-away. A week thus spent is worth more than a month's sojourn at the spa or the sea-side, where the daily routine is but a succession of alternate loungings, gluttonies, late suppers, and midnight revelry. The best time is not during the sweltering heats and suffocating dusts of summer, but the cool and bracing autumn. The following description of a friend, of a ramble in the Green Mountains of Vermont is timely. Some with more leisure might spend a few months among the "Japs," or other peoples little known. Let us, then, "in the mind," take a stroll by the side of the "daffodil meadows," by the brink of of the birchen-shadowed and rock-fretted stream, that "bathes the green woods in freshening spray-mist;" over the breezy mountains, redolent with the healthful perfume of the fir, the spruce, and the pine.

If you seek such scenes, gentle reader, go to Northern Vermont—"the Switzerland of America," a region not much trodden by the footsteps of Cockney tourists and pleasure-seekers, but abounding in scenery of such variety as to meet the requisitions of every shade of taste and fancy; streams rushing, in "fury and foam," down the hills, and hurrying away through pleasant vallies, to join "*la belle rivière*," the beautiful Connecticut; lakelets, nameless, because numberless, reposing "serene as the Sabbath, and bright as a holy day," in the shadow of the hills; mountains of every grade and hue, rock-ribbed and forest-crowned, from those of humble name, up to that magnificent range from which the State appropriately receives its appellation.

Near the village of Brookford, in Orange county, is a singular conical eminence; standing, like "The Peak of Teneriffe, alone in solitary

grandeur," called "Wright's Mountain." Allured by the description of the fine view from its summit, I undertook the ascent, in company with a friend, a task attended with some difficulty, owing to the fact that its sides are extremely precipitous, and the total absence of any path, at least, any that we could discover. Encouraged, however, by the extreme enthusiasm of my companion, who, leading the way, forcibly reminded me of the picture of Christian ascending the hill "Difficulty," on which I used to gaze with extreme delight, in an old copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" which I thumbed when a child; his untiring perseverance and exhaustless ingenuity in surmounting obstacles, in the form of enormous overhanging rocks, every moment threatening ruin, like the stone of Tantalus, steep as the sides of a church; his free use of the motto "Excelsior," and assurances oft-repeated, that we were near the summit, that the desired eminence was at length gained; when, unlike most who climb such giddy heights, we were amply repaid for all our toil. On the South, and contiguous to the base of the mountain, flowed the sparkling waters of Wait's River, a monstrous misnomer, by the way, for a more rapid hurrying little spirit of a stream is nowhere to be found beyond the silver line of its waters, a landscape of great beauty and variety, terminated by the "purple rim" of the White Mountains.

On the east, the ever lovely Connecticut, dotted, as to its banks, with picturesque villages that are the exclusive glory of New England, beyond the "Franconia Range," prominent among these, "Moose Hillock," with its scarred sides and wooded back; far beyond, the ever-present glory of the famous Mount Washington; north, another variegated landscape, dotted with farms whose fields from this elevation appeared like the beds of a carefully cultivated garden; with the appropriately named "Blue Mountains" of Ryegate in the back ground; eastward, the "Orange Hills," compelled to assume this humble appellation in presence of their more dignified neighbors, the Green Mountains beyond.

Amid all this limitless variety of hill and valley, mountain and plain, straying streamlets and rolling rivers, my eye rested with peculiar interest upon one spot—a house, a barn, an orchard, a brook—that was *all*! these, but dimly distinguished at the distance of several miles, the home of my childhood, the parent nest from which I had wandered long years ago. That dim streak, is the road that my "baby footsteps" trod to the "village school;" there are the rocks where I climbed, the hills yet radiant with the dreams of youth; from the waters of that crystal brook, on a well-remem-

bered evening, when dark storm-clouds were gathering, and muttering thunderings were heard in the distant west, with an enthusiasm that Christopher North himself might have envied, were the first, most beautiful, and prized of trout lured to their doom by the youngest of old Izaak Walton's disciples!—trivial things, but just such as the flood of years cannot efface, while they bear with them perhaps, much of higher importance. What wonder, if with these scenes mingled other forms, some of whom “remain until this present, but the greater part have fallen asleep.” Nor, in their absence, can the coming years bring such joys as those of the past have borne away! But the *train*! what, of thought?—no, of *cars*! We must hurry down, only looking at “The Sybil's Cave,” a wild, wierd place, amid rocks all tumbled about in admirable disorder, which Blair pronounces one of the elements of the *sublime*; in at one opening, through a dark window passage, up and out at another, suggestive of wolves and bears, who doubtless once revelled in these halls, long since abandoned for more remote retreats.

In the county of Orleans, the hills are not quite so steep or rugged as those of Orange, consequently the scenery is scarcely so striking and picturesque, although quite equal in views of both the great mountain ranges: indeed, through all this region, almost every turn of the road presents a landscape worthy of the pencil of a Turner, or the pen of a Ruskin. This portion of the State abounds in large “granite boulders,” a species of which, the “spotted granite of Craftsbury,” is peculiar to this region, and of great interest to the scientific. In the town of Westborough, on the farm of Mr. Waugh, is to be seen one of these huge boulders, twelve feet in length and nine in height, weighing, according to measurement, eighty tons, resting upon the outer edge of another of much greater dimensions, and so nicely poised that the effort of a single man is sufficient to move it through an arc of several inches, while the combined force of a large party with levers and other appliances of power, was insufficient to move it out of its place.

As I swayed the huge mass to and fro, with a single hand, I could not but wonder how it came there, and wish that, since there are said to be “sermons in stones,” that this one had a tongue to tell its history perfectly, sure that a few words would throw more light upon the mystery of Creation, than all that geologists have ever written. The clerical friend who was with me, curious in the doctrine of chances, was soon immersed in the calculation of the number against this stone being found precisely in this situation! the solution was not reached when we parted. Another, weighing fifty

tons, and in a similar position, stands near by, placed there by the same power; but whether by the throes of the same convulsion, who can tell?

Passing by many objects of beauty and interest, we come to the crowning glory of this region, "Willoughby Lake," a most romantic little tarn, reposing calmly in the embrace of two giant hills which rear their rugged heights two thousand feet upon either side—itself some five or six miles in length, from one to two in breadth—to the hill on the left, they have given the name "Mount Hor," to that upon the right, "Mount Pisgah."

We approached the upper or eastern end of the lake, just as the sun was setting behind Mount Hor, and shedding his last beams upon the summit of Pisgah; it required no great effort of the imagination to transform the distant landscape that was discovered at the foot of the vista formed by the mountains, into "the land that lies beyond the flood;" the dome-like dress of Owl's Hood, distinctly visible at the distance of forty miles, into one of the "everlasting hills;" this flood of light that was poured upon the sky, and bathed these mountain summits, into the "celestial glory" of that city that has no need of the sun, for there is no night there.

A night's rest in the very comfortable "Lake House," and a capital breakfast, of which the chief attraction was those incomparable trout which abound in the lake and the streams of the neighborhood, prepared me for the ascent of Pisgah, and the enjoyment of the scene from its summit.

A walk of some two miles, by no means excessively steep or difficult, conducts to the top of the mountain. If the view yields in magnificence to that which greeted the vision of Moses as his eye swept the glories of the promised inheritance from "the top of Pisgah that is over against Jericho," I can well conceive that his soul would be filled with sadness at the thought that he "could not enter in."

Mount Washington and his fellows, Cornel's Hump, Jay Peak, Nose and Chin, and Owl's Head, with the glassy surface of Memphremagog at his base, all in full view; the country spread out like a map before us far as the eye could reach, dotted with villages and sown with small lakes that flashed like transparent glass in the rays of the morning sun.

A descent of a few hundred feet brings to the extreme verge of a cliff that overhangs the lake, at an elevation of twelve hundred feet, and apparently so directly above, that a single step would measure the horizontal distance. Though not much inclined to

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

enthusiasm, here I must confess myself overcome with mingled emotions of awe and sublimity. The immense height, the tremendous chasm, with the lake at the bottom, the wooded slopes and sides of Mount Hor, rising like a wall of emerald beyond a landscape such as I have attempted to describe, all combine to form one of the most sublime scenes, certainly, to be met with in the limits of our country.

In the evening, accompanied by two or three pleasant companions, we went out upon the lake for the purpose of hearing the famous Echo. When we had rowed between one and two miles, and were near the base of the left-hand mountain, our oarsman blew a loud blast with a shell; rolling in loud reverberations, until we distinctly counted the sixth repetition, it died away in the far distance. We repeated it again and again, with the same grand effect, until the chill air, and the moon rising in beauty and casting her silver radiance upon the transparent water, warned us that it was the hour to return. Those who have heard "Green Mountain echoes," by Dodsworth's Band, may form some idea of this magnificent echo, of which this piece of music is a successful imitation.

There are many other things of which I would speak, did I not fear that this article is already prolonged to a degree which may render it unsuitable for your pages.

I returned from my rambles in Vermont, regretting that I could not have remained where I found so much to delight and attract; and heartily recommend the region, at which we have but glanced, to all who are seeking for health or enjoyment in the more quiet and picturesque scenes of Nature.

A STRANGE PEOPLE.

THERE are many odd countries in the world, whose inhabitants rejoice in many odd customs; but for the oddest of people, and the queerest of manners, commend us to those islands included in the sovereignty of Japan.

Until a very recent date, no Europeans were permitted to trespass beyond the sacred limits of this most exclusive of empires, nor were any Japanese allowed to quit their native shores. Even now, when you land at Nagasaki, your movements are watched by regular sentries, who report every step you take to their superiors; while to prevent the Japanese themselves from roaming to foreign lands, all their vessels are built after a government model, with open

sterns, so that long sea voyages are impossible; and if they exclude us from visiting them, they are in turn equally debarred from visiting us.

They need not be afraid of visitors, from any possibility of being overpowered by numbers; for the thousand and one isles which make up the empire of Japan, contain thirteen thousand densely peopled towns. Jeddo, the capital, seated in the island of Nippon, has a population nearly equal to that of London; and we are told by travellers that the castle in which resides the secular emperor (there are two emperors—one sacred, one secular,) could accomodate forty thousand men. Miako; a city covering twelve square miles, could raise a battalion of fifty-two thousand priests alone; while Osacco, the Birmingham of the empire, could itself send forth an army of eighty thousand.

“You scarcely emerge from one borough,” says Kämpfer, “but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the different names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained, though joined to one another.”

Earthquakes are disastrously frequent in Japan, and are of terribly long duration. One in 1586 lasted, with varying intensity, for forty days. Two hundred thousand perished at Jeddo, during the convulsion of 1703; and a large city was prostrated by that of 1792. It becomes impossible, therefore, for the Japanese architects, to construct lofty piles out of clay and bamboos, and the chimneys of the Manchester factories would be out of place in Nippon. The law restricts the height of a dwelling to six kins, or forty-four feet three inches, and there are few houses which boast of more than one story.

Let us walk into a Japanese house, passing without notice the worthy householder, who sits in a tub of water at the door, performing his ablutions with a refreshing freedom from bashfulness. You notice that the floor is slightly raised above the level of the earth, and thickly covered with mats of rushes and rice-straw, elegantly decorated. These mats are used instead of chairs, and there are no tables, but you will be provided with a little raised tray when you take refreshments. There are no beds—you must sleep upon mats, sit upon mats, smoke upon mats, and fidget upon mats.

Observe that the rooms are separated by folding screens of gilt or colored papers, and lighted by windows of oiled paper, for glass is unknown. You cannot warm yourself at the fire—there is, alas! no fireplace; but in the middle of the room you may crouch down on the brink of the square-tiled hole, from which ascend the fumes

of charcoal. The said charcoal, by-the-by, is always burning, and over it a kettle of hot water is always boiling. The Japanese drink tea as voraciously as English old women; but they use little sugar; don't put many spoonfulls into the pot, and serve it up in porcelain cups.

The bath-room resembles European bath-rooms in its general appointments; but it is more frequently resorted to than in our chilly British Isles. The Japanese men bathe, the woman bathe, the children bathe, in-doors and out of doors, morning, noon, and night. The water movement is universal, and most zealously followed out.

At the top of the house is a large tub of water, as a resource in the not unfrequent event of a conflagration. No London insurance company, we fancy, would insure, at any premium, the inflammable structures of bamboos, screens, oiled papers, mats, and timber yeckled by the Japanese—*houses*. There are wooden tanks in the streets, and rude fire-engines at appointed stations—where the alarm is given by the patrols, who on discovering the first shooting flames, strike forcibly the thick planks, suspended from posts for that purpose.

The Japanese women, according to recent travellers, are models of amiability and good temper, graceful in their manners and attractive in their persons. But they dye their lips a fierce scarlet, their cheeks a violet, and stain their teeth black, with a detestable gangrenous compound—practices scarcely in harmony with the toilet artifices of an English belle. They are fond of dress, of course, or would they be women?

The Japanese gentleman is, generally, a well-looking, intelligent, and active individual. He wears two swords—a large and a small one; while the middle class man is only entitled to one sword; and “the lower orders” carry none. He carries a fan wherever he goes, and whatever he does, and he delights in huge trousers, like a sheet “stitched up between the legs, though open at the sides, in order to allow of the play of the feet while walking.” His shoes, and his horse's shoes are made of plaited straw. Consequently, they wear out with unequalled rapidity, and force upon their wearer a shambling, shuffling gait, like Robinson's in the “Wandering Minstrel.” Tanners and curriers are not in good odor in Japan, for they have to touch the bodies of the dead—a necessity which the Japanese religion, singularly enough, resents.

Rendall, in his “Memorials of the Empire of Japan,” pronounces an opinion on the Japanese character which seems admirably impartial:—“They carry,” he says, “their notions of honor to the verge

of fanaticism, and they are haughty, vindictive and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity; they are open-hearted, hospitable, and as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even the stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop of blood."—*London Journal*.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

THOUSANDS of men in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and other business centres, who commenced operations from a quarter to a half century ago, are still on 'Change. A part of them have done well, are doing well, and could continue to do well longer.

Meanwhile, the young men are asking with impatience, when will these old fellows die off and give us a chance? Young America is quite sure it would be contented with half, or a quarter of what the old men have gathered; and would retire with an excellent grace, and give place and elbow-room to another generation.

To the young men, we would say: not quite so fast; the fathers have showed this long time a will and an energy, that cannot easily be hurried, and you may as well be a little patient, since they will either await a higher summons than yours, or will withdraw from the marts of commerce very much at their own discretion, as you will wish to do by and by, if you should first be as successful as they have been.

For older business men, successful, prospered, rich—which in the parlance of the day, means far more wealth than their own or their childrens' best good requires—the question of retirement is a hard one. Their associations are all mercantile. Their habits are all business habits. Money-making is their life, comfort, health, everything. To take them from the theatre of their successes, might prove too much like drawing the finny tribe from the water, and the feathered races from the air, and dooming each to the element designed for the other. Not a few retiring men have been very happy while building themselves a palace, because thus far they were trading, manufacturing, using every day their natural and acquired skill in bargaining, in daily association with business men; but have been miserable from that day forth. They have found

great pleasure in the laying out and construction of a princely home to die in; but were unreconciled to remaining and dying amid the awful stillness that reigned, when the noise of the saw and hammer had ceased. The singing of birds had less music for their ears, than the rumbling of wheels on cobble-stones; the green earth and blue sky pleased them less than brick and mortar; and, the first you know, they have sold an earthly paradise for half its cost, and are back to their old haunts, as much in the way of their juniors as ever, but some tens of thousands less rich for the operation. Such examples are a damper.

Others again seem to enjoy rural life with a zest known only to those who have been long deprived of it. "God made the country, man the city;" and they feel that God's works are a thousand times the loveliest and best. A quiet old age and a graceful departure are the result of their retirement. Here then are arguments pro and con, the experience of one class balancing that of the other, and leaving the question undecided.

In favor of perseverance in business to the end of life, it may be said: how easy for the elderly man to make money; he has the use of all the ropes, capital, practical skill, knowledge of men, extensive acquaintance, old customers. He can make more in one year now, than he could in three, at his first setting out. But in reply to this, it is unquestionably true that old men sometimes lose by adhering too long to the walks of business. Times change; modes of doing business, to which they were unused in their better days, are introduced; the young men are quicker to learn new things; and the old man finds himself left behind in the race. Here then is another balance. If the elderly business man has advantages, he also labors under disadvantages, as compared with the young.

May it be urged that the successful business man should retire partly in favor of his juniors? Some of them have served him, have contributed, it may be supposed, to his success, and are deserving of his esteem and warm friendship. If he has paid them well, allowing something like a fair division of the profits, it would be difficult to fasten upon him an obligation to yield his place and advantages to them; but it would certainly be the mark of a manly, generous mind, to be influenced by such a consideration—to say, in retiring, that he has enough, and rejoices to leave the young men, who have served him, in a better position than his was, at their stage of life.

But the question of retiring or holding on, will depend very much upon the man himself, what he was in the outset of a business

career, what business has made him, and what he purposes to become.

If he is physically one of those nervous, active, stirring men, who never can be comfortable except when uncomfortably hard at work, never easy except when driving ahead, one who *must* work as long as he lives, and *must* die when he can be active no longer, such as are some of the very best of men, it is better that he should enlarge rather than abandon his business. Such men never can rest; but they generally wear like steel; and the more you give them to do, the better they wear. They are uncomfortable to themselves and every body else, unless they have a little more to do than they can possibly do; and they can, in old age, do that which they have been accustomed to, better than something new.

Again, if you are selfish by nature, and made doubly so by the competitions of trade, close-fisted, rapacious, hoarding, or, what is hardly better, rolling over and rolling up for yourself alone; extending your sympathies hardly beyond the family circle, and not at all beyond the cousin-hood and nephew-dom; recognizing no obligations to men outside of your own little circle; anxious to pay your note, because it is for your interest to pay it, but willing your washer woman should call for her pay a third and a fifth time, since she cannot hurt you; in short, if nature and trade have made you a hunk and a miser, we advise you to stick to your business; not a fig need you care for the young men who want your place; and as for the brotherhood of the human family, it will have to take care of itself, as best can. Go on, accumulate and hold fast, and God will see that your wealth falls into better hands, when you can hold it no longer.

But if, on the other hand, you have cultivated a generous nature, learned to feel for others' woes, to comfort the desponding, to reclaim the erring, to feel towards every one whom you have it in your power to aid as towards a brother, and if you really believe that you can see your property stationary or decreasing, without mourning over it, the hungry fed from it, the naked clothed, the ignorant taught, want and suffering relieved, then we very much suspect that better and happier work awaits you, than this dabbling, all the way down to the grave, after more wealth. Do not think to be happy by inaction. Nothing is more absurd, than to expect that you can pass all at once from a state of extreme activity to one of indolence, and be contented. Every law of mind and body forbids such a hope. Neither can you expect to be contented with any splendor which your wealth might procure, nor with mere

trifling. Gunning, fishing, a walk, a drive, gossip by the way, an innocent game, a snooze after exercise, are all very well in their place. But a man of your high-born, noble sentiments, needs to think that he has done something useful that day, before he can enjoy any one of these, and that these are but his recreations, not the things for which he lives. If you withdraw from business, continue to have about as many cares as before, and of a kind that you can feel are quite as important. Not he who has a thousand cares, but he who has none, is the really wretched man. Make yourself liable to be called upon, to go, now here and now there, on some good errand. Of all things, contrive to get hustled and rubbed a good deal. A man of your habits, cheated by turns all his life, and having saved himself at other turns only by keeping a sharp look out, needs a good deal of shaking up and rubbing to keep him bright and free from rust in old age. Make up your mind to be active and useful, enterprising to do good.

In your former employment it was pleasant to make good bargains, if you could make them and wrong no one. Now you can make better bargains. Near you will be a poor widow, with a long row of children. She is willing to wash, iron, sew, anything to sustain and train up those children in the way they should go. God has promised that the widow and fatherless shall not want. He will not send Gabriel to carry them bread, He will expect you to fulfill his promise. Sometime, when there has been sickness in the widow's cottage, or work enough has not offered, she will fail by a few shillings of bringing the week out, and she will know where to go for the balance—will go to you, or, more probably, to your wife—for you will give her a chance at some of the good bargains—and will relate her efforts and the deficiency, and ask you to loan her six shillings, and you will not *loan* her six shillings, but will *give* her a dollar, and wish she had asked for more. She will value the dollar as much as you would a hundred, and so you have a hundred for one; and more, every one of her four children will be as grateful for that dollar as you would be for a hundred; and now you have five hundred for one; and remember that “He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,” and the Lord will certainly allow good interest and pay up. So then if you retire from the marts of business, you can make better bargains than ever. A smart, enterprising boy will need another quarter's schooling before he goes to a trade, but there is no one to pay the five dollars tuition. You will pay it, and he will love you, and talk about you, as long as you live, and after you are dead; and again you will get at least five

hundred for one. This is getting rich pretty fast, not in money, but in something better, in imperishable memories, in treasures of the soul, riches that will abide and be a part of yourself, when all material wealth will be left behind.

To withdraw from business, to be idle, to trifle, to do no good, with no efforts to be a benefactor, none to grow and expand into a higher and nobler manhood, is a vulgar, low, creeping device—but you may retire, if you will only go with the right spirit.

J. A. N.

CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL AND JOYOUS.

It is true that Christians are in and not of the world, but they are not therefore to become ascetics and remain gloomily isolated from all society, denied to the comforts and pleasures of earth. There is no “must needs” go out of the world” imposed upon the friends of Jesus, but an imperative, “Go ye into all the world,” and by a pure and elevated social and religious intercourse, “preach the gospel to every creature.” Thus, by the manifestation of the truth in our lives, we will commend ourselves and our religion to every man’s conscience.

There are two errors just here. *The first*: that religion requires and produces in its subject an austere and harsh countenance on which no smile ever plays, the compressed lip, contracted brow, unrelaxed muscles and ever present tear-drop; in fine, a “touch-me-not” expression and action towards every person who has not a sad and disfigured face consonant with our own; *the second*: that sorrow, tears, fear, humility and grief, belong only to the unconverted and not at all to the renewed soul. It makes conversion a synonym for assured hope and unalloyed joy and gladness, and requires the foul-mouthed blasphemer of yesterday and convert of to-day to be recognized as a convert, to possess the high-emotioned experience of “assurance of God’s love, peace of conscience and joy in the Holy Ghost, which pertains to the man who has grown hoary in the service of the Redeemer, and through a varied experience of sunshine and shade has attained the high pinnacle, “ready to be offered, and the time of departure at hand” Between these two opposite extremes of melancholy and fanatical joy, there is a medium at which every one should aim, and to the attainment of which true godliness will gradually but surely prompt and guide our effort. I have said,

gradually, "for every soul carries within itself treasures of sorrow," from whose fountains come only anguish and bitterness until a mightier than Moses cast in the tree whose leaves are life-giving, or the healing salt. These instantaneously find their place in the secret sources, and mingling with the waters, affect sensibly the fountain; but it is a work of time to so change that the stream shall be wholly pure. This will still be the characteristic of the renewed heart; its sorrow will not be all sorrow, its joy will not be without tears and mourning. Hear the royal Psalmist: "Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright," *but*, "Rejoice with trembling;" and the royal Preacher: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting;" yet, "pleasant words are as a honey comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." The Saviour combines these thoughts in that wonderful and precious benediction uttered from Mount Gerizim: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

The renovated soul has not lost any of the many fruitful sources of mental and physical suffering, but has an additional one in that *sorrow for sin* which interpenetrates the soul in every emotion and action, giving it all that humble sadness and serious thoughtfulness which, like a veil, overspreads and colors the joys it cannot conceal. But contemporaneous with this, there are new principles and opposite forces imparted, which by attraction and propulsion, elevate the soul and fill it with joy, alleviating every pain and sorrow. Through their transforming power, the sorest chastisements become a precious oil, and all afflictions are counted light, because they "work out an eternal weight of glory." Here social sympathy too comes in, bearing relief and consolation; for sorrow shared is lightened, while joys divided are doubled. There is a giving that does not diminish, a withholding that does not increase; a giving that is more blessed than to receive—the Bible announces the fact, the true Christian life solves the problem and proves it. Christianity then does not forbid society, but demands it, elevates it, purifies it by restricting all that is low and trifling in its character, all that wounds the sensitive spirit and the tender conscience, by furnishing whatever promotes and favors it. Religion is appropriate—is an element of joy and gladness around the "Fireside," at the watering place, in the car and steamboat, as well as in the closet and in the house of God.

J. C. K. M.

WHATEVER you have to do, do promptly, cheerfully, and well.

Summer Recreations.

FOUR young men, knapsacked in the old Continental style, passed along the other day, bound for the White Mountains; they were a hale, jolly-looking set, intending to travel about twenty miles a day, resting from nine A.M. to five P.M.; they lived chiefly on bread and milk, bountifully procured on the road at small cost. This is the true philosophy of summer recreation; and let clerks, clergymen, lawyers, judges, students, and other sedentary persons make a note of it, for it is an example well worth following. Such a "trip," from the middle of August to the first of October, over the hills of New-England, the Catskill Mountains, or the Adirondacks, would be glorious. We had a taste of this ourselves, just twenty years ago this autumn, beginning at Menai Bridge, through Bangor Walls, the famous slate quarries, over to Dublin and Donnybrook Fair, up through Ireland to Belfast, with its linen factories; the Giant's Causeway; over to the Banks of Bonny Doon, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Abbotsford, and the famous castle or church there, which we first saw by the aid of a tin lantern, too impatient to wait until next morning, being paid for our hurry by seeing a drove of sleepy sheep in the inclosure; thence to Berwick-upon-Tweed, which divides Scotland and England; thence by steamer to great London, where we footed it indefinitely, *ad infinitum*, all over. These are perigrinations of some account; and the memory of them is inexpressibly dear. How luscious the draughts of what we saw, and felt, and heard, and such an appetite—such glorious sleep! We were chuck full of life, and frolic, and fun, wanted to run foot-races on the road every day, with our younger and more sedate brother, "Dr. Sam." Poor fellow, a dozen years dead. Dignified people always do die before their time. This way of being as sober as a judge isn't wholesome; it clogs up the wheels of life, and stops them prematurely. We poked at him some of our mother's philosophy, who never did any thing in her life until she had satisfactorily answered the question, "What's the use?" Why, it's fun to run a race, especially if you are blindfolded, and making for a tree on the sea-shore, to get there first. Suppose it is "infra dig," nobody knows us; and if they did, it is none of their business whether we walk, run, or roll over, and with that we turned a double summerset, while he called for a smelling-bottle. Reader, we believe in fun more than physic, hence we "still live," and lively as a cricket too!

CHECKING PERSPIRATION.

If while perspiring, or while something warmer than usual, from exercise or a heated room, there is a sudden exposure in stillness to a still, cold air, or to a raw, damp atmosphere, or to a draft, whether at an open window or door or street-corner, an inevitable result is a violent and instantaneous closing of the pores of the skin, by which waste and impure matters, which were making their way out of the system, are compelled to seek an exit through some other channel, and break through some weaker part, not the natural one, and harm to that part is the result. The idea is presented by saying that the cold has settled in that part. To illustrate:

A lady was about getting into a small boat to cross the Delaware; but wishing first to get an orange at a fruit-stand, she ran up the bank of the river, and on her return to the boat found herself much heated, for it was summer, but there was a little wind on the water, and the clothing soon felt cold to her; the next morning she had a severe cold, which settled on her lungs, and within the year she died of consumption.

A stout, strong man was working in a garden in May; feeling a little tired about noon, he sat down in the shade of the house and fell asleep; he waked up chilly; inflammation of the lungs followed, ending, after two years of great suffering, in consumption. On opening his chest, there was such an extensive decay, that the yellow matter was scooped out by the cupful.

A Boston ship-owner, while on the deck of one of his vessels, thought he would "lend a hand" in some emergency; and pulling off his coat, worked with a will, until he perspired freely, when he sat down to rest a while, enjoying the delicious breeze from the sea. On attempting to rise, he found himself unable, and was so stiff in his joints, that he had to be carried home and put to bed, which he did not leave until the end of two years, when he was barely able to hobble down to the wharf on crutches.

A lady, after being unusually busy all day, found herself heated and tired toward sundown of a summer's day. She concluded she would rest herself by taking a drive to town in an open vehicle. The ride made her uncomfortably cool, but she warmed herself up by an hour's shopping, when she turned homeward; it being late in the evening, she found herself more decidedly chilly than before. At midnight she had *pneumonia*, (inflammation of the lungs,) and in three months had the ordinary symptoms of confirmed consumption.

A lady of great energy of character lost her cook, and had to take her place for four days; the kitchen was warm, and there was a draft of air through it. When the work was done, warm and weary, she went to her chamber, and laid down on the bed to rest herself. This operation was repeated several times a day. On the fifth day she had an attack of lung fever; at the end of six months she was barely able to leave her chamber, only to find herself suffering with all the more prominent symptoms of confirmed consumption; such as quick pulse, night and morning cough, night-sweats, debility, short breath, and falling away.

A young lady rose from her bed on a November night, and leaned her arm on the cold window-sill to listen to a serenade. Next morning she had *pneumonia*, and suffered the horrors of asthma for the remainder of a long life.

Multitudes of women lose health and life every year, in one of two ways; by busying themselves in a warm kitchen until weary, and then throwing themselves on a bed or sofa, without covering, and perhaps in a room without fire; or by removing the outer clothing, and perhaps changing the dress for a more common one, as soon as they enter the house after a walk or a shopping. The rule should be invariable to go at once to a warm room and keep on all the clothing at least for five or ten minutes, until the forehead is perfectly dry. In all weathers, if you have to walk and ride on any occasion, do the riding first.

COOKING MEATS.

EVERY wife and mother owes it to herself, her husband, and her children, as well as to society at large, to prevent waste in every department of the household, whether provisions are cheap or dear, whether the husband is rich or poor; for waste is a crime against humanity, an insult to the bounteous Hand which "giveth us all things, riches to enjoy." On the other hand, a true economy is one of the wisest, and most ennobling of domestic virtues. A hundred careful experiments were made in England in reference to roasting and boiling meats, in order to ascertain the respective losses:

Roasted chickens, lost 15 per ct.	Turkeys, lost.....	20 per ct.
Beef ribs and sirloins, 19 "	Mutton legs and shoulders, 24 "	
Geese, 19 "	Ducks, 27 "	
Boiled mutton legs, .. 10 "		
" beef, 15 "		
" shoulder mutton, 28 "		

Boiling beef saves more than four per cent over roasting. If a leg of mutton is boiled it loses ten per cent; if roasted, twenty-five per cent!

The fatter meat is, the greater the loss; it should be moderately fat, to make it tender; but there is an unprofitable fatness.

Eleven pounds of roast beef rib loses two pounds, and the bones one pound, so that of the eleven pounds bought, only seven pounds come to the table. Hence if roast rib-pieces cost in New-York, in April, 1864, twenty cents a pound at the butcher's stall, it is more than thirty-one cents a pound on the dinner-table.

It is philosophically true that one pound of clear roast beef is more concentrated than one pound of boiled beef, has less water in it, and hence may contain more nourishment; but the more concentrated food is the more unwholesome it is, not only because it requires a greater digestive power to convert it into pure blood, but the sense of sufficiency at meals is induced to a considerable extent by the bulk of what is taken, and if we eat concentrated food until there is bulk enough to remove the feeling of hunger, there is so much nutriment in it that nature can't extract it all in a perfect manner; hence there is not only too much nutriment for the wants of the system, but all of it is imperfectly prepared, and we really get less strength and less pure blood out of it, than if much less had been eaten, or it had been taken in a more bulky, or, if you please, in a more watery condition. This is the reason why dyspeptics and others eat a great deal, but they do not get strong. But if there is too much bulk, there is not enough nutriment, although a great deal is taken into the stomach. Porter and beer, for example, fill up the stomach, and seem to make persons fleshy, but there is but little nutriment and great bulk; but great beer-drinkers are never strong, are puffy.

HEALTH TRACT, NO. 9.

USES OF ICE.

IN health no one ought to drink ice-water, for it has occasioned fatal inflammations of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in summer; to use it at all with any safety the person should take but a single swallow at a time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls.

On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only without injury, but with the most striking advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or bean, and swallowed as freely as practicable, without much chewing or crushing between the teeth, it will often be efficient in checking various kinds of diarrhoea, and has cured violent cases of Asiatic cholera.

A kind of cushion of powdered ice kept to the entire scalp, has allayed violent inflammations of the brain, and arrested fearful convulsions induced by too much blood there.

In croup, water, as cold as ice can make it, applied freely to the throat, neck, and chest, with a sponge or cloth, very often affords an almost miraculous relief, and if this be followed by drinking copiously of the same ice-cold element, the wetted parts wiped dry, and the child be wrapped up well in the bed-clothes, it falls into a delightful and life-giving slumber.

All inflammations, internal or external, are promptly subdued by the application of ice or ice-water, because it is converted into steam and rapidly conveys away the extra heat, and also diminishes the quantity of blood in the vessels of the part.

A piece of ice laid on the wrist will often arrest violent bleeding of the nose.

To drink any ice-cold liquid at meals retards digestion, chills the body, and has been known to induce the most dangerous internal congestions.

Refrigerators, constructed to have the ice above, are as philosophical as they are healthful, for the ice does not come in contact with the water or other contents, yet keeps them all nearly ice cold.

If ice is put in milk or on butter, and these are not used at the time, they lose their freshness and become sour and stale, for the essential nature of both is changed, when once frozen and then thawed.

HEALTH TRACT, No. 6.

Hints for the Travelling Season.

At this season many persons contemplate travelling; to do so with the largest amount of comfort and advantage, physical, social, and mental, the following suggestions are made:

Take one fourth more money than your actual estimated expenses.

Acquaint yourself with the geography of the route and region of travel.

Have a good supply of small change, and have no bill or piece higher than ten dollars, that you may not take counterfeit change.

So arrange as to have but a single article of luggage to look after.

Dress substantially; better to be too hot for two or three hours at noon, than to be too cool for the remainder of the twenty-four.

Arrange, under all circumstances, to be at the place of starting fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, thus allowing for unavoidable or unanticipated detention on the way.

Do not commence a day's travel before breakfast, even if that has to be eaten at daylight. Dinner or supper, or both can be more healthfully dispensed with, than a good warm breakfast.

Put your purse and watch in your vest-pocket, and all under your pillow, and you will not be likely to leave either.

The most if not secure fastening of your chamber-door is a common bolt on the inside; if there is none, lock the door, turn the key so that it can be drawn partly out, and put the wash-basin under it; thus, any attempt to use a jimmy or put in another key, will push it out, and cause a racket among the crockery, which will be pretty certain to rouse the sleeper and rout the robber.

A sixpenny sandwich eaten leisurely in the cars, is better for you than a dollar dinner bolted at a "station."

Take with you a month's supply of patience, and always think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness or insult, or inattention.

Do not suppose yourself specially and designedly neglected, if waiters at hotels do not bring what you call for in double quick time; nothing so distinctly marks the well bred man as a quiet waiting on such occasions; passion proves the puppy.

Do not allow yourself to converse in a tone loud enough to be heard by a person two or three seats from you; it is the mark of a boor if in a man, and of want of refinement and lady-like delicacy, if in a woman. A gentleman is not noisy; ladies are serene.

Comply cheerfully and gracefully with the customs of the conveyances in which you travel, and of the places where you stop.

Respect yourself by exhibiting the manners of a gentleman and a lady, if you wish to be treated as such, and then you will receive the respect of others.

Travel is a great leveller; take the position which others assign you from your conduct rather than from your pretensions.

NOTICES.

THE *Home Journal*, for July second, under the head of "Checking Perspiration," says: "We clip the following from an Edinburgh exchange, and most timely. A suggestion to the wise is enough. The extract merits no small consideration." These are our sentiments precisely, and that is the reason we wrote it two or three years ago for this JOURNAL, in the form of a Health Tract Number 58; we reproduce it in this number, with four others, as specially applicable to the season, and are almost as good as new. This is not the first time our articles have crossed the water twice, and come back to us with a foreign name and paternity. So much the better, as it increases the size of our congregation to two continents instead of one.

The Boston American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New-York, have sent us two beautiful books for "notice," "Progress;" or, the Sequel to *Jerry and his Friends*, by Alice A. Dodge, 346 pp., and "Human Sorrows," by the Countess Agenor De Gasparin, translated from advance sheets, by Mary L. Booth, with a notice of the work, by M. Laboulaye, 279 pp. There are eight chapters on "Oppressions," "Mistakes," "Dejection," "Destruction," "Despair," "Noble Sorrows," and "Death." This is a book for every human creature, for sorrow is the lot of all, and all may find a well-spring of comfort in these pages. One chapter commences thus: "Souls enter life in pairs. On reaching the threshold of this world, they take different roads. Sometimes they find each other; these are privileged souls; oftener they wander at random; each flutter of their pinions separates them; they traverse space fallen and solitary, then disappear; this is the common lot, so say the poets. I know of a more fatal search, that of a man who has elbowed every body, and has never yet encountered himself."

The most execrably printed newspaper that comes to our table is the *State League*, of Syracuse, New-York. We always lay it aside with regret, for the headings of its articles indicate that it is edited with ability and industry. The publisher would, or ought to, make money by getting better paper, and proportionably increasing the subscription price.

MALADIES OF THE MIND.—These are times which try men's souls. The "uncertainty of riches," of property, and all values; the terrible fact that a premature death or painful life-long maimings have entered almost every household in the nation, are well calculated to hang like a pall on the hearts of all. Under these circumstances, we direct the reader's attention to an article written by a friend, entitled, "Christianity Social and Joyous." True religion is the best medicine for a sorrowing heart; behind the seeming gloom of it there is a gladness ineffable, a cloudless sky of glorious sunshine, which scatters doubt, and fear, and despondencies, and so enlivens the soul as to be sufficient of itself in many cases to repel diseases from the body, and invite back physical health; acting upon the same principle is the established fact, that the wounded soldiers of a conquering army recover more rapidly and in larger numbers than do the vanquished. One reflection, one item of "faith," is of itself of priceless value to him who rests on the "sure foundation-stone;" and it is this, "The Judge of all the earth will do right;" He will overrule all things in such a way as to work out the happiest results for the whole human family.

PERSONAL.—A Washington telegram of May 26th, to the Associated Press, in New-York, says: "The Report on Agriculture for the past year, presented to Congress to-day, will contain above forty essays, among which will be another of those sensible essays, by Dr. Hall, of New-York, so admirably designed to enhance the health, comfort and happiness of the rural population, to wit, in the article on 'Farmer's Houses.'"

GRAY HAIRS.—The newspapers say that the hair will return to its natural color, whether light or dark, if it is washed every morning with a mixture of one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part brandy. Wish some of our readers would try it, a month or two, and report progress.

"Glorying in the Goad," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, by Gail Hamilton, advocates the establishment of Agricultural Colleges; and that citizens' sons should patronize them, and go to farming, and thus get back the constitutional vigor which their fathers brought with them when they came from the country to the town; a new and good idea. The lively and popular authoress pays her respectful respects to our article on the Health of Farmers' Families, written for the reports of the Agricultural Department for 1862, of which Congress ordered the publication of over a hundred thousand copies. The "Report" was made up by the Hon. Isaac Newton, and has met with universal commendation.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

Vol. XI.]

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

[No. 9.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Too much honor can not be awarded to Messrs. Brace and Pease for their untiring efforts to elevate the children of the city poor from the conditions of ignorance and general demoralization in which so many of them lie enthralled. We every day hear interesting narratives of the good which is doing by these instrumentalities, of intelligence quickened, virtuous resolutions enforced, industrial aspirations promoted; and we are told that the testimony of the farmers in the country, upon whose wholesome stock these youthful scions are sought to be engrafted, is often extremely encouraging. Messrs. Pease and Brace are indeed sure to be rewarded in the advancing success of their enterprise.

But we are satisfied that there is a still more hopeless class among us than the children of the Five Points, and these are the children

of our rich men. The former have this advantage, that they are born and nurtured under circumstances of so much infamy, as to make any change in their condition almost necessarily a change for the better and not for the worse. They begin at the very lowest step of the social ladder, and although they may in truth never mount, they yet may hardly be said ever to descend any lower than their original perch. No affable pimp is so foolish as to lavish his attentions upon the outcast and penniless; nor does the unctuous blackleg deem it worth while to lubricate by the fatal saliva of *his* courtesies, a morsel which when swallowed must prove so purely sinewy and undigestible. Thus the baseness of our Five Points children is apt to remain [native, not acquired. They have any amount of "original sin" on hand, but their "actual transgressions" pale and die out before the lurid glow which characterizes those of our Fifth Avenue youth.

Where, then, is the benevolent Mr. Pease or Mr. Brace whose heart is touched by the moral raggedness of our rich young men? Where is the bold and wise philanthropist who shall probe this deadly and deepening ulcer, and tell us what soundness remains underneath? The time is ripe, the urgency unprecedented. One can count, as he goes along our lordly thoroughfares, *so many* homes in which the father sits solitary, robbed of the sons who should have been the ornament and prop of his declining years; or in which the sleepless heart of the mother counts the weary hours till morning, waiting in vain her prodigal's return! And one can also count, on the other hand, as he goes along Broadway, *so many* princely houses where hell lies in ambush, and hecatombs of promising youth are nightly offered up to the gigantic Moloch of Play! We are informed, on good authority, that fifteen houses between Bleecker and Barclay streets in Broadway alone, are daily and nightly open for gambling, fitted up, many of them, with extreme luxury, rendered attractive by every artifice which can inflame the senses and captivate an imagination devoted to pleasure, and maintained, some of them, as to the mere necessary expenditures, at an outlay of between twenty and thirty thousand dollars a year. Who support these glittering palaces of death? Where, for instance, do the proprietors of the most luxurious of these hells get the twenty or thirty thousand dollars *per annum*, which enable them to maintain the house they occupy between Prince street and Spring, and set a dinner-table and a supper-table, every day and night, which eclipse every gentleman's table in town, and which, nevertheless, are *free* to every gentleman's son in town? They get them out of the

The Children of the Rich.

pockets of our business men. The industry and enterprise of our commercial classes are incessantly tapped, to fatten these bloated ulcers of vice and crime. For it is not the sons of our farmers and mechanics that are to be found in these haunts; but only the sons of those who have large property, and expect to leave their children enough to maintain them without work. It is the children of our rich men who keep up the army of pimps, and swindlers, and blacklegs that infest the city. Find a young man who has no money, or who having money, has no desire to get rid of it unprofitably, and you find a soil upon which rogues cannot fasten. Who feed our pugilists? Who in the long run pay the expenses of their idleness, and train them for their loathsome office? It is, of course, our rich men. It is those who, having amassed a mint of money, carelessly and culpably drown the active or productive energies of their children in the love of purely passive enjoyment.

The mud of our streets owes half its parentage to the dust of the earth, and half to the rains of heaven: so the vice and crime which disfigure society appear to grow out of the alliance of extreme wealth and extreme poverty. It is chiefly in the very lowest, or in the very highest stages of the social edifice, that we encounter intemperance, licentiousness, gambling, and the various forms of profligacy which still curse our civilization. We have all faith, indeed, that, as Henry C. Carey, and after him, Frederick Bastiat, have splendidly demonstrated, there exists a perpetual tendency in history toward the approximation of our social extremes, by the gradual elevation of both to a new social level; but, in the meantime, how desirable would it be, to have this faith intelligently promoted by our own action! How much, meantime, might our rich men do, by cutting off, as far as in them lies, the sources of the existing demoralization! As the reader passes along Broadway, let him glance at the juvenile faces that, about noon-day, fill the porches and sitting-room windows of the great hotels; and, if he be a father, let him ask himself how he would like to see a son of his own enrolled in that bleached and decrepit regiment. How still they sit, and how patiently they gaze upon the monotonous streets! Are they palsied? No: they smoke, they sneeze, they cough, they discharge, in fact, all the offices of automatic life. By-and-by, they will rise, and saunter towards the bar, perhaps, or they will go to the billiard-room, and chase the weary hours around the table till dinner-time, when night will, doubtless, galvanize them into some more feverish activity. You devoutly pray God to exempt your darling boy from such a fate as he grows up. But God's

pity is infinite towards these poor faded flowers, and your blooming offspring can claim no exceptional regard from Him. By no coaxing or adulation, can we persuade Him to remit eternal laws in our behalf; and if we bring up our children to covet a life of pleasure as a *summum bonum*, or to anticipate a career of inglorious or passive enjoyment, not all the powers of heaven can prevent their falling into the hands of the harpies who live by their destruction. Of course, it is entirely right, that the enterprise of our business-men should be richly rewarded; that industry and fidelity to one's avocations should even be stimulated by the chance of attaining, at last, to abounding wealth. But, at the same time, let us all remember, *that we belong to society before we belong to ourselves*, and that we have no right, therefore, to overlook the paramount claims of society, for a moment, in the education of our children. The grand distinction of human life is, that it is pervaded by the sentiment of society, fellowship, equality; and those, accordingly, in all ages, who have most amply illustrated it, have been marked by the most cordial subjection to this sentiment. We would have fathers remember, that their children *are primarily the children of society*, and only secondarily theirs. And we repeat, that they have no right to overlook the paramount claims of society, in the education of their children. No man, even supposing him to have the wealth of Mr. Astor, has a right to bring up his children to a career of idleness. No man not a savage, has a right to educate his children with a view simply to the passive enjoyment of life. This is wholly to mistake the end and meaning of life. Life was never meant to be a mere pleasure, save to the brute. To higher natures, it has always been, and always will be, a school, a discipline, a journey, a march, a battle, a victory. The law is absolute and wholesome, growing out of the very divinity of man's source. No amount of fortune, accordingly, can exempt a man from its operation. It leaves no one where it finds him. If it does not elevate him above the lambent stars, it makes him grovel in the dust of the earth. The alternative is infallible; and, therefore, we say to our thoughtless rich men, that they had better, on every account, study the methods of a wise depletion, and educate their children to industry, economy, usefulness. It were greatly better for society, because society would then have immense benefits unsparingly rendered it; and it were greatly better also for their sons, because then these latter would stand some chance of turning out the men their fathers were before them, and would no longer be tempted to curse the parentage, whose fond and wicked

Living Beyond One's Means.

pride furnished them the means only of a boundless and inevitable profligacy.

LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS.

BY H. C. BOWEN.

WE have once or twice, recently, alluded to a practice prevalent among business-men, *of living beyond their means*, and thus bringing upon themselves a failure, which was no fault of their mode of business, but only of their manner of living. It is not safe to look only at a man's store, to know his standing in business; you must look also at his house. His splendid profits may entirely merge themselves in his splendid dwelling; so that, if he should suddenly fail, his assets would be found to consist chiefly of carpets, mirrors, frescoes, pictures, marbles, furniture, and a variety of similar articles, all belonging to the inside of a "brown-stone front." Now, if what is poured into the top of a pitcher runs out through a hole in the bottom, it will take continual pouring to keep it full; a sudden stoppage will leave it empty and dry. We need hardly say, that it takes a large business to support a fine house; and when the fine house taxes the business to its utmost, a small reverse, which otherwise a man would hardly have felt, may now occasion his ruin. The foundation of a man's fortune is laid on two corner stones—one in his store, the other in his house. If he builds too heavily on either of these, he will have the whole roof down upon him. Many a man who has been known as the "architect of his own fortune," has built unwisely upon one or other of these foundations, and has, at last, been surprised with a worse fall than the tumbling of the State Arsenal!

It is true, the line of difference between living within one's means, and living beyond them, may sometimes be difficult to draw, so as to give the greatest proper limit to free expenditure. For instance, a man may be able to keep a horse and buggy, and live within his means, who, if he were to keep two horses and a carriage, would be living beyond them. A man may keep a fine house in the city, and be well able to afford it, who, as soon as he builds another in the country, is going farther than his money will follow. A man may give an ice-cream party, and not feel it, who, when he gives a fancy-dress ball, will suffer for it a month afterwards. A man may pick his teeth on the steps of the St. Nicholas, and be living frugally within his means, who, if he were once to pay for

his dinner at that hotel, would not have a cent left for his supper ! When a man is conscious that he is straining a point for a splendid house, or a fast horse, or a grand soiree, or an extravagant table, he may be sure, that *he* is the man who is "living beyond his means !"

The temptations to such extravagance, in such a city as this, are very great. In this respect, the improved architectural taste exhibited in our modern dwelling-houses, has exerted a favorable and also an unfavorable influence on the community—favorable, so far as the progress of art and the culture of the people are concerned; but unfavorable, in having incited a desire for ambitious display, in which men seek to indulge themselves beyond their means. What would have been called an elegant residence, twenty years ago, is now regarded as a mere common three-story house. Compare old, aristocratic Bleecker Street, with new, aristocratic Fifth Avenue ! The best houses in Bleecker Street—which were the finest that our fathers or elder brothers ever thought of building—are now mere respectable brick fronts—nothing more ! But the least pretentious houses in Fifth Avenue are solid brown stone, or solid white marble—nothing less ! This change is, on the whole, an improvement, in the increased beauty of the city ; yet it cannot be denied, that the rage for luxurious and ostentatious living, incited and fostered by the introduction of this new element into our private architecture, has never before been so great as now ! In fact, nine out of every ten opinions given in accounting for the late commercial crisis, alleged this general extravagance as the cause of the revulsion. When one-third of the merchants of a great city hang one-third of their fortunes upon the lace-mantles of their wives, merely to make a glitter by gas-light at a grand soiree, it is not at all surprising, that the ghost of a mercantile crisis should be seen stalking behind the guests after they leave, in the dead hours of the night ! The expense of a well-dressed wife or daughter, in the simple article of jewelry, for a single evening, is oftentimes as much as would originally have bought the entire island of Manhattan, before the time of Peter Stuyvesant ! When the "little bills" for these trifles are sent in, and paid, the Crisis may be imagined as bringing up the rear, like Banquo's Ghost !

We write a true epitaph, when we say that many a man's failure has resulted, not from losses in his business, but from losses to which he is blind, because they are hidden in parlor carpets, enameled furniture, and gilded cornices, or in pearl necklaces, topaz brooches, and diamond rings !

Living Beyond One's Means.

We may allude, also, not only to the practice of *living* beyond one's means, but of *doing business* beyond one's means. When, for instance, a new firm, with four or five partners, starting with a capital not exceeding fifty thousand dollars, conduct their business in such a way, that their entire expenses, for the first year, will not be less than thirty thousand, we say that they are doing business beyond their means. If, during the first year, they have large profits to increase their capital, they may come out unharmed. But suppose instead of profits they have losses? Add ten thousand dollars of loss to thirty thousand of expenses, and deducting this from fifty thousand of original investment, what capital remains as the foundation for next year's business? The mere expense of carrying on the *machinery of business*, is the secret of many a man's failure! An ocean steamer cannot be sent across the Atlantic without the continual dropping of oil in her engines; but if the engineer, in lubricating the valves and pistons, instead of using raw linseed, were to lavish upon rod and cylinder the costly ottar of roses, which is said to be worth more than its weight in gold, he might find at the end of his voyage that his oil had cost more than coal and cargo! Now, when a merchant undertakes to oil the wheels of his business with the ottar of roses, he may suddenly find himself at the end of his voyage, before he is over the sea!

We do not mean to say that a man whose fortune is large, should not live freely; or that a man, whose business is large, should not conduct it in splendid and even princely style. Every man should be generous and free-handed to the extent of his means. Otherwise, what possible good can come from a great fortune! For, if a man gains wealth, and uses it only selfishly; if he clothes himself with it as with an golden armor, so that no man's hand may reach to his heart for help; if he heaps up his possessions around him, merely as a wall behind which he is to sit a solitary miser, counting his hoards; he might better never have laid one penny upon the top of another, and have gone through the world a beggar! We advise no meanness of purse, while the purse is full; but we condemn the pretence of fullness, when it is empty! We equally condemn the unthrifty recklessness and extravagance by which men are every day reducing themselves unconsciously from wealth to poverty, and too often, as a natural consequence, from integrity to dishonesty. If, when a man ruins his business, he injured only himself, he would have a perfect right to do it, just as he would have a right to cut off his own fingers, if he pleased! But one man's failure is too often the cutting off of other men's hands! When

a great house falls, a hundred others tremble. When a large banking institution in England failed a few years ago, a thousand poor laboring men, widows, and infirm persons, who had invested in it their little all, were ruined! No man has a right to indulge in any extravagance which will injure his success in business, so long as such an injury to himself will be an injury to any one else.

If it be true, that "economy leads to wealth," it must be equally true that extravagance leads to poverty; and almost the greatest extravagance, to which business men are now tempted, is that of ostentatious display. Dr. Franklin said, that "the road to wealth is as plain as the road to market." If Poor Richard were to come again to point it out, he would likely advise that it be not carpeted with Brussels, except at its extreme farther end!

A PERSONAL APPEAL

To able writers and eminent publishers to supply families with a monthly reading differing from that of any other monthly publication known at this time———a periodical not claiming to be religious, yet to be ALWAYS on the side of sound morals and an evangelical Christianity. Fictitious reading to be almost entirely, if not altogether excluded.

There is one chief reason why such a Monthly should be published, and should be patronized by all good men and true:

The weekly and monthly publications which have by far the widest circulation in the country, and which are not professedly religious, largely abound in fictitious reading, and are written for, to a too great extent, by men whose principles are levelling and infidel—an infidelity not far from a practical atheism. Some of these are men of mind, of genius, of science, and of a high culture, are splendid writers, and too often use their power and opportunity in darting into the mind of their readers arrows barbed with a rankling poison, which, when once carried home to the heart of the young, at an opportune moment, remains there ever after, to fester, and worry, and unsettle, if not to destroy all religious belief. It is simply hoped that some families of the many who cannot afford two Monthlies, but will take one, may decide to take this in preference, as being at least safe, even if it does not give as much reading matter. Parents will not fail to observe that the generality of the Weeklies and Monthlies, not claiming to be religious, contain so much reading, and that very largely fictitious or utterly frivolous, that it requires nearly all the "spare time," so called, to read them; and more, time is too often spent upon them which ought not to be spared from the necessary duties and avocations of life. It is truly believed, therefore, that those parents who would not for a world that a child of theirs should grow up to be an "infidel," will consult the present and future welfare of themselves and their offspring, by taking such a MONTHLY, in preference to such publications as those above referred to.

FACTS ABOUT EATING.

If too much food is taken, the stomach can not convert it into a perfect blood material, hence no perfect blood is made, and that being mixed with the other blood in the body makes the whole mass of blood impure ; hence, after an over-hearty meal a person "feels bad all over." If the over-eating is habitual, there is always some uncomfortable symptom complained of. Such persons are never well, and although they may eat heartily, they do not get strong nor fill up in flesh ; it is because the stomach has been over-taxed and has not the power to extract the nourishment from the food.

When persons do not get strong, although they eat a great deal, they will get stronger by eating one half less ; as a sickly servant in attempting to do a large amount of work, does none of it well, whereas, if the task were a light one, the whole of it would have been thoroughly done.

When any uncomfortable feeling is experienced after eating, it is because some article does not "agree with the stomach," that is, can not be digested by it. This always arises from quality or quantity, generally the latter. In such cases take less and less until no discomfort is produced ; if no special change is observed, it is because the quality is unsuited to the condition of the stomach, or the general system does not require it.

An article may not agree with the stomach to-day, but may agree with it very well in a few days, weeks, or months afterward, because its distinctive elements may then be needed in the system. Most persons instinctively turn away from roast pork in midsummer—it would make them sick—but in winter time, when the thermometer is near zero, large quantities are eaten with a relish, and no specific discomfort follows. As a general rule, instinct is the best guide, and that which is most relished is the thing which should be eaten ; but if some discomfort invariably follows, it should be omitted, at least, until a change of air, season, or occupation.

It is a physical and moral wrong to take a single mouthful, when really it is not wanted ; the motive being merely to "eat even," to eat it out of the way, or feeling that if it is not eaten it will be thrown away by the cook. If thus thrown away, some worm, or insect, or animal may get it ; if eaten by yourself, it only oppresses the system that much.

The finer food is divided or cut up before swallowed, the sooner, the easier and more perfectly is it digested, for like ice, it is dissolved from without, inwards, and the smaller the pieces the sooner are they melted.

"Bread and butter" and milk are the only two articles of food which have all the elements of nutrition ; hence from childhood to extreme old age we are never tired of them.

PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.

THE young eat for three reasons: 1st. To grow; 2d. To keep warm; 3d. To repair waste. Adults eat for the last two purposes; hence all food contains one of two elements, and some kinds both, called nitrogen and carbon. The nitrogen makes flesh, sometimes called muscle, and is the same as lean meat. Carbon makes the fat, and is that which keeps us warm. Sugar, starch, arrowroot, oil, butter, suet, and lard have no nitrogen; there is nothing in them to make flesh out of; all the nutriment they afford is carbon, the material for warmth. Infants and young children would soon die, would get so chilly as to freeze, as it were, unless they had something sweet in their food; hence nature has implanted in them an unappeasable taste for sweet things. The thing the new-born infant needs first and always is warmth. Butter, oils, and starches abound also in the heat-producing elements, but they require strong powers of digestion, are applicable to grown-up persons and to the old; hence as we grow old we like fat meats, oils and butter more.

It is in obedience to these laws that Almighty beneficence and wisdom has imparted a relish for oils and fat meats in winter, because extra heat is needed. Greenlanders, whose country is always covered with ice and snow, consider butter and lard and tallow candles and the rankest oils the greatest luxuries conceivable. But rice, on which many of the inhabitants of warm countries chiefly live, is said to contain scarce one per cent of the fat or heat-producing element, while oils have ninety-six per cent of it.

All know how buckwheat cakes are relished in winter; but as spring comes on, we begin to lose our appetite for them. The cakes themselves contain fifty-four per cent of the fat or heat-producing element, and they are made more palatable by spreading butter on them, and adding to this molasses, each being almost entirely (ninety-six per cent,) heat-producing.

But out-door workers eat meat and bread the year round, and never weary of it, because twenty-two per cent of them are flesh-forming, give that much power and strength to work.

POTATOES.

SOME soils produce several hundred bushels of the white commonly called the Irish potato, and there is such a general taste for them that they are likely to continue to be a very common article of diet, although not as valuable or any more healthful than many other qualities of food. Three fourths of the potato is water, so that of one hundred pounds only twenty-five pounds are nutriment; the rest is waste. Almost the entire nutriment is contained within a quarter of an inch of the surface, immediately under the skin; hence by peeling, the very best part of it, and nearly all that is valuable, is wasted. Only the outer skin should be removed, that which is disposed to peel off after boiling.

It is said that potatoes grown in France are entirely free from disease by having been planted in June instead of April, so as to escape the alternations of heat and cold by the changeable weather of spring.

The tendency of potatoes to sprout in the early spring is reported to be prevented in Scotland, and by so doing, their full edible qualities are preserved, and "mealy" potatoes can be had all summer from the previous year's growth. The experiment costs but little, and is worthy of being tested by every one who doubts its efficacy. Obtain from a druggist one ounce of liquor of Ammonia, (hartshorn) to a pint of water; let the potatoes be immersed in this mixture four or five days; dry them. Their substance is thus consolidated, and much of their moisture extracted without the slightest injury for all table qualities, but their vegetative power is forever destroyed. If spread out after immersion, so as to be well dried, they will keep good for ten months.

Baked potatoes are easily digested, requiring only two hours and a half, but one hour longer if boiled. If baked in the ashes and eaten with butter and salt, they are sweeter and more healthful than by any other mode of preparation. The sprouts of potatoes uncovered with earth contain solanum, a powerful poison, the potato becoming green, and are then unfit for even animals. To have mealy potatoes for the table, boil them until the fork easily penetrates; pour off all the water; cover the vessel with a cloth near the fire, until "steamed" dry.

VALUE OF FOOD.

WITHOUT strength or warmth we die; food imparts these, and is proportionably valuable; hence it is "nutritious," that is, nourishes, sustains, supports life. The elements of food which do this are called carbon, yielding warmth, and nitrogen, yielding strength or flesh. Butter, fat, and oil are almost wholly carbon—contain no nitrogen—can not make flesh or give strength; on the other hand apricots, cherries, and peaches contain no carbon. A man who fed on them exclusively would freeze to death, would die for want of the warming part of nutriment. Meats give both warmth and strength, and so do most articles of food, but in varying proportions.

For those who work, that food is cheapest which, dollar's worth for dollar's worth, affords the most strength, the most power to labor. The investigations and experiments of Baron Liebig and others seem to show that one bushel of oats at sixty-eight cents a bushel, yields five pounds of the muscle, flesh, or strength element, costing thirteen cents per pound, while the same amount of "muscle," in the now common acceptation of the term, derived from roast beef, at twenty-five cents per pound at the butcher's stall, would cost two dollars and six cents! The Irish masses do not eat meat once a week, yet they work hard, live healthily, and when temperate, live long. The Scotch glory in oatmeal, and are a hardy race. One third of the human family live chiefly on rice.

It would be as healthful as economical for the industrious poor of our land to live chiefly on cereals, as wheat, corn, oats, rye, and barley, and when they can afford it, have fruits and berries, raw, ripe, and perfect in their natural state, as desserts.

Articles.	Cost.	Muscle Element yielded.	"Muscle" cost per pound.
Oats,.....	\$0 68 per bushel,	5 pounds,	13 cents.
Peas, dried,.....	2 00 "	14 "	14 "
Beans, "	2 50 "	16 "	15 "
Corn,.....	1 10 "	6 "	17 "
Barley,.....	1 50 "	8 "	18 "
Turnips,.....	50 "	1 "	41 "
Flour, unbolted,.....	11 00 per barrel,	25 "	44 "
Flour, fine,.....	12 00 "	22 "	54 "
Potatoes,.....	1 50 per bushel,	2 "	94 "
Meats, 8½ pounds,.....	25 per pound,	1 "	2 06 "

FETID FEET.

SOME persons can be "smelled" a mile off, more or less; it is a misfortune, and a source of very great mortification to the refined and sensitive. It may be "born" with some; with others, if not all, it is the result of a diseased condition of the system, or of a neglect of personal cleanliness. There is a peculiar odor emanating from the feet which is, perhaps, always the result of uncleanness. If daily washings do not remove these odors, a very efficient wash is found in red oxide of lead, one part, to twenty-nine parts of the liquor of the sub-acetate of lead; the first to be bruised in a porcelain mortar, gradually adding the latter; apply a few drops once a week, oftener in summer.

A specific odor escapes every one, and is peculiar to the individual; the dog knows it, and by it follows his master through any crowd of human beings, and never makes a mistake. A man's organ of smell is not thus acutely developed; still there are persons whose peculiar penetrating odor is readily recognized. This does not come from the "sweat" of the person, as no such odor issues from the hands, but from the arm-pits and other parts kept covered by the clothing, so that the air can not penetrate; nor is the application of soap and water too frequently allowed. When the "sweat" remains in contact with the skin, it undergoes a chemical change, and it is this which disengages the peculiarly disagreeable odor, as to the feet particularly; thus this chemical formation is a kind of fetid fat, which is absorbed into the pores of the leather, and there it is detained with fresh additions daily, for weeks and months, with increasing rancidity, as the smell of any old boot or shoe will demonstrate. Some persons wear stockings without change from the time they are first put on until they are worn full of holes. Very many do not wash their feet oftener than once a month; only a few as often as once a week. The feet ought to be washed every night before going to bed, and no stocking, boot, or shoe should be put on a second time, until it has had a whole day's sunning, at least by those who have an ambition to be and feel as sweet and clean as a dew-drop on the rose of summer, or put two tablespoons of the compound spirits of ammonia (harts-horn) in a basin of water, and wash the face, hands, arms, armpits, and feet with it. The skin is left fresh, clean, and sweet; it is perfectly harmless, and costs but little.

H U N G E R.

THE feeling of discomfort which arises from hunger is referred by the mind to the stomach, although it is only the sensation produced by the wants of the whole body, which make themselves felt there; every part of the system needs nutriment, but if each individual part suffered with equal intensity, the whole nervous system would be so deranged as either to cause convulsions or such a general disturbance of the machinery of life, that it would not work at all. If the feeling of hunger is allowed to last too long as to the stomach, it loses the power of action and the man dies. It is thus with cough; the cause of cough is in the lungs; there is something there which nature wants away, and which is a hurtful intruder; but the sensation which induces cough is referred to the throat, and trying to repress cough, either by the force of the will or anodyne medicines, is as unphilosophical as useless, as fatal in the end as trying to repress hunger, without removing the cause of it, that is, without supplying the needed nutriment.

When a person is really hungry, the system has sent certain materials to the stomach from which the liquid is manufactured which is necessary to the digestion of the food, and as soon as the food is swallowed, this liquid begins to act upon it, and the sense of hunger gradually subsides. But when the system has not used up all the nourishment which the previous meal had supplied, there is no sensation of hunger, there is no call for food, there is no appetite, which means a "seeking for," there is no need for eating, for nature never tells a lie; no liquid has been prepared which induces the sensation of hunger, hence nothing to digest the food if conveyed into the stomach, and if food is eaten under such circumstances, there being nothing in the stomach to take hold of it and convert it into nutriment, it remains for hours causing discomfort, heaviness, and even convulsions. At length it begins to decompose, to "rot;" wind is generated, and the most noisome eructations and other gaseous discharges are made. Sedentary persons do not "get over" these wicked impositions on nature for days and weeks sometimes. This is the philosophy of the folly, the brutality, the criminal waste, and the sin of "eating without an appetite."

DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

THE following table of the digestibility of the most common articles of food prepared from standard authorities, is approximately correct and is of very general practical interest :

<i>Quality.</i>	<i>Preparation.</i>	<i>Time of Digestion.</i>	<i>Quality.</i>	<i>Preparation.</i>	<i>Time of Digestion.</i>
		H. M.			H. M.
Rice,	Boiled,	1 00	Mutton, fresh,	Boiled,	3 00
Pigs' feet, soured,	"	1 00	Soup,	Boiled,	3 00
Tripe, soured,	"	1 00	Chicken soup,	"	3 00
Eggs, whipped,	Raw,	1 30	Aponeurosis,	"	3 00
Trout, salmon, fresh,	Boiled,	1 30	Dumpling, apple,	"	3 00
Trout, salmon, fresh,	Fried,	1 30	Cake, corn,	Baked,	3 00
Soup, barley,	Boiled,	1 30	Oysters, fresh,	Roasted,	3 15
Apples, sweet, mellow,	Raw,	1 30	Porksteak,	Broiled,	3 15
Venison steak,	Boiled,	1 35	Mutton, fresh,	Roasted,	3 15
Brains, animal,	Boiled,	1 45	Bread, corn,	Baked,	3 15
Sago,	"	1 45	Carrot, orange,	Boiled,	3 15
Tapioca,	"	2 00	Sausage, fresh,	Broiled,	3 30
Barley,	"	2 00	Flounder, fresh,	Fried,	3 30
Milk,	"	2 00	Catfish, fresh,	"	3 30
Liver, beef's, fresh,	Boiled,	2 00	Oysters, fresh,	Stewed,	3 30
Eggs, fresh,	Raw,	2 00	Butter,	Melted,	3 30
Codfish, cured dry,	Boiled,	2 00	Cheese, old, strong,	Raw,	3 30
Apples, sour, mellow,	Raw,	2 00	Soup, mutton,	Boiled,	3 30
Cabbage, with vinegar,	"	2 00	Oyster soup,	"	3 03
Milk,	"	2 15	Bread, wheat, fresh,	Baked,	3 30
Eggs, fresh,	Roasted,	2 15	Turnips, flat,	Boiled,	3 30
Turkey, wild,	"	2 18	Potatoes, Irish,	"	3 30
Turkey, domestic,	Boiled,	2 25	Eggs, fresh,	Hard boiled,	3 30
Gelatine,	"	2 30	Green corn and beans,	Boiled,	3 45
Turkey, domestic,	Roasted,	2 30	Beets,	"	3 45
Goose, wild,	"	2 30	Salmon, salted,	"	4 00
Pig, sucking,	"	2 30	Beef,	Fried,	4 00
Lamb, fresh,	Boiled,	2 30	Veal, fresh, ..	Boiled,	4 00
Hash, meat, and vegetables, ..	Warmed,	2 30	Fowls, domestic,	Roasted,	4 00
Beans, pod,	Boiled,	2 30	Soup, beef, vegetables, and		
Cake, sponge,	Baked,	2 30	bread,	Boiled,	4 00
Parsnips,	Boiled,	2 30	Heart, animal,	Fried,	4 00
Potatoes, Irish,	Roasted,	2 30	Beef, old, hard, salted,	Boiled,	4 15
Cabbage, head,	Raw,	2 30	Soup, marrow-bones,	"	4 15
Spinal marrow, animal,	Boiled,	2 40	Cartilage,	"	4 15
Chicken, full grown,	Fricasseeed,	2 45	Pork, recently salted,	"	4 30
Custard,	Baked,	2 45	Veal, fresh,	Fried,	4 30
Beef, with salt only,	Boiled,	2 45	Ducks, wild,	Roasted,	4 30
Apples, sour, hard,	Raw,	2 50	Suet, mutton,	Boiled,	4 30
Oysters, fresh,	"	2 55	Cabbage,	"	4 30
Eggs, fresh,	Soft boiled,	3 00	Pork, fat and lean,	Roasted,	5 15
Bass, striped, fresh,	Boiled,	3 00	Tendon,	Boiled,	5 30
Beef, fresh, lean, rare,	Roasted,	3 00	Suet, beef, fresh,	"	5 30
Pork, recently salted,	Stewed,	3 00			

NUTRITIOUSNESS OF FOOD.

THE following table from authentic sources shows the ascertained per centage of nutriment in the common articles of table consumption. Boiled rice being the easiest of digestion, because the quickest, is marked ten; boiled cabbage is two; roast pork, boiled tendon, and beef suet requiring five and a half hours to be digested, would be one, or the lowest grade of digestibility. One important practical bearing of the table is that the most nutritious food should be eaten, as boiled rice, when the bowels are loose; but when constipated, that which has most waste should be eaten, as boiled turnips, because the more waste the greater is the accumulation of this waste in the lower bowel, which acts in proportion as it is distended by such accumulation.

Kind of Food.	Preparation.	Per Cent of Nutriment.	Time of Digestion. H. M.	Ease of Digestion.	REMARKS.
Almonds,.....	Raw,	66	..	.	Sweet and mellow.
Apples,.....	"	10	1.30	5	
Apricots,.....	"	26	..	.	
Barley,.....	Boiled,	92	2.00	5	Fresh, lean, rare, broiled, digests in three hours.
Beans, dry,.....	"	87	2.30	4	
Beef,.....	Roast,	26	3.30	3	
Blood,.....		22	..	.	
Bread,.....	Baked,	80	3.30	3	
Cabbage,.....	Boiled,	7	4.30	2	
Carrots,.....	"	10	3.15	3	
Cherries,....	Raw,	25	2.00	5	
Chickens,.....	Fricassee,	27	2.45	4	
Codfish,.....	Boiled,	21	2.00	5	
Cucumbers,.....	Raw,	2	..	.	
Eggs,.....	Whipped,	13	1.30	7	
Flour, bolted,....	In bread,	21	..	.	
Flour, unbolted,....	"	35	..	.	
Gooseberries,.....	Raw,	19	2.00	6	
Grapes,.....	"	27	2.30	6	
Haddock,.....	Boiled,	19	2.30	4	
Melons,....	Raw,	3	2.00	5	
Milk,.....	"	7	2.15	5	
Mutton,.....	Roast,	30	3.15	3	
Oatmeal,.....	Baked,	74	3.30	3	
Oils,.....	Raw,	96	3.30	3	
Peas, dry,.....	Boiled,	93	2.30	4	
Peaches,.....	Raw,	20	2.00	4	
Pears,.....	"	10	3.30	6	
Plums,.....	"	29	2.30	4	
Pork,.....	Roast,	21	5.15	2	
Potatoes,.....	Boiled,	13	2.30	4	
Rice,.....	"	88	1.00	10	
Rye flour,.....	Baked,	79	3.30	3	
Sole,.....	Fried,	21	3.00	4	
Soup, barley,.....	Boiled,	20	1.30	7	
Strawberries,.....	Raw,	12	2.00	6	
Turnips,.....	Boiled,	4	3.30	3	
Veal,.....	Fried,	25	4.30	2	
Venison,.....	Broiled,	22	1.30	7	
Wheat bread,.....	Baked,	95	3.30	3	Unbolted flour.

NOTICES.

ON the first of March last the subscription price to the JOURNAL was raised to one dollar and a half a year; those who have sent their names since with but one dollar, are requested to send fifty cents in addition if they desire to have the JOURNAL sent to them the remainder of the year.

TO PHYSICIANS.—Braithwaite's Retrospect is published twice a year, giving a full and succinct account of all that is new in medicine and surgery throughout the world for the preceding six months. \$2.50 a year in advance, or \$1.50 each. Wm. A. Townsend, 55 Walker street, New-York. Part 49, for July, 1864, 300 pages 8vo, contains 124 articles, with a full and judicious synopsis and an extended alphabetical index of every subject treated. If any physician or surgeon takes but one medical publication, he should take the Retrospect, for it contains in a concentrated form an amount of medical information equal to any other half-dozen publications.

Harper's Weekly, \$3 a year, and the Monthly at the same price, both for five dollars, maintain their popularity among all classes of readers.

The Atlantic Monthly, \$3 a year, Boston, has just entered a new volume. It has a corps of writers embracing the finest talent in the land, hence its increasing popularity. But we are constrained to say we do not consider it a true friend to the Christian religion; it seems to be, but every now and then its best contributors give it a malignant stab—Holmes, Hawthorne, Emerson, and some others. We wish it were otherwise, for with that exception it is by far the most ably conducted literary monthly either in Great Britain or America.

The following beautiful volumes are among the issues of the American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New-York: Trevor's Ancient Egypt, Walter Lightfoot's Pictures, New Stories from an Old Book, Progress, or the Sequel to Jerry and his Friend, by Alice A. Dodge, The Gospel among the Caffirs, or the Story of Rev. Mr. Moffatt and his labors in South-Africa, a most interesting history, and as instructive as Trevor's Ancient Egypt. Then there is a beautiful 24mo, Stories for Little Ones, second series, containing over twenty narrations for young children. "Our Birds," by Mrs. Fanny J. Burge Smith, contains beautiful engravings of a dozen of the sweetest birds of the world, the jay, martin, woodpecker, oriole, bobolink, sparrow, mocking, humming, and cat-birds. Missions and Martyrs in Madagascar—no man can feel as he ought, until he reads this book, the inexpressible happiness of being permitted in peace and quietness to live in a land of religious liberty. "Christian Home Life," a book of examples and principles, 13 chapters on Bible and Home Life, Piety at Home, Home Happiness, Teaching and Training, Formation of Character, Personal Habits, Social Habits, Child Piety, Family Worship, Sabbath at Home, Social Intercourse, Breaking Up of Home, The Eternal Home. These headings show the richness of the book. What thousands will want to read the "Autographs of Mrs. Sherwood," 441 pp. 12mo, with extracts from Mr. Sherwood's journal during his imprisonment in France and residence in India, abridged from the London edition.

GOING HOME.—Only eleven Revolutionary pensioners "still live." The twelfth was Rev. Daniel Waldo, just died, August, 1864, having lived nearly a hundred and two years. Within a year he has preached several times twice on the Sabbath; his disease was a throat affection.

NOTICES.

The Family Treasure, monthly, \$2, Pittsburgh, Pa., by David McKinney, D.D., and I. N. McKinney, is well worthy the patronage of all moral and religious families, and such as aim at a high moral culture. It is for the family, and is edited with sound judgment and a wise discrimination. Let every religious family try it a year. It is devoted to "Christian doctrine, science, history, biography, and evangelical literature." May it fill the want of page 178.

ECONOMICAL eating bids fair to be the rage now. We have a tract on that subject in the present number. The white bean item is worthy of special note; we have spoken in its praise. We generally aim to under-state; but in the effort in this case we did not do the beans equal and impartial justice. We said they went farther than roast beef. This was after having made the trial at our own table; our family of eight will consume four pounds of roast beef, butcher's weight, a day. We called for a pint of white beans, had them weighed, a little over one pound, paid seven cents for them, and had a dish of "pork and beans," so the cook said. It was so unusual a sight, our little Alice inquired with singular earnestness, opening her eyes to the dimensions of young saucers, and pointing to the dish: "Mother, what *is* that?" In order to give the dish a fair chance, there was no other meat on the table. And we are bound to speak the praise of beans in the way of economy; this one pound certainly did go farther, costing but seven cents, than a four-pound roasting-piece of beef. The beans went a week. Therefore, beans "*is*" economical, very. *Quod erat dem.* But for all that, the white beans can't hold a candle to the cheap bread we have lauded as unstinted as Orange Judd of the American Agriculturist, which first gave publicity to the receipt. Our own tastes are not very acute; we had to ask the waiter this morning whether we were drinking coffee or tea; ordinarily we know by casting our eye at the head of the table and noticing the shape of the beverage-holder; but wifey being out of town, there was no urn on the table. But as to the famous corn-bread; in order to make a fair experiment, we allowed no other kind to come on the table, so that wife, children, or servants had to eat that or none. Well, the result of the operation is, that the entire family suddenly lost all appetite for bread, and five pounds of corn-meal lasted eight persons seven days, by which time the experiments were ended, the show was over, the school out, and "as you were" is the order of the day, save and excepting the *bulk* of my purse, length and weight being now obsolete terms in that connection.

P. S.—N. B. We stop the press to say, that since writing the foregoing the thought occurred that the family may have found some substitute for bread; and on looking at the grocer's "pass-book," there are frequent items of "soda crackers." Hence, instead of feeding our family on corn-bread at five cents, or even home-made wheat bread at eight cents, we have been paying fifteen cents a pound for "soda crackers," eaten at lunch, when we are down-town. Wonder after all, if a good many "experiments" of world-wide publicity, are not about as truthful, *practically*, as ours with white beans and corn-meal. So our readers must remember, that a thing may be literally true, but for all practical purposes false. Meanwhile we will rest in the conclusion, that the virtuous and patriotic public will economize, only when there is no beef or flour to be purchased, or they have no money to buy.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the advertisement of those sterling and enterprising business men, Messrs. Scott & Baldwin, of 505 Broadway. See their principles of doing business in our July number, and which have been copied in the magazines and newspapers for their excellence, and which ought to be practiced by every business man in the nation.

SWEEPING CONSCRIPTION of every copy that could be found in the city, for the army, of our condensed edition of Soldier Health, 32 pp., five cents, six by mail. It is the most urgently demanded book yet written for the soldiers. Who will send in thirty dollars to hand over one thousand copies to the Christian Commission, or to supply a named regiment?

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HACKING COUGH.

It is not known as generally as it ought to be, that consumption, that disease known as "common consumption of the lungs," called by many a "decline," begins with a regular hacking cough in the morning, or on getting up. In fact it is so slight at first, that it scarcely amounts to a cough ; it is a mere "hem" or effort to clear the throat of something which seems to excite a little tickling sensation there, generally referred to the spot known as the hollow, at the bottom of the neck in front. The person does not imagine that it has any thing whatever to do with the lungs ; he insists upon it that it is only in the throat ; and for weeks and even months afterwards, when it has become a decided cough, as regular as the rising of the sun, he regards it as an affection of the throat merely, and repeats the saying a thousand times, as if to reassure himself and others of the truth of it ; and that if he could only get something to apply to the throat, and take away "that pesky tickling," he would have no cough, and would be as well as he ever was in his life ; he strikes upon his chest triumphantly, and exclaims "all right, not the slightest pain or other inconvenience there, anyhow." To remove this tickling he has the fashionable remedy applied ; a bit of sponge is dipped into a solution of the nitrate of silver, and passed down to the tickling spot, and lo it is gone ! To make the matter more sure, the applications are renewed daily or several times in the course of a week or two ; the physician is gratefully and liberally paid and he returns home with a heart so light and buoyant, he is ready to hug and kiss everybody he meets ; is quite as jubilant as an honest man, who by great and long continued exertions, has paid the last dollar of indebtedness he owes in the world. In about two years, on an average, the throat swabbed man dies of consumption ; because the nitrate of silver only destroys the sensibilities of the part by the greater wounding inflicted, when nature has recovered from the violence offered, the tickling returns, just the same as ever, and then there is the usual routine of syrups, cough drops, lozenges, trochees and the like, all of which contain opium, which like the nitrate of silver, only deadens the sensibilities of the parts, but for a short period, requiring

renewals every few hours ; then follow the more desperate (and as vain) efforts of going to the South, to a warmer climate, or Minnesota, to die in some miserable log cabin, away off in some cheerless prairie, or bleaker "thicket," or in some more pretentious "water cure." Whole Hecatombs of the dead are piled up every year in this way from one mistaken idea. The cause of the tickling in the throat is tubercles in the lungs ; the throat is the point where we get the intelligence of their beginning existence. A tubercle is of the size of the tiniest crust of bread, which, when it "goes the wrong way," that is passes into the lungs, is a foreign matter there, and so is the tubercle ; nature takes the alarm, and endeavors to get rid of it, by exciting a tickling in the throat, which brings about a cough, and this cough generally, as all have experienced, continues until the crumb is dislodged. Destroying the tickling feeling here, is to remove the kindly cough, intended to bring the offending crumb away. The time to "cure consumption," is when it has proceeded no farther than the morning cough ; the manner of doing it is to remove, to cause absorption of, or otherwise rendering the tubercle harmless, by developing the activities of the lungs, by correcting that "error of nutrition" which the most eminent physiologists of the age agree in regarding as the cause of tubercle ; and let the tickling and the throat and the cough alone, as the friendly sentinels of danger : when the tubercle is rendered harmless, the throat will be well, and the cough and tickling will disappear. Defective nutrition is to be corrected by keeping the system in the highest state of health possible ; in the breathing of large amounts of out door air ; in the consumption of nutritious food ; and the working out of all impure matters from the system by moderate, continuous, interesting and profitable activities ; all the while aiding nature, by such means as the scientific practitioner well understands, will keep the skin, liver, feet, and the whole digestive apparatus in the most perfect order, without which, the rendering of tubercles harmless, that is, the arrest of consumption, is absolutely and always, utterly impossible.

TOMATOES FOR SUPPER.

The scissoring editor who printed the following ought to be kicked and the lady writer ought to be kickter.

"For a family of half a dozen persons, take six eggs, boil four of them *hard*, dissolve the yolks with vinegar sufficient, add about three teaspoons of mustard and mash as smooth as possible ; then add the two remaining eggs, (raw,) yolk and white, stir well ; then add salad oil to make altogether sauce sufficient to cover the tomatoes

well ; add plenty of salt and cayenne pepper, and beat thoroughly until it frosts. Skin and cut the tomatoes a full fourth of an inch thick, and pour the sauce over, and you have a dish fit for a President."

That is the whole story, and what a mess of eggs and mustard and salt and cayenne pepper, it is enough to sicken a horse or choak an elephant ; and then to call it a dish of tomatoes when not the slightest intimation is given as to the amount of tomatoes to be used, whether a grain or a teaspoonful. And to think that any woman could relish such a lob-lolly ; why the veriest drunkards are the persons who revel in red pepper, vinegar and brimstone after a week's spree. And this recipe first saw the light of day, in print, when eggs were selling in New York at four cents a piece, and tomatoes at twenty-five cents a mouthful, for if you were to squeeze all the water out of a quart of tomatoes there would not be a tablespoonful left. If great big strapping country girls who can stomach such a bowl of slosh want to make themselves useful, they will serve their day and generation a thousand times better by studying out some cheap method of making corn bread taste as good as pound cake ; of preparing as luscious a meal out of liver as from porter house steak. If any maid, miss or mistress can invent a plan for making as good a cup of coffee out of burnt bread crusts as from the best old government java, or can make "catnip tea" without sugar, taste as well and exhilarate more than the best "store" article, such are the persons who merit the thanks and respect of the nation. How could the editor of the *Germantown Telegraph*, which has been so well conducted for now these many years, have allowed such a jumble to mar his fair columns. The letter which brought it from his fair correspondent must have been gilt edged, rose-scented and handed in by a waiter in livery, just at the moment of his learning from another missive that a *New Master Telegraph* had just safely walked out upon the boards of this mundane sphere, and perhaps too, he had just heard from his paper maker that "stock" had fallen twenty-eight-and-a-half per cent. Some such streak of good luck must have come over him to have put him in the mood of sending up for copy that squashy-article headed "*Tomatoes for Supper.*" The fact is no body ought to have any supper except old women and babies. Whats the use of eating from morning till night. Breakfast, Lunch, Dinner ; Supper—Tea ; no wonder a hundred people died every day last week in New York City, every one of them ought to have had a "coroner's inquest." No doubt the just verdict would have been as to ninety-nine out of a hundred "died of a surfeit of food—or physic !" No, let the newspapers hold out inducements to correspondents to communicate information

how the cheapest articles of food can be made to taste the most luscious, and thus merit a wider patronage.

THIRSTING TO DEATH.

It ought not to be forgotten by any one liable to shipwreck that thirst is quenched by soaking the clothing in salt water twice a day, or even oftner, and allowing them to dry upon the person. A noble and humane old sea captain, Kennedy, published this statement more than a hundred years ago ; yet it is very doubtful if two persons out of any company, taken promiscuously, are aware of so important a practical fact, to which the generous captain attributed the preservation of his own life and of six other persons. If sea water is drank, the salty portions of it are absorbed into the blood and fires it with a new and more raging thirst and a fierce delirium soon sets in. It would seem that the system imbibes the water, but excludes all the other constituents. It is known that wading in common water quenches thirst with great rapidity. Persons while working in water seldom become thirsty. And it is further interesting to know, that however soaking wet the garment may become from rain or otherwise, it is impossible for the person to take cold if the precaution is taken to keep in motion with sufficient activity to keep off the feeling of chilliness, until the clothing is perfectly dried or facilities are afforded for a change ; but in changing the garments after a wetting, it is always safest and best, as an additional safeguard against taking cold, to drink a cup or two of some hot beverage before beginning to undress.

WAKEFULNESS.

Some persons cannot go to sleep for hours after going to bed ; others wake up in the night and toss and tumble until near morning, when they fall asleep from a kind of exhaustion, and do not wake up until the sun is high in the sky ; such habits can be broken up nine times out of ten in a week, by the exercise of a little force of character ; if the individual does not possess that, he is of no earthly account and the next time he goes to sleep he had better stay there. In nearly every case the discomfort of habitually restless nights arises from the person being so unfortunate as having nothing to do, or at least doing nothing, and endeavors to force more sleep on nature than she wants, and she never will be forced with impunity to do anything, she is as stubborn as a mule or a pig in a poke. The sedentary require less sleep

than the active, those who live indoors less than those who are out in the glorious open air. Women require more sleep than men, other things being equal, the nervous system being more active in blowing up their husbands, studying how to marry off their daughters, setting traps for rich widowers, and gosling young gents whose dads are millionaires. Few persons after fifty can sleep longer than seven hours, unless they are hard out door workers ; healthy children under ten ought to have ten hours for sleep ; school girls from 12 to 18 ought to sleep at least nine hours. But from various causes there is a great difference in the amount of sleep required by different persons, hence each should observe for himself how much sleep he requires and arrange to give nature that much every night ; if unusual exertions are made any day, sleep longer the night following. If kept up several hours later than usual, on chance occasions, arrange not to be disturbed in any way next morning, and when nature wakes up, get up and do not sleep any during the day, but go to bed at the regular hour and the increased soundness of sleep for that night will make up for the loss.

If you cannot go to sleep when you first go to bed, give orders to be waked up at daylight, get up promptly, do not sleep a wink during the day, go to bed at your regular time, with directions to be waked up as before ; in a week you will find that you can go to sleep promptly, but then be careful to get up as soon as you wake in the mornings, thus you will soon find out how much sleep your system requires, and act accordingly ; always avoiding sleeping in the day time ; for if you require seven hours sleep, and spend that much in sleep at night, whatever time you spend in sleep during the day must be deducted from that seven hours, or you will soon become wakeful again. If you wake up in the night, either go to bed two or three hours later or when you wake, get up, even if it be but one o'clock in the morning, and do not sleep a moment until your regular hour for going to bed ; and if you go to bed regularly, get up as soon as you wake, and do not sleep in the day time, you will find out in less than a week how much sleep you require, then act accordingly. Nature loves regularity, and the four hours sleep from ten to two, is worth six hours after twelve o'clock. The great rule is, retire at a regular early hour and get up always as soon as you wake, if it is daylight. If persons have force of will enough to keep from going to sleep a second time, it is greatly better to remain in bed ten or fifteen minutes after waking up, to think about it, and enjoy the resting of that kind of feeling of pleasurable tiredness which comes over us on waking, especially if we have taken more exercise than usual the previous day, or have been kept up later.

SAVING FUEL.

On inquiry with a number of gentlemen, one ton of range coal is allowed for the cooking and washing purposes of the household for one month on an average during the year. This is double what it ought to be, and with coal costing at the time it is put into bins, including the necessary "kindling" of paper and wood, fifteen dollars a ton, amounts to ninety dollars a year. These statements are made as the result of experiments carried on under our own eye for the double pleasure of economizing and the greater one of knowing a thing personally for ourself and of being able to communicate the knowledge to others, to clergymen for example who are almost always too scantily paid and with whom one half the above amount is of very considerable importance. We obtained one of Fish's patent cooking lamps and have been using it for two seasons. A ton of coal was purchased on the 17th of June last; the next on the third of September, making two months and a half. Fire was regularly kindled and kept burning for three days in the week for cooking, washing, ironing and bread baking, to wit, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays; at other times the cooking for a family averaging ten persons was done with a gas lamp from Russell's establishment at 206 Pearl Street, New-York. The amount of gas used, for cooking purposes only, during that two months and a half, at \$2.50 per thousand feet, was less than two dollars. The gas stove costs now \$7.50, the largest size made being a No. four; it does all the cooking needed in a family, except baking bread, roasting meats and preparing pastries. Boiling water, boiling vegetables and frying meats can all go on at the same time. Bread can be toasted and buckwheat or batter or other thin cakes are easily made. It might be arranged for a great part of the winter that the range should be lighted for cooking every day's dinner, and use the gas or kerosene stove for breakfast, and thus, instead of having the range red hot from day light until bed time it really need not burn longer than three hours, for who ever knew a servant who could cook or wash or even make a cup of coffee for breakfast without a red hot stove. The difference between burning coal under such circumstances three hours instead of sixteen, is not a small item. N. B. Since writing the above, we chanced to call in at Mr. Russell's establishment, and have been exceedingly gratified to find that he has gotten up a family cooking stove, heated by kerosene or gas, at a cost of ten or twelve dollars each, which will roast ten pounds of beef, bake bread, pies, pastries, &c., with the greatest facility. In these days of costly fuel, this stove is a public godsend. Kerosene at one dollar a gallon will heat this stove for all necessary cooking purposes, at four cents an

hour. The Flat Iron Heater is kept in operation for less than three cents an hour, and costs eight dollars; saving the suffocating heat of midsummer, which citizens have to endure on "ironing days."

MAKING A FORTUNE.

Some men can make money any where; they will get rich on a rock; others strive laboriously all their lives, succeed at nothing and die poor. The former have promptness, energy, system and forethought. Some get rich by trickery, meanness and habitual deceptions; others by straightforward dealing and a generous remuneration and humane care of all whom they employ. These principles have found a striking illustration in the history of one of the handsomest retail stores on Broadway. At No.505 a few days ago, we saw a hundred happy looking girls at work; not in a damp musty basement; not in a cobwebbed and stifling hot attic; not in some unsunned crib with bare brick walls and rough joists or rafters overhead, but in an elegant apartment on the ground floor; large, light and cheery; quietness, tidiness every where prevailing. Being well paid and well cared for, every girl is anxious to maintain her place; and as the best means of doing so, does her work in the most thorough manner; to make assurance doubly sure, that lynxeyed embodiment of all that is tasteful and befitting, Mrs. E. Wintle, examines the work in detail as it progresses as well as after its completion, lest a thing might be allowed to "pass" sometimes when it ought not to, because of the "trouble" of undoing so much. Passing by mantillas, cloaks, dresses, and a thousand and one other things worn by ladies and children, there was one little item about gentlemen's underclothing which was characteristic of the whole establishment. If a stranger or citizen wants a shirt on an emergency all ready, or to be made, it is uniformly presented to him, elsewhere, as thick as a board with starch, with the express object of concealing the slaziness of the material. It glistens like the frozen snow and vies with it in whiteness; you can hear its rattle and rustle, on handling, a hundred yards away, but on the very first washing its worthlessness is apparent at a glance; the garment will scarcely bear half a dozen washings. Now all this contemptible skinning is done away with, at Scott & Baldwin's establishment; their goods are "soft finished;" are scarcely starched at all; nothing is done to conceal the quality of the article; you can see for yourself what it is at the first glance and are never disappointed in its wear. Our readers will not be disappointed to learn of the success of such a house, and it is a satisfactory confirmation of the truth of the time honored legend (although some, in these days of shoddy, have almost begun to question it), that "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

FOOD FOR CATTLE.

Serious sickness, dyspepsia and a life long train of ills sometimes follow the use of flesh from poor, old, hard worked and diseased animals; it is then of some importance to know how to feed and fatten them properly, and to the best advantage, and to do this the first essential step is to know the relative value, the nutritiousness of various kinds of food, so that the meat when it appears on the table may be fat, healthy, tender and juicy. The following table is the result of carefully conducted experiments made and corroborated by the experiments of eminent chemists and is therefore reliable, as being approximately correct in the main. One hundred pounds of good hay affords as much nourishment to cattle which feed upon it as,

lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
43 of Wheat	68 Acorns	195 Boiled Potatoes
44 Dried Peas,	96 Red clover hay,	220 Oat straw,
46 " Beans,	105 Wheat bran,	262 Ruta бага,
49 " Rye,	109 Rye bran,	275 Green corn,
51 " Barley,	153 Pea straw,	280 Carrots,
56 " Corn,	153 Pea chaff,	339 Man Wurtzel,
59 " Oats,	167 Wheat or Oat chaff	346 Field beets,
64 " Buckwheat,	170 Rye or Barley "	355 Rye straw,
64 Linseed oil cake,	175 Raw potatoes,	504 Turnips.

FOOD FOR COWS.

German chemists have found the relative value of food for cows giving milk to be as follows. One hundred pounds of good hay contains as much nourishment as :

lbs.	lbs.
26 Peas,	250 Pea straw,
25 Beans,	300 Barley straw,
50 Oats,	300 Oat straw,
60 Oil cake,	350 Siberian cabbage,
80 Clover hay,	400 Rye straw,
80 Vetches,	400 Wheat straw,
200 Potatoes,	460 Beet root with leaves.

The English give their cows weighing a thousand pounds, eight pounds of good hay, thrice a day in winter. A cow which was given 27 pounds of hay daily, yielded in four days one quart more of milk than when she consumed only 21 pounds of hay; that is, the extra 24 pounds of hay in four days gave one quart of milk extra. While horses require eight per cent. of their weight good English hay a day, milch cows require only two-and-three-quarters per cent. A milch cow will not eat more than 25 or 30 pounds of hay a day, and if more milk is desired, it must be obtained by giving her richer food, that containing more oil, albumen, &c.

HORSE RATIONS.

The horses of the Third Avenue Railroad Company of New York City travel twenty miles a day over almost a dead level of cobble stone pavement, and being checked and started every five minutes or oftner, it becomes a laborious service; to keep them in good condition, and maintain their efficiency, has required a great deal of reflection, judgment and observation. The regular daily rations of each animal are: Sound corn meal, 17 lbs.; good clean hay, mostly timothy, 13 lbs. The hay is chaffed in a cutting machine driven by horse-power, and wet and mixed with the meal, and fed in regular messes at regular times as nearly as the service will permit.—Of course there is no waste of food and no using good hay for bedding. That is made of rye straw, which may average about three pounds a day per horse. The feed boxes are carefully examined after feed, to see that all has been eaten, and to prevent any accumulation of sour or damaged food, and if a horse is "off his feed," to remove him at once to the hospital. The stall and feed boxes are kept constantly as clean as brushes, brooms, and Croton water can make them. The company keep seven hundred horses.

A family carriage horse, a "hack" for the neighbors also, five years old, keeps lively, healthy and fat by being fed thrice a day as follows:

Morning a bushel basket of cut oat straw, four quarts of "shorts" mixed thoroughly after being moistened with water.

Noon, same amount of straw and three quarts of shorts, clear.

Night, a bushel basket of hay and straw, half and half, cut, mixed with four quarts of shorts. He had in addition, the pairings of potatoes and apples and cabbage leaves from the family kitchen. This is believed to be a saving of one half, compared with the ordinary method of feeding horses. The London Omnibus Company feeds six thousand horses daily; they found that horses fed with sixteen pounds of bruised oats, seven and a half pounds of cut hay, and two and a half pounds of cut straw, looked as well, and did as much work on their nineteen pounds of food daily, as on twenty-six pounds a day, if the oats were *not* bruised and the hay and straw were not cut; a difference of three hundred dollars a day. It is perhaps most economical in this country to feed work horses with fine ground oat and corn meal, two-thirds of the former and one-third of the latter well mixed, the former contains the muscle forming principle, the power to labor, the latter the fat, the carbon, for warmth.

But what has "Horse Flesh" to do with human health? "Much every way." "On horseback" is one of the most healthful, graceful and manly of all forms of exercise. It is exhilarating to mind and body; there is not a muscle in the human system which is not brought more or less into requisition, and the great danger is obviated, especially to invalids, of exhaustive exercise, and of being over heated and thus made liable to fresh colds; besides, it involves the breathing of a pure atmosphere all the time; itself an all important element to health seekers; and the difference between riding or driving a sleek charger, and a bag of bones, is as wide as the poles asunder. A man on a poor horse feels as mean as if he had on a dirty shirt, or a hole in his stocking, or as if he hadn't a dollar in his pocket. There is more health to the cabined, cribbed and confined daughters of citizens and farmers in one hour's daily horse-back riding, about sun rise, for nine months in the year, with gentlemen of refinement, courteous and joyous nature, than in all the drugs and "pathies" in the universe. Besides, we owe it to the noblest of all animals to understand how to take the best care of him.

ELEMENTS OF FOOD.

The ultimate ingredients of all food are carbon to warm, and nitrogen to make flesh. Some have no carbon, others no nitrogen, some have both in varying proportions, all have water or waste from five to ninety per cent. The table below is the result of the researches of the ablest chemists of the age. The amount of solid matter in an article of food, does not mean that amount of nutriment, for a portion of it may be woody fibre or waste, or lime, chalk, iron or other mineral. The cypher indicates that not one per cent of the element is found; na: not ascertained; blanks mean no published or reliable statements have been made. The more water, the more waste, for even woody fibre and iron have their essential uses in the system.

In 100 parts of, there is per centage of	Solid matter.	Water.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.
Arabic gum	88	12	36	0
Artichokes	28	80	9	0
Apricots	25	75		n.a.
Arrow root	82	18	36	n.a.
Almond oil	100	0	77	0
Butter	83	17	66	n.a.
Bread	68	32	31	n.a.
Beans	87	14	38	n.a.
Blood	20	80	10	3
Beef fresh	25	75	10	8
Beef tea	2	98	—	n.a.
Cabbage	8	92	—	0
Carrots	12	88	—	0
Cherries	25	75	—	—
Cucumbers	3	97	—	—
Candy	90	10	43	0
Egg white, of	20	80	—	—
Egg yolk	46	54	—	—
Fish average	20	80	—	—
Figs	84	16	—	—
Gooseberries	18	81	—	—
Hogs lard	100	0	79	0
Isinglass	92	7	—	—
Leguminous seeds	0	0	37	—
Lentils	84	16	37	—
Manna	—	40	—	—
Mutton suet	100	—	70	0
Milk of cow	13	87	—	—
Milk of ass	8	92	—	—
Milk of goat	13	86	—	—
Olive oil	100	—	77	—
Oats	79	21	40	2
Oat meal	93	7	—	—
Oysters	18	87	36	—
Peas	84	16	—	—
Potatoes	24	76	11	—
Peaches	20	80	—	—
Pears	16	84	—	—
Poultry	23	77	—	—
Rye	83	17	39	2
Sugar average	—	—	42	0
Starch average	84	16	36	—
Wheat	86	14	39	2

WORTH KNOWING.

In household economy a great mistake is often made in the oversight of the fact, that the same number or measure or weight of the same article does not always give the same amount of yield or nutriment.

In every three tons of coal, stove, range, or grate, passing your door from different yards, and to the casual observer all looking exactly alike, there is a difference in their heat producing value up to as high as one-half. Some coals clinker badly, others contain a great many thin flat pieces, but when put in the fire turn white; coal dealers call this "bone" as it has something of the color of burnt bone, it has no coal in it, and is a clear loss. Good coal will not have three pieces of "bone" in a whole day's burning; sometimes the grate is half full of these white pieces by bedtime.

Eggs are of different sizes. In any basket of eggs, the twelve largest and smallest will make a difference of perhaps one-third or more.

When we purchase apples by the bushel we get about the same number of pounds whether they be large or small, and so with potatoes, but there is more nourishment in the Mercer than in the Cusco variety, yet it is to the interest of the farmer to cultivate the "Cusco," even if he sold them at half price, because planting each variety in the same soil one acre will yield ninety-one bushels of the Jersey Mercer, while two hundred and forty bushels of the Cusco potato was the product of the adjoining acre, tilled in the same manner, as reported by Mr. Williams at the Farmers' Club of the American Institute in New York City.

A piece of "roast beef" in the process of cooking, loses fifteen per cent.; if boiled it loses only eleven per cent. If a leg of mutton is roasted it loses twenty-five per cent, but only ten per cent. if boiled. So that if you want a "roast" for dinner, beef is cheaper than mutton at the same price per pound, although mutton is four per cent. more nutritious than beef.

WOOD.—Very few persons are aware of the wide difference between the amount of heat yielded by the different qualities of wood, and as wood is sold by measurement, while its value for giving out warmth is determined by its weight, each kind being equally seasoned and dry, it is well to be posted as to these points.

One cord of dry hickory wood will keep up a certain amount of heat for one hundred days, while a cord of pitch pine will last only thirty-five days, and a cord of white oak ninety-one days, a ton of Lehigh coal will last ninety-one days. "Charcoal is charcoal," all kinds are alike as to color, but a ton of pine charcoal lasts seventy-five days, maple a hundred and fourteen days, oak one hundred and sixty-six. In the light of these statements families may save a good many dollars every year.

“DIRTY CHILDREN.”

There is an undefined impression left on the minds of many in passing a group of chubby looking children playing in the street or by the roadside, bare footed, bare headed and ragged, begrimed with dust or mud, that “dirt must be healthy.” And when there is noticed around the cabins of the country poor or the shanties in the city outskirts a crowd of ragamuffin urchins of all sizes, like the regular gradations of a ladder, another notion is almost formed, in distinct words, that “poverty is healthy” as well as dirt, as the having a house full of children is taken as proof of vigorous constitutions on the part of the toiling parents. Taking New York City as a guide, the official reports for 1863 show that of every ten deaths, seven are foreign, although just half the population is foreign born; and as a class, foreigners are the poorest and the filthiest of all American large seaboard cities; of course there are notable exceptions. It is known that those who live on their daily wages average eleven years less of life than those who are well to do. So that poverty is as far from being healthful, as it is from being agreeable. Of 1000 children dying under one year old, nearly three-fourths were born of foreign parents; two-thirds of all the children dying on the day of their birth were of foreign parentage. Of those dying from one to five years old, three-fourths were born of poor people. Of nine children, Queen Victoria lost none. The constitutions of Royal pairs may not be as vigorous as those of two young laborers, but exemption from exhausting toil, and their ability to command roomy residences, well ventilated chambers, and the strictest personal cleanliness from earliest infancy, more than counterbalances other unfavorable circumstances. So far then from poverty and filth being elements of health and long life, they are the very reverse; they directly induce premature death as to grown up persons, and sow the seeds of fatal diseases in innocent childhood. During the first week of August, 1864, in New York City 444 children died; of which, 404 were of foreign parentage, and only forty were born of native parents; that is, ninety per cent of the children dying in New York, nine out of ten are from the abodes of poverty and untidiness.

SALT RHEUM

Is a disease of the blood, it is an effort of nature to push out of the system, through the skin, that which if retained would work mischief, hence any external application calculated to heal it up or drive it in, is unnatural, unwise and mischievous under all circumstances. There are states of the system in which a hasty "healing up" may be followed by long, painful and dangerous attacks of illness; on precisely the same principle that the "striking in" of measles or any other "rash" endangers life: Hence incalculable mischief is often caused by heeding newspaper articles, such as the following: "Petroleum, crude or refined, applied thrice a day to the part affected with Salt Rheum, is an effectual and speedy cure." This is called a "simple" remedy, because all are familiar with the article: The Salt Rheum may disappear under such applications, but how many in a short time afterwards are attacked with violent diseases can never be known, and no inquiries are made to that effect. There is only one safe general rule as to breakings out on the skin, and that is consult the family physician at once. The next best plan is, keep warm in bed in a cool, well ventilated room, drinking warm teas into which has been broken the crust of cold wheaten bread. This is the safest, the best and most efficient course of treatment for all "breakings out" on the skin: All external applications are uncertain, worthless or injurious, as far as skin affections are concerned, except so far as they tend to keep the skin soft, moist and natural. Nothing does these things so uniformly and so well as lukewarm water, or milk and water, half and half. A little grease from a candlestick was advised to be applied to a little pimple on the child of Judge N., our neighbor, it began at once to inflame and death ensued in twenty-four hours.

WORDS TO ALL.

We have been publishing the Journal of Health for these many years, and yet some of its readers have written to us from time to time, to know if we practised medicine. With such facilities as our monthly offers us for proclaiming our own praises, many a patientless doctor may have exclaimed in astonishment, "why don't you let the people know that you do give medical advice"? We did not wish to engage in the general practice of medicine; we served our apprenticeship at that in the glorious sunshine of early youth; and naturally, when about turning the down hill of life, we wanted to take things easy, have a quiet mind and undisturbed nights; for the older we grow, the more we need quietude, evenness of life; rest for the body, calmness for the mind; this is the plan for any man who has reached fifty years to pave the way for a serene, cheery and healthful old age. How earnestly we wish that more men and women who have lived useful, should heed the idea, so as to add another twenty-five years of good doing to the first fifty, instead of "giving out" at fifty-three or four or five as that lovely and lamented man, the good Dr. James W. Alexander under whose teachings we sat; and the Rev. R. S. Cook and many others. For twenty years we have given advice only to those who have sought it by letter or personally at our office. Within an hour we found the following letter on our office table among a goodly package from friends, kindred, patients and others.

"Dr. W. W. Hall, Dear sir, I called on you for advice on the eighth of January last and was under your care for six weeks ensuing, I am happy to say that my health has very much improved. I have not been in so good health for four years, as during the last six months. I have adhered to your directions as to diet, as closely as possible, and it has accomplished all that you promised me. My greatest trouble was with my LIVER. You gave me pills to act on that organ, and they were of great benefit to me. When I ceased taking them, I had one left. In June last, I had an attack of CATARRH, with slight soreness in the throat. I took the remaining pill and it cured me. About two weeks ago, I was attacked with CANKER in my mouth, it became very troublesome, and I have sought relief elsewhere in vain. For the last ten days I have been troubled very much with the CATARRH; there has been a constant discharge of THIN WATERY MATTER. I can breathe through my nose but a small part of the time. My tongue is coated with a THICK YELLOW MATTER when I wake in the morning, and sometimes it lasts during the day. I sleep well; before I was attacked with the canker, I was feeling better than for a long time and was gaining flesh. I have eaten but very little meat this summer, have not seemed to relish it. I eat loosening food, plenty of fruit and vegetables; have eaten a great deal of oat meal porridge. I have no cough, and have a grand appetite. My trouble seems to be SORE MOUTH and CATARRH. I used to have a great deal of PAIN IN MY SIDE, but that has left me entirely. I think that a pill or two like those you gave me before would do me good."

REPLY.—New-York, Sept. 8, 1864.—"Enclosed are five pills. The cause of the CANKER is in the LIVER and the pills will remove it. The dollar sent pays for the pills and another dollar will pay for the advice not to take them! Make them last as long as you can. I send them to keep, rather than to take. Have them by you for an emergency for SICK HEADACHE; FOUL TONGUE; ERUPTIONS; SOUR STOMACH; DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, WANT OF STRENGTH and some other kindred symptoms which educated physicians know are one in origin. Although a pill removes CONSTIPATION, it also arrests LOOSENESS of the bowels until nature gathers force for a natural and healthful action. One pill ought usually to last a month or two or more. They should never be taken oftner than once a week, and nothing is needed to carry them off. I have never known them to take the patient off. Your own experi-

ence proves their ability to remove the ailments for which they are usually given. As the last five pills lasted you eight months, besides curing you of the things of which you complained, endeavor to make these second five last you as many years, as the need for them usually is at greater intervals, until they can be dispensed with altogether. One is usually taken on going to bed, and persons go about their business the next day without loss of time, but printed directions accompany them. You are not to give them to your friends. To those who have been my patients I furnish them as above, but strangers requiring advice for the first time, must send the usual fee of five dollars for the pills and the specific directions which each case requires.

"Surgical Tracts for the People," by H. A. Daniels, M. D., contains useful and interesting information in reference to all diseases of a surgical character such as deformities of the eye, nose, face, inflamed eyes, catarrh, piles, fistula, and various other ailments of the neighboring organs. Sent post paid by forwarding Twenty-Five cents to P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New-York.

EPILEPSY.—This intractable and unfortunate malady is said to be successfully treated in London by the alternate application of heat and cold to the spinal column; cannot some of our enterprising and accomplished American surgeons take up the practice?

CATARRH affecting the nose or head and oftener indicated by offensive discharges very mortifying to the patient, have been successfully treated by Dr. H. A. Daniels, by a very ingenious, safe and effective mode of applying appropriate remedies to the parts affected; the cure is reported to have been accomplished in a very short time and to have been permanent; this will be good news to persons who have been long troubled in this manner. His office is at 10½ Union Square, New-York City.

FARM AND GARDEN.—A greenback well invested, is the expenditure of it in securing the American Agriculturist for the coming year. This is the opinion of Orange Judd, of fourteen hundred editors, and over one hundred thousand actual subscribers to that admirably conducted monthly publication, or from now to the end of 1865, fifteen numbers, for \$1.15, if sent during October 1864.

"THE SEA AND LAND," published monthly for our gallant Jack Tars, at 50 cents a year, issued monthly at 52 John Street, New-York, by Rev'd Frank Jackson, a gentleman whom we believe to merit the confidence and generous patronage of every naval officer, of every ship owner, and of every man who is a friend to seamen and who desires their elevation and happiness.

We wish to know if the Presbyterian Church, Old School, has any place in New-York where their Tracts and Sunday School books are sold, and if their establishment is "closed up" for want of patronage. There are a good many persons who read this Journal who would prefer to have their publications, and we for one don't know whether they are doing anything now or not. If they are, and will give us information in writing, or send us a list of their books, or some specimens of handiwork, we will report in the November number. But we certainly are sorry to see their indifference towards having their issues made known through every channel which could convey the knowledge of them to large numbers of readers. Are the officers paid by the day, like our street sweepers and government employees, of whom so many care but for one thing—to get their salaries promptly and to the uttermost farthing. Wake up you old rip-van-winkles! the fields are white, the time is short, and you will soon be "wanted," above or below, can't say which.

The Editor of Hall's Journal of Health will be found daily at the Publication office No. 12 Union Square, New-York, east side opposite the Monument, near Fourteenth Street. Office hours from 10 to 2 daily, and often at other hours. Address all letters to

"DR. W. W. HALL, New-York."

OCTOBER NOTICES.

In these days of war, people say that every thing rises except the cream on milk served us every day from elegantly painted milk carts "illustrated" with cows having large, long and bushy tails, as a proof that said milkman never feeds swill on his premises. Now as cow tails will rot off when fed on swill, and are kept until they fall down dead, after the last milking of an hour before, in their miserable, dark, filthy and noisome stalls, it "stands to reason," that a cart which has painted on it a fine, healthy farm house cow, with as grand a tail as any body could wish to see, cant possibly sell swill milk ; because the cow on the cart pannel has a tail, whoever "don't see" that, has got no sight at all and ought to get a set of glass eyes or a pair of leathern spectacles. But there are exceptions to all general rules ; cream does not only rise now but always has risen on the milk served by the Rockland County and New Jersey Milk Association at 146 East 10th Street and corner of Broadway and 37th Street, under the energetic and watchful superintendence of Mr. S. W. Canfield, General Agent for the Company.

PATRIOTISM.—Every intelligent patriot and respectable citizen ought to patronize "The Citizen," published weekly at 813 Broadway, by an association of gentlemen, at three dollars a year. Its first great object is to reduce the taxes, which ought and can be done by the simple plan of electing men to fill all the city offices who are known and acknowledged by all parties to be men of tried honesty, whether they be rich or poor or of whatever political party ; the first questions to be proposed to every candidate are,

IS HE HONEST ?

IS HE CAPABLE ?

The poor of New York are the class most deeply interested in having good men and true to administer the city government, for let such bear in mind always that they are the men who really pay the taxes, for if a house owner is taxed three dollars instead of one, on a hundred, as to the valuation of his house, he adds the two dollars to his rent, and those who rent have to pay it. And it is the large hearted men of the city who sympathize truly and practically with the poor in the great burdens now imposed upon them, who are endeavoring to diffuse information, through "The Citizen," which is calculated to enlighten all classes on this most important and practical subject.

A report of the sanitary condition of the city during 1863 has been sent to us by F. J. A. Boole, Esq., the most energetic, thorough and efficient city inspector we have had in many years, and as such, he merits the confidence, respect and support of every good citizen.

CENTRAL PARK.—We are indebted to the courtesy of George M. Van Nort, Esq., for the 7th Annual report of the Board of Commissioners, up to January 1st, 1864. The Central Park of 844 acres, has cost the city seven and three-quarter millions of dollars. There are completed six miles of road for horseback riding ; seven of carriage driving, and twenty of walks. The Park was begun in 1859. The skating pond, for rowing in summer, is twenty acres in extent, four feet deep. The smaller pond near 59th street is four acres. New reservoir 106 acres, thirty-six feet deep, costing one-and-a-half millions of dollars, and holds a thousand million gallons of water, constructed in three years. Skating begins about Christmas and ends in February. There were 19 skating days the first winter, 38 the second, 27 the third, 50 the fourth and eleven last year up to December 31, 1863. The art of skating was first practised in St. James Park, London, two hundred years ago, to 27th December 1862 ; the “runners” then were bones attached to the feet. The music days in the Park are from nine to twenty days. Rowing on the 20 acre pond is the great amusement for summer at thirty cents for half an hour for one or two persons, and ten cents additional for each one in addition ; the circuit of the lake, a distance of two miles is accomplished in half an hour ; for moonlight of a summer evening it is lovely ; and then the water fountain and the cassino for ice cream, &c., on your way home, at moderate charge, or coffee, or a good supper, hot on the spot. During 1863 177,000 vehicles entered the Park, 16,000 equestrians and over half a million on foot. The average Sunday attendance at the park is fifteen thousand, most in August, next in May. The greatest number visit the Park from 3 to 4 P. M., a third of a million in a year ; from 4 to 5 next ; less than 2000, (of all the four-and-a-half millions) before 6 A. M., and about as many from 10 to 11 P. M. The largest number of Pedestrians who visited the Park during any one day was on Christmas of 1863, being over 94,000, and only a hundred and six December 17, 1863. The largest number of vehicles for one day was June 27th, near 10,000. A quarter of a million of trees and shrubs have been planted. The Park was laid out by a native of Hartford, Connecticut. The city does not pay a dollar of the interest on the money expended on the Park because the land adjoining the Park has increased enough in value to make the assessment more than pay the interest ; that is, the men pay the interest on the Park debt whose lands adjoin it and which on that account have increased so much in value. Fifth and Eighth Avenues front the Park ; not a house has been built on Fifth Avenue opposite the Park south of 70th Street, nor can a lot of

twenty feet front, running back 100 feet be purchased for less than twelve or fifteen thousand dollars ; that section is designed to be the "west end" of the great metropolis of the nation. Every person who wishes to entertain friends who may visit the Park together, should impress the above statements indelibly on the memory ; they are just the items which every intelligent stranger feels an interest in knowing.

TAXATION.—One among other benefits of increased taxes is that in New York City a million of cigars were made daily by two thousand workmen with wages averaging two dollars a day ; since the tax, the manufacture returns show a decrease of one half. Another benefit is that high taxes compel economy, habitual economy, a virtue which influences the whole character. The world over, the economical are industrious, thrifty and trustworthy, and what many may not have observed, economical persons are very apt to be tidy, tasteful and cleanly ; it saves work to repair clothing, tools or anything else ; it saves work to keep the clothing clean, as a noble hearted little fellow once said to a bystander who had witnessed another boy throwing mud on his clean and well patched trowsers, "why don't you throw mud on him."

"Then there would be two suits of clothes to wash." Notice that answer, you thoughtless dowdy and "mussy" daughters, girls and young ladies who take no pains to preserve your clothing from being soiled, on the ground that the "servants are paid to work." Among the first duties of a young wife is to learn how to save in housekeeping, while her generous husband is trying to lay up at his workshop, his store, or his banking house. And when a youth begins to "save," to lay up money, he is "saved" from a life of idleness, and crime.

"THE CHURCH AND THE REBELLION ;" 'A consideration of the Rebellion against the Government of the United States, and the agency of the Church, North and South, in relation thereto.' By R. L. Stanton, D. D., Professor in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Danville, Ky. Dedicated to the young men of the United States of every creed in religion and every party in politics. Published by Derby and Miller, New York, 592 pp., \$2.00.—Dr. Stanton is an able scholar, a logical writer and a fearless controversialist. He utters his sentiments in language at once clear, concise and forcible. You always know the side he takes. The book contains valuable historical and documentary evidence which will make it a standard and reliable work of reference. The main points are four :

- 1st. The Rebellion is the Work of Traitors.
- 2nd. Slavery is the cause of the Rebellion.
- 3rd. The leading Southern clergy are responsible for the war.

4th. That a glorious future awaits us in an undivided country in which "The sun shall no more rise upon a master nor set upon a slave."

The language of the book is often sublime. The last subjects are God reigns, The Patriot's Reward and the Traitors Doom. The last sentence—"THEN LET THE MEMORY OF THE WICKED ROT"!!

GYMNASTICS.—Clerks, sedentary persons and families, can obtain the highest advantages of gymnastic training at Mrs. Plumb's well ordered establishment in 14th Street, New-York.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.—Its catalogue for 1864 shows the institution at Ann Arbor to be in a very prosperous condition. The only charges for instruction are Ten Dollars admission fee and five dollars per annum thereafter. Board in private families from two to three dollars a week. A notice able feature is the establishment of a chair of Physiology and Hygiene to which A. B. Palmer, A. M., M. D. formerly Prof. of same in the Berkshire Medical College at Pittsfield, Mass., has been elected and has entered on the duties of his office. It seems then at long last, it is beginning to be felt of some importance to teach the young how to take care of their health, before it is irrecoverably ruined. Prof. P. besides his acknowledged ability, brings a characteristic enthusiasm, energy and thoroughness into the discharge of his very important duties in the introduction of sanitary science as a distinct branch, into colleges and seminaries of learning.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE MISSES BUCKNALL'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
FOR
YOUNG LADIES,

NO. 3 WEST THIRTY-SEVENTH STREET,

Second Door from Fifth Avenue.

THE MISSES BUCKNALL having for many years conducted a Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, their method of instruction is the result of much successful experience. They are assisted by Professors of eminent talent, and every facility is afforded for acquiring a substantial, critical, and symmetrical education.

"These ladies," says the Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime, editor of the *New-York Observer*, are thorough, earnest, and accomplished teachers, and give their pupils a sound, practical, and finished education;" and the editor of this journal adds, from his own personal knowledge, that some of the most eminent men in the country, who have patronized this well-conducted School, give the like cordial testimony in its praise.

The Academic Year begins with September and closes in June. Pupils are admitted at any time.

WARMTH AND STRENGTH.

ALL food contains nitrogen, the element which supplies "muscle," flesh, strength, or carbon-giving warmth; some articles contain both in various proportions. The colder the weather, the more carbonized food do we require. Pure alcohol is almost wholly carbon, and all alcoholic drinks are proportionately so, beer having only five per cent of alcohol; but having no nitrogen, they can not add a single particle of flesh to the system, and consequently not one particle of strength of power to labor. A man feels stronger after taking a drink of spirits, but it is not *added* strength; it is only strength preternaturally drawn in advance upon the store on hand for current use; the nervous system having been stimulated to make that draught by the influence which the alcohol had upon it, but when the system comes to use the strength naturally prepared for it, and finds it has been already appropriated, it "sinks" under the disappointment, so to speak, to a depth proportioned to the strength or quantity of the alcohol used. The sinking experienced in delirium tremens is precisely of this nature, and is almost too horrible to be borne. All know that when the liquor "dies" within a man, he is as weak and powerless as a new-born infant, and this comes upon him suddenly. On the other hand, food and drink which contain nitrogen, give flesh, create the power to labor, and the strength which is thus added is for current use, is substantial and enduring. Hence alcohol is not a true tonic, has no really valuable medicinal or curative virtue in any malady known to man. The most that it can do under any circumstances is to give time for nature or for real remedies to bring their influence to bear on the system. From the following table it will be inferred that aliment containing the largest amount of carbon should be used in winter; but cooling food, that which contains little or no carbon, such as fruits and berries, should be taken in summer; bread and butter, and the grains containing quite as much carbon as the system requires; hence nature craves berries and fruits in summer, and turns away from fat meats and oily dishes.

Names.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.	Names.	Carbon.	Nitrogen.
Gum Arabic,.....	36	0.14	Cabbage,.....	..	0.36
Sugar,.....	42	..	Turnips,.....	3	0.12
Starch,.....	37	..	Turnips, dried,.....	43	2.00
Arrowroot, ..	36	..	Artichokes,.....	9	0.03
S. Almond oil,.....	77	0.29	Blood,.....	10	0.03
Olive,.....	77	0.35	Milk,.....	10	0.03
Lard,.....	80	..	Lean meat,.....	13	15.0
Suet,.....	79	..	Mixed,.....	22	18.0
Butter,.....	65	..	Soup,.....	75	0.75
Wheat,.....	39	2.00	Apricots,.....	..	0.17
Rye,.....	38	1.00	Peaches,.....	..	0.93
Oats,.....	40	2.00	Cherries,.....	..	0.57
Rye Bread,.....	31	..	Gooseberries,.....	1	..
Peas, dry,.....	36	39.0	Apples,.....	45	..
Peas, green,.....	42	4.00	Beef, roast,.....	53	15.0
Beans,.....	83	33.0	Veal, roast,.....	52	14.0
Lentils,.....	37	38.0	Venison,.....	53	15.0
Potatoes,.....	11	0.36			

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

Our Legitimate Scope is almost boundless: for whatever begets pleasurable and harmless feelings, promotes Health; and whatever induces disagreeable sensations, engenders Disease.

WE AIM TO SHOW HOW DISEASE MAY BE AVOIDED, AND THAT IT IS BEST, WHEN SICKNESS COMES, TO TAKE NO MEDICINE WITHOUT CONSULTING A PHYSICIAN.

VOL. XI.]

NOVEMBER, 1864.

[No. 11.]

SOLDIERS' NUMBER.

1. IN an ordinary campaign, sickness disables or destroys three times as many as the sword.

2. On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely-buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woollen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light-colored felt hat, with broad brim to protect the neck, eyes, and face from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.

3. SUN-STROKE may be prevented by wearing a silk handkerchief in the hat, a few green leaves, a dampened sponge, or a white linen hood hat-cover, extending like a cap over the neck and shoulders.

4. COLORED blankets are best, and if lined with brown drilling the warmth and durability are doubled, while the protection against dampness from lying on the ground, is almost complete.

5. Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat—a handkerchief even, is a great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, as a damp vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.

6. While marching, or on other active duty, the more thirsty you are, the more essential is it to safety of life itself, to rinse out the mouth two or three times, and *then* take a swallow of water at a time, with short intervals. A brave French general, on a forced march, fell dead on the instant, by drinking largely of cold water, when snow was on the ground.

7. Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all-important in an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sun-down, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.

8. Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long-continued effort, than the avoidance of every thing as a drink ex-

cept cold water, nor excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink even cold water very slowly, and as little as possible, until the afternoon ; a fruit stone or pebble held around in the mouth, moderates thirst.

9. After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength, until nature begins to recover herself.

10. Unless after a long abstinence or great fatigue, do not eat very heartily just before a great undertaking ; because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

11. If persons will drink brandy, it is incomparably safer to do so *after* an effort than before ; for it can give only a transient strength, lasting but a few minutes ; but as it can never be known how long any given effort is to be kept in continuance, and if longer than the few minutes, the body becomes more feeble than it would have been without the stimulus, it is clear that its use *before* an effort is always hazardous, and is always unwise.

12. Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort, even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

13. Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the bare ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood, laid side by side ; or sit on your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth, with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

14. A *cut* is less dangerous than a bullet-wound, and heals more rapidly.

15. If from any wound the blood spirts out in jets, instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes unless it is remedied ; because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN !! the wound and the heart ; put a stick, bayonet, or ramrod *between* the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus until the surgeon arrives.

16. If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart ; that is, *below* the wound.

17. A bullet through the abdomen (belly or stomach) is more certainly fatal than if aimed at the head or heart ; for in the latter cases the ball is often glanced off by the bone, or follows round it under the skin ; but when it enters the stomach or bowels, from any direction, death is inevitable under almost all circumstances, but is scarcely ever instantaneous. Generally the person lives a day or two with perfect clearness of intellect, often *not* suffering greatly. The practical bearing of this statement in reference to the great future is clear.

18. Let the whole beard grow, but not longer than some three inches. This strengthens and thickens its growth, and thus makes a more perfect protection for the lungs against dust, and of the throat against winds and cold in the winter, while in summer a greater perspiration of the skin is induced, with an increase of evaporation ; hence, greater

coolness of the parts on the outside, while the throat is less feverish, thirsty and dry.

19. Avoid fats and fat meats in summer and in all warm days.

20. Whenever possible, take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning, as soon as you get up ; if none at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether, or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration. Let every sort of bath be completed within five minutes.

21. Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

22. Wear woollen stockings and easy-fitting, thick-soled shoes, keeping the toe and finger-nails always cut moderately close.

23. It is more important to wash the feet well every night, than to wash the face and hands of mornings ; because it aids to keep the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chafings, blisters, and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

24. The most universally safe position, after all stunnings, hurts, and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only ; aiding more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

25. The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

26. The greatest physical kindness you can show a severely-wounded comrade is first to place him on his back, and then run with all your might for some water to drink ; not a second ought to be lost. If no vessel is at hand take your hat ; if no hat, off with your shirt, wring it out once, tie the arms in a knot, as also the lower end, thus making a bag, open at the neck only. A fleet person can convey a bucketful half a mile in this way. I've seen a dying man clutch at a single drop of water from the fingers' end with the voraciousness of a famished tiger.

27. If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the cloths are dried, and no harm will result.

28. Whenever it is possible, do, by all means, when you have to use water for cooking or drinking from ponds or sluggish streams, boil it well, and when cool, shake it, or stir it, so that the oxygen of the air shall get to it, which greatly improves it for drinking. This boiling arrests the process of fermentation which arises from the presence of organic and inorganic impurities, thus tending to prevent cholera and all bowel diseases. If there is no time for boiling, at least strain it through a cloth, even if you have to use a shirt or trowser-leg.

29. Twelve men are hit in battle, dressed in red, where there are only five, dressed in a bluish gray, a difference of more than two to one ; green, seven ; brown six.

30. Water can be made almost ice cool in the hottest weather, by closely enveloping a filled canteen, or other vessel, with woollen cloth kept plentifully wetted and exposed.

31. While on a march, lie down the moment you halt for rest; every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

32. A daily evacuation of the bowels is indispensable to bodily health, vigor, and endurance; this is promoted in many cases, by stirring a table-spoonful of corn (Indian) meal in a glass of water, and drinking it on rising in the morning.

33. LOOSE BOWELS, namely, acting more than once a day, with a feeling of debility afterward, is the first step toward cholera; the best remedy is instant and perfect quietude of body, eating nothing but boiled rice with or without boiled milk; in more decided cases, a woollen flannel, fourteen feet long and fourteen inches wide, with two thicknesses in front, should be bound tightly around the abdomen, especially if marching is a necessity.

34. If the soldier takes his quota of hot coffee or a warm breakfast as soon as he gets up in the mornings, summer and winter, it will have a preventive influence against the general diseases of the camp, such as fevers, loose bowels, and bloody flux, which is incalculable; it is believed by eminent medical men that a rigid attention to this suggestion would diminish the army mortality from sickness at least thirty per cent.

35. Whenever it is practicable, sleep with your feet to the camp-fire.

36. No soldier should at any time have less than two pair of woollen socks; those made by knitting-needles are greatly the best.

37. On a march have as little to carry as possible, every ounce becomes an appreciable burden in a half-day's tramp.

38. The instant you are burned or scalded place the part in cold water, this gives perfect relief in a second, then get some flour and cover the burnt part completely, and let it remain until it gets well.

39. THIRST.—While on a march courageously resist thirst, especially in the early part of the day; for the more you drink the weaker will you become.

40. WATER.—The East-Indians believe that they ward off the cholera which prevails in flat localities, where the water must be obtained from ponds, stagnant lakes, and sluggish streams, by boiling what is wanted for drinking purposes over night, and letting it stand in the open air until next morning, so as to reabsorb the freshness, the oxygen, which the process of boiling has driven off. This is most especially needed in warm weather.

41. BLANKETS.—A small India-rubber blanket is a very great protection to the health, to lay on the ground or throw over the shoulders during a storm, or on resting after getting into a heat, but unless *vulcanized* (if not, it becomes very sticky on being held close to the fire or in a very hot sun for a few moments) it has no endurance and is worthless.

42. Fatal forms of fever, loose bowels, and bloody discharges are often occasioned by a sudden check of perspiration from chilly winds or cold night air; so when perspiring even a little, either keep in moderate motion, go to a fire, or put on an additional coat or blanket.

43. ARDENT SPIRITS.—It is beyond dispute, that always and every where, those who drink most of liquors in any shape, beer, brandy, whiskey, or rum, soonest give out, soonest get sick, and are the slowest to

recover. A very eminent English physician has lately communicated the fact, that out of one thousand members of the "Sick Clubs of Preston," who merely used, but did not abuse, spirituous liquors, twenty-three were laid aside by sickness every year for an average time of fifty-three days, while of an equal number who never touched liquor, there were only thirteen sick, averaging but twenty-three days; the number sick, the rapidity of recovery, the time lost, and the expense all being more than one half, or fifty per cent. in favor of those who never used ardent spirits. Water quenches thirst better, if not very cold, especially if but a few swallows are taken at one time. Tea and coffee are better at meals for the soldier than water, but they should not be drank between meals; only in sips on a march, or under great exertions. The safest beverage in hot weather is molasses and water.

44. **EATING.**—Let it be at regular times as far as possible. That soldier is many-fold the safest from disablement, and a great variety of diseases, who will use three precautions in his eating: *First*. Let no bit of solid food go into the mouth larger than half the last joint of the little finger. *Second*. Chew it slowly and well. *Third*. Swallow not one atom between meals unless under very uncommon and urgent circumstances, so as to give the stomach time to rest, and gain strength to work up the succeeding meal. As often as possible, let there be at least five hours' interval between your eatings.

45. **FLANNEL.**—Wear it all over, in all weathers, except to use cotton drawers during the summer months, if you have them. Wash your flannels once a week if possible. When not, hang them up, also all your clothing, in the mid-day sun, whenever there is a chance to do so. Dry clothing is a great preservative of health. A single damp garment has sent many a person to the grave in a few days, and made others invalids for a lifetime.

46. Sleep as often and as much as you can; it is a great invigorator. Five minutes' sleep will refresh, invigorate, and strengthen more than any glass of liquor. It is better far to sleep too warm than even a little too cool.

47. The Three Plenties, of pure air on high ground; of boiled or running water; and of bright-blazing fires, are the angels of health in any encampment.

48. **FEET.**—Thick-soled shoes, moderately loose, are best on a march, and it would be a great protection to the feet against chafings, etc., to rub a few drops of any kind of mild oil into the skin of the soles before a march.

49. A bullet-wound usually gives no external bleeding, and it is almost always safest to let it remain in the body, as it rarely does harm by so doing.

50. When a spent ball strikes the body, a wonderfully slight resistance turns it from its course, and prevents its being fatal—a bone, a tendon, or even a loose skin. A ball once entered under the chin, glanced around the neck, and came out near the place of entrance. A ball striking a rib has glanced off, and made half the circuit of the body. A ball once struck the abdomen in front, passed *around*, and came out at the back. A ball has pierced the skull-bone, but not having strength enough to enter the covering of the brain, which is of a tough leathery nature, no serious harm was done.

51. The "wind" of a ball, as it is called sometimes, can not possibly kill a man.

52. A bullet in the body seldom does much harm. Great effort to get it out may make a case fatal which otherwise would have recovered.

53. A man need not necessarily die if a bullet lodges in the brain.

54. A bullet may pass entirely through the lungs without destroying life, as in the case of General Shields in the Mexican war, and he was living twelve years later. Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott received a ball in his shoulder at the battle of Molino del Rey, and it remained unextracted for several years.

55. Bullet wounds in the abdomen are nearly always fatal, while the majority of those in the chest recover.

56. A bullet may lodge in the heart itself without causing death, for several days, as in the case of Bill Poole, the pugilist.

57. BOWELS.—The very moment you experience any uncomfortable sensation about the bowels, bind around them tightly a piece of woollen cloth of any kind, to support them and keep them warm. It is a great remedy.

58. SUN AND AIR.—Keep in the open air as much as possible, but do not stand a moment in the hot sun if it can be avoided.

59. To have been "to the wars" is a life-long honor, increasing with advancing years, while to have died in the defence of your country, will be the boast and the glory of your children's children.

THE GREATEST ENEMY

To any army is disease ; it destroys three times as many as the sword. Knowing this, Miss FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE abandoned all the advantages which culture, position, and an ample fortune gave her, for the purpose of devoting her whole attention to the preservation of her country's troops in the Crimean campaign. She found that the soldiers were dying from disease at a rate far more fearful than the most terrible devastations of the cholera in any civilized country ; and before the war was over, there were fewer deaths from disease than among the most favored troops at home in England.

The three chief army diseases are, FEVER, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY. A seasonable and possible care on the part of each soldier can effectually prevent three-fourths of the cases of these diseases. All that is needed for such encouraging results is, that each man should understand what these diseases are, what causes them, and how he may avoid these causes. All this can be told without using a single medical term, in a manner which the most unlettered person can understand, and without the necessity of taking a single solitary grain or drop of any medicine whatever. And more, these diseases can be prevented in the vast majority of cases, with the means which a soldier has within his own power in a forest, on a prairie, or on a sand-bank.

Fever, of the ordinary kinds which prevail in camps, is preceded or accompanied in almost every instance by CONSTIPATION of the bowels, that is, by their failing to act once in each twenty-four hours. No man can possibly be well for a single week, who fails to go to stool every day. For a few days he may feel well, but before a week is ended he will most certainly be complaining in some way. Constipation and

Costiveness are essentially the same thing, and seldom can exist for a single week at a time, without endangering life in many and health in all.

DIARRHEA is when the bowels act too often, from two to twenty times in twenty-four hours. But it is not actual diarrhea unless a man feels after a passage as if he would like to sit down, feels weak, feels as if he would like never to get up again. The passages are large, and thin almost as water, there is no pain, no blood, and each passage gives relief, with an increasing disposition to sit or lie down; every human desire, every human ambition is comprised in the one privilege, to be able to lie down and rest; it seems to be a luxury to every muscle in the whole body, and there are upward of five hundred of them.

Dysentery, or Bloody flux, on the other hand, is something between Costiveness and Diarrhea, something between a too infrequent and a too frequent action of the bowels, for it is a great and frequent desire to discharge something, but can not, except a little blood. The desire is intense and sudden, with a feeling as if it would give perfect relief, but when the effort is made, it produces a sensation which the ancients expressed by "Tormina" or torment.

Costiveness is less than one stool a day.

Diarrhea is more than one stool a day.

Dysentery is a constant desire, and yet an inability to stool.

Costiveness gives hard, bally, and scant stools.

Diarrhea gives thin, frequent, and copious stools.

Dysentery gives a frequent but unavailing desire to stool. See page 214, No. 33.

Costiveness may, or may not, give pain.

Diarrhea gives grateful relief.

Dysentery gives intense suffering, always and under all circumstances.

Costiveness may have a little blood.

Diarrhea never has any.

Dysentery always has blood; unless it has blood at almost every discharge, it can not be dysentery at all.

Costiveness unchecked, leads to a thousand different forms of disease, generally lasting a long time.

Diarrhea unchecked, leads to cholera and a speedy death.

Dysentery unchecked, leads to inflammation, and a death certain and painful, ending in mortification of the bowels.

But, as costiveness precedes fever, diarrhea, and dysentery, it is clear that if removed as soon as discovered, the chances for a soldier's exemption from every disease are incalculably increased. Hence the man who makes it his study and his care, his duty and his pleasure, to guard against constipation, or promptly remove it when by chance it occurs, not only avoids the risk of the ailments named, but acquires a vigor of health which repels a thousand ill influences, repels a thousand attacks from the causes of all other diseases; while if he was not entirely well when he entered the army, he will be pretty soon.

GUNNERS may avoid more or less permanent deafness by putting into their ears before an action a bit of wool or cotton dipped into a mixture of forty grains of belladonna with one ounce of glycerine—keep it in until next morning.

Directions to Army-Surgeons on the Field of Battle.

The following, taken from Mr. G. J. Guthrie's pamphlet on the Hospital Brigade, is copied from the London *Lancet*. Mr. Guthrie was Surgeon-General to the British forces during the Crimean war, and consequently speaks from extensive opportunities of observation :

1. Water being of the utmost importance to wounded men, care should be taken, when before the enemy, not only that the barrels attached to the conveyance-carts are properly filled with good water, but that skins for holding water, or such other means as are commonly used in the country for carrying it, should be procured and duly filled.

2. Bandages or rollers, applied on the field of battle, are, in general, so many things wasted, as they become dirty and stiff, and are usually cut away and destroyed, without having been really useful ; they are therefore not forthcoming when required, and would be of no use.

3. Simple gun-shot wounds require nothing more for the first two or three days than the application of a piece of wet or oiled linen, fastened on with a strip of sticking-plaster, or, if possible, kept constantly wet and cold with water. When cold disagrees, warm water should be substituted.

4. Wounds made by swords, sabers, or other sharp-cutting instruments, are to be treated principally by position. Thus, a cut down to the bone, across the thick part of the arm, immediately below the shoulder, is to be treated by raising the arm to or above a right angle with the body, in which position it is to be retained, however inconvenient it may be. Ligatures may be inserted, but through the skin only. If the throat be cut across in front, any great vessels should be tied, and oozing stopped by a sponge. After a few hours, when oozing is arrested, the sponge should be removed, and the head brought down toward the chest, and retained in that position without ligatures ; if this is done too soon, the sufferer may possibly be suffocated by the infiltration of blood into the areolar tissue of the parts adjacent.

5. If the cavity of the chest is opened into by a sword or lance, it is of the utmost importance that the wound in the skin should be effectively closed, and this can only be done by sewing it up as a tailor or a lady would sew up a seam, skin only being included ; a compress of lint should be applied over the stitches, fastened on by sticking-plaster. The patient is then to be placed on the wounded side, that the lung may fall down, if it can, upon or apply itself to the wounded part, and adhere to it, by which happy and hoped-for accident life will in all probability be preserved. If the lung should be seen protruding in the wound, it should not be returned beyond the level of the ribs, but be covered over by the external parts.

6. It is advisable to encourage previously the discharge of blood from the cavity of the chest, if any have fallen into it ; but if the bleeding from within should continue, so as to place the life of the sufferer in danger, the external wound should be closed, and events awaited.

7. When it is doubtful whether the bleeding proceeds from the cavity of the chest or from the intercostal artery, (a surgical bug-bear,) an incision through the skin and external intercostal muscle will expose the artery close to the edge of the rib, having the internal intercostal muscle be-

hind it. The vessel thus exposed may be tied, or the end pinched by the forceps, until it ceases to bleed. Tying a string round the ribs is a destructive piece of cruelty ; and the plugs, etc., formerly recommended, may be considered as surgical incongruities.

8. A gun-shot wound in the chest can not close by adhesion, and must remain open. The position of the sufferer should therefore be that which is most comfortable to him. A small hole penetrating the cavity is more dangerous than a large one, and the wound is less dangerous if the ball goes through the body. The wounds should be examined, and enlarged if necessary, in order to remove all extraneous substances, even if they should be seen to stick on the surface of the lungs ; the opening should be covered with soft oiled or wet lint—a bandage when agreeable. The ear of the surgeon and the stethoscope are invaluable aids, and ought always to be in use ; indeed, no injury of the chest can be scientifically treated without them.

9 Incised and gun-shot wounds of the abdomen are to be treated in *nearly* a similar manner ; the position in both being that which is most agreeable to the patient, the parts being relaxed.

10. In wounds of the bladder, an elastic catheter is generally necessary. If it cannot be passed, an opening should be made in the perinæum for the evacuation of the urine, with as little delay as possible.

11. In gun-shot fractures of the skull, the loose broken pieces of bone, and all extraneous substances, are to be removed as soon as possible, and depressed fractures of bone are to be raised. A deep cut, made by a heavy sword, through the bone into the brain, generally causes a considerable depression of the inner table of the bone, whilst the outer may appear to be merely divided.

12. An arm is rarely to be amputated, except from the effects of a cannon-shot. The head of the bone is to be sawn off, if necessary. The elbow-joint is to be cut out, if destroyed, and the sufferer, in either case, may have a very useful arm.

13. In a case of gun-shot fracture of the upper arm, in which the bone is much splintered, incisions are to be made for the removal of all the broken pieces which it is feasible to take away ; the elbow is to be supported ; the fore-arm is to be treated in a similar manner ; the splints used should be solid.

14. The hand is never to be amputated unless all or nearly all its parts are destroyed. Different bones of it and of the wrist are to be removed when irrecoverably injured, with or without the metacarpal bones and fingers, or the thumb ; but a thumb and one finger should always be preserved when possible.

15. The head of the thigh-bone should be sawn off when broken by a musket-ball. Amputation at the hip-joint should only be done when the fracture extends some distance into the shaft, or the limb is destroyed by cannon-shot.

16. The knee-joint should be cut out when irrecoverably injured ; but the limb is not to be amputated until it can not be avoided.

17. A gun-shot fracture of the middle of the thigh, attended by great splintering, is a case for amputation. In less difficult cases, the splinters should be removed by incisions, particularly when they can be made on the upper and outer side of the thigh. The limb should be

placed on a straight, firm splint. A broken thigh does not admit of much, and sometimes of no extension, with an unadvisable increase of suffering. An inch or two of shortening in the thigh does not so materially interfere with progressions as to make the sufferer regret having escaped amputation.

18. A leg injured below the knee should rarely be amputated in the first instance, unless from the effects of a cannon-shot. The splinters of bone are all to be immediately removed by saw or forceps, after due incisions. The limb should be placed in iron splints, and hung on a permanent frame, as affording the greatest comfort and probable chance of ultimate success.

19. An ankle-joint is to be cut out unless the tendons around are too much injured, and so are the tarsal and metatarsal bones and toes. Incisions have hitherto been too little employed in the early treatment of these injuries of the foot, for the removal of extraneous substances.

20. A wound of the principal artery of the thigh, in addition to a gun shot fracture, renders immediate amputation necessary. In *no other part* of the body is amputation to be done in the first instance for such injury. Ligatures are to be placed on the wounded artery, one above, the other below the wound, and events awaited.

21. The occurrence of mortification in any of these cases will be known by the change of color in the skin. It will rarely occur in the upper extremity, but will frequently do so in the lower. When about to take place, the color of the skin of the foot changes from the natural flesh color to a tallowy or mottled white. Amputation should be performed immediately above the fractured part. The mortification is yet local.

22. When this discoloration has not been observed, and the part shrinks, or gangrene has set in with more marked appearances, but yet seems to have *stopped* at the ankle, delay is, perhaps, admissible; but if it should again spread, or its cessation be doubtful, amputation should take place forthwith, although under less favorable circumstances. The mortification is becoming or has become constitutional.

23. Bleeding, to the loss of life, is not a common occurrence in gun-shot wounds, although many do bleed considerably, seldom, however, requiring the application of a tourniquet as a matter of necessity, although frequently as one of precaution.

24. When the great artery of the thigh is wounded, (not torn across,) the bone being *uninjured*, the sufferer will probably bleed to death, unless aid be afforded, by making compression above and on the bleeding part. A long but not broad stone tied sharply on with a handkerchief, will often suffice until assistance can be obtained, when both ends of the divided or wounded artery are to be secured by ligatures.

25. The upper end of the great artery of the thigh bleeds scarlet blood; the lower end dark venous-colored blood; and this is not departed from in a case of accidental injury, unless there have been previous disease in the limb. A knowledge of this fact or circumstance, which continues for several days, will prevent a mistake at the moment of injury, and at a subsequent period, if secondary hemorrhage should occur. If in the *upper* extremity both ends of the principal artery bleed scarlet blood, from the free collateral circulation, and from the anastomoses in the hand.

26. From this cause, mortification rarely takes place after a wound of the principal artery of the arm, or even of the arm-pit. It *frequently* follows a wound of the principal artery in the upper, middle, or even lower parts of the thigh, rendering amputation necessary.

27. It is a great question, when the bone is *uninjured*, where and at what part the amputation should be performed. Mortification of the foot and leg, from such a wound, is disposed to stop a little below the knee, if it should not destroy the sufferer; and the operation, if done in the first instance, as soon as the tallowy or mottled appearance of the foot is observed, should be done at that part; the wound of the artery and the operation of securing the vessel above and below the wound being left unheeded. By this proceeding, when successful, the knee-joint is saved, whilst an amputation above the middle of the thigh is always very doubtful in its results.

28. When mortification has taken place from any cause, and has been arrested below the knee, and the dead parts show some sign of separation, it is usual to amputate above the knee. But not doing it, but by gradually separating and removing the dead parts, under the use of disinfecting medicaments and fresh air, a good stump may be ultimately made, the knee-joint and life being preserved, which latter is frequently lost, after amputation, under such circumstances.

29. Hospital gangrene, when it unfortunately occurs, should be considered to be contagious and infectious, and is to be treated locally by destructive remedies, such as nitric acid, and the bivouacking or encamping of the remainder of the wounded, if it can be effected, or their removal to the open air.

30. Poultices have been very often applied in gun-shot wounds, from laziness, or to cover neglect, and should be used as seldom as possible.

31. Chloroform may be administered in all cases of amputation of the upper extremity and below the knee, and in all minor operations; which cases may also be deferred, without disadvantage, until the more serious operations are performed.

32. Amputations of the upper and middle parts of the thigh are to be done as soon as possible after the receipt of the injury. The administration of chloroform in them, when there is much prostration, is doubtful, and must be attended to, and observed with great care—the question whether it should or should not be administered in such cases being undecided.

No surgeon is truly fit for his place, however scientific and skillful, who has not the tact to encourage and sympathize with the sick and wounded soldier; a word, a look, a gesture may so wake up the nervous activities, and the moral sentiments of hope, ambition, determination, or patriotism, that the system will rise superior to disease and cast it off in an hour; when, on the other hand, a want of sympathy on the part of the medical attendant, a mere mechanical or routine attention to the objects in hand, would have allowed the invalid to pass into the grave. There is no incompatibility between firmness and kindness; and that surgeon is most a man who makes the wisest combination of these two prime qualities of the intellect and of the heart. Each soldier is at this juncture a part of his country's hope, and, although but a unit in himself, he merits, in a disablement brought upon

him in the discharge of his duty to the nation, a consideration and a tenderness in the hour of his suffering, which a man will always give, and which is withheld only by the brute.

To show how inevitably a soldier's gratitude wells upward toward those who minister to his wants it is only necessary to recall the beautiful fact that when Florence Nightingale passed along the halls of the Crimean hospitals, the men who could not go to greet her would crawl to the side of their beds and kiss her shadow as she passed.

There are many things which a wounded soldier may do for himself, and many others which one who is well may do for his comrade which will prevent an immense amount of suffering and may save life itself, by gaining time or by keeping things in *statu quo*, from progressing, until a surgeon can be had. Hence, to know these things beforehand is to make one a life-saver.

Very red blood, sparkling, bright, thin, is from the arteries, and the man will soon die if it flows fast, because it is the life of the body and flows directly from the heart. If the wound is on the back of the hand, or face or scalp, or on any part of the body where there is not much more than skin and bone, press the thumb tighter and tighter above the wound, that is, between the wound and the heart, and continue the compression until the blood ceases to flow and until the surgeon arrives. If a limb is bleeding, or a part where there is more flesh, tie a knot in the centre of a handkerchief, and let that knot rest over the bleeding vessel above the wound, then bring the ends of the handkerchief around the limb, and tie it as tight as possible; if the artery is a very large one, there is not time for this, or it might not be efficient, the handkerchief must be tied loosely around the limb, above the wound, a stick put in between the skin and the handkerchief, and twisted around until the bleeding ceases, as named on page 212. Or, if you can see the orifice of a bleeding artery, make a hook of a needle by heating it red hot, cool it, then hook it into the artery, draw it out, or it may be drawn out with a pair of tweezers, pincers, or tongs, then tie a string tightly around the end of the bleeding vessel and let it remain until the surgeon arrives. Profuse bleedings about the head or face, or other bony parts, may be arrested if from small blood-vessels or mere flesh wounds, by compresses of linen or cotton kept wet with cold water, or by lint, or by cobwebs. Never apply any thing to a wound which irritates, but wash it with something that is soothing and healing, such as castile soap. If a bone is broken, keep still, bind up the parts, and apply cold water most freely until the surgeon arrives.

POISONOUS BITES, STINGS, ETC.—If there is no sore about the mouth or lips, suck it out and spit it out, for some minutes in succession, or, better still, wash the part most freely with spirits of hartshorn, because that is an alkali, and the bites and stings of reptiles and insects are acid, hence are nullified by the strong alkali. If there is no hartshorn at hand, make an alkali by wetting fresh woodashes with water and apply it to the wound as a poultice, renewing it every half-hour until relieved. Strong alkaline washes instantly applied are believed a perfect preventive of serious harm from all bites and stings, except from a mad dog or other rabid creature. Insects are removed from the nose and ears by spirting in water from the mouth; sweet oil with a syringe is as good, if at hand.

SOLDIER ITEMS.

STIMULANTS AND TONICS.—Chew a pinch or two of green tea when exhausted, or when on guard, or when on special hard duty, and repeat every half hour, more or less ; it enlivens without the subsequent debility of spirits. *Cayenne Pepper*, called “capsicum,” acts similarly ; a pinch at a time will modify that excessive weariness or sleepiness, and is far more powerful than tea, in all its good effects ; while its convenience for carriage in point of bulk, renders it the most valuable substance that a soldier can carry, as to nourishment, thirst, or invigorating powers. A single pinch in a cup of “flat” water will make it quite palatable. A third of a tea-spoonful taken at meals, morning, noon, and night, with the food or drink, not only invigorates digestion, but is a great antagonizer of dyspeptic and all bowel complaints in armies.

STOCKINGS.—The feet will be blistered by a six hours’ march in cotton stockings ; wear woolen, rubbing the soles with tallow or soap, if you can, when a heavy march is in prospect.

FOOD.—One pound of sugar mixed with three pounds of ground wheat or corn (with the bran) called “*Pinole*,” is one of the most nutritious and healthy articles of food in the world for an army, and is easily carried. Jerked beef is next, made by cutting fresh beef in strips, and drying them in the sun, with as little salt as possible ; it will keep good a year.

ARMY BEVERAGES.—Col. Dawes, an experienced East-Indian officer, says that coffee and tea should take the place of liquors, and that every man should have some as soon as he gets up in the morning, and also at sun-down. During the Crimean war, it was found that when the soldiers obtained warm coffee, they sustained fatigue and were comparatively healthy ; but when they were in the trenches, and could not get warm tea or coffee, they were subject to dysentery or bloody flux.

SWALLOWING POISON.—Stir in a glass of water a heaping teaspoonful each of salt and kitchen mustard, and drink it instantly—this will empty the stomach in a minute. To antagonize any poison that may be left, swallow the whites of two or three eggs ; then drink a cup or two of very strong coffee, or as much sweet milk or cream, if impossible to get coffee.

POISONED VINES.—Apply a paste made of gunpowder, or sulphur, with milk ; renew night and morning, until cured. Live on gruel, soups, rice, and other mild food, having the bowels to act twice a day.

SIGNS OF DEATH.—Bury no man unless his head is off, or the abdomen begins to turn green or dark, the only sure signs, but always sure, of actual death.

TO STOP BLEEDING.—Four or five drops of Perchlorid of Iron will check completely the flow of blood from all except the largest arteries ; half a teaspoonful will arrest even their bleeding. Each non-commissioned officer should have two ounces of this in a flat tin bottle, wound around with a little cotton batting, on a bit of which the liquid could be dropped for application.

OBEDIENCE is not servility, it is a high duty ; it is not cowardly, but proudly honorable in a soldier. If your officer speaks sharply, it is neither to insult nor to browbeat ; it is to wake up attention, instant and implicit.

For every wounded soldier taken to the hospital in the Crimean war, twelve were taken on account of disease ; disease which could be avoided in more than half the cases by such care as the soldier can take of himself, as directed in these pages. Of the 15,000 lives lost in the Mexican war, only 1548 were from battle. The United States Sanative Commission report that 104 soldiers became sick to each 1000 in the present war.

SHIRTS.—A distinguished British Army Surgeon says : More than one half of all army diseases in warm countries are owing to the exposure of the abdomen to changes of temperature. Shirts should reach the thigh.

INNER CLOTHING.—Every garment which touches a soldier's skin should be woollen in all seasons, most important in the warmest weather. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of this one item to the health of an army.


LIMESTONE-WATER.—One teaspoonful of vinegar, in a pint of such water, will antagonize all its ill effects on the bowels of those unaccustomed to it.

DIRTY WATER.—As much powdered alum as will rest on a dime, stirred in a pail of water, will clarify it in five minutes.

SAVING LIFE.—In the first seven months of the Crimean campaign, the soldiers died at the rate of 60 out of a 100 per annum, while for the last five months of the war not so many soldiers died of disease as at home, owing to a more systematic and rigid attention to five things: 1st. Selecting healthful camps ; 2d. Enforcing strict cleanliness ; 3d. Avoiding *unnecessary* exposure ; 4th. Proper preparation of healthful food ; 5th. Judicious nursing.

A TRUE SOLDIER is considered one of the highest types of a man. But that officer merits not the name or the title he bears, who does not make the comfort and health of his men a subject of unceasing thought, and of the most indefatigable effort.

CAMP-GROUNDS.—An elevation is a hundred-fold better than a flat or a hollow ; open ground better than among trees ; better for health, safer from surprise, and stronger for attack and defense, even if it is calculated to stay but a few hours. Let the tent face the south, the top screened with brushwood, and if practicable with a floor of boards three inches above the ground, and a ditch around the tent six or eight inches deep.

DRINKING WATER improperly has killed thousands of soldiers. If possible avoid drinking anything on a march. If you must drink, the colder the water the less will it satisfy thirst.  Half a glass of water drank in sips, swallowing each sip, with a few seconds interval, will more effectually satisfy thirst, and that without any danger, than a quart taken in the usual manner at one draught. It is greatly safest, *while marching*, to rinse the mouth only, but do that to the utmost ex-

tent desired, spirting out the water as soon as it becomes warm. Chewing even a stick or pebble moderates thirst.

MITTENS, for cold weather, should have a thumb and one finger, the other three fingers together, so as to use the trigger handily.

BOWEL AFFECTIONS are said to be cured, if at all curable, by drinking from one half to four half pints of a tea made of the inner bark of the sweet-gum tree, boiled until of the taste and color of strong coffee, with or without sugar, cold or hot. The tree abounds southward.

CROMWELL'S DISCHARGED SOLDIERS.—Immorality and irreligion are among the great evils of war. Knowing this, every Christian should be most diligent, not only in prayer for the soldiers, and in furnishing them with religious privileges in the camp, but in cherishing a strong and enlightened public religious sentiment. Public sentiment is a powerful stimulant to moral principle, as well as to patriotic feeling. It hence becomes the whole Christian community to frown upon Sabbath-day parades and displays. A country sometimes suffers immensely after a war is over, from the murders, robberies, thefts, and other depredations and immoralities of its own discharged soldiers. The principles and habits of the camp follow, or rather accompany, the men through life. In this aspect of the case, it becomes not only Christians who feel for men's immortal welfare, but it becomes all who have personal interests at stake, all who have properties or families to preserve, to see to the character of the camp. Cromwell kept up religion in his army. He had chaplains, prayers, Sabbaths, preaching, Bibles, psalm-books, and withal the bravest men that ever went into battle. And after their return to private life, history, in recording their heroic deeds, bears this testimony to their moral worth: Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world. In a few months there remained not a track indicating that the most formidable army in the world had been absorbed into the mass of the community. The royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry, the discarded warrior prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask an alms, and that, if a baker, a mason, or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers.

OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH — *General Order No. 7.*—The Major-General Commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and should endeavor to deserve the benign favor of the Creator. Unless in a case of an attack by the enemy, or some other extreme military necessity, it is commended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to rest from their labors; that they shall attend divine service after the customary Sunday morning inspections, and that officers and men alike use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General commanding regards this as no idle form. One day's rest in seven is necessary for man and animals. More than this, the observance of the holy day of the God of mercy and of battles is our sacred duty.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6th, 1861.

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The Academic Year begins with September and closes in June. Pupils are admitted at any time.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGNIFIER.—This instrument is safely sent post paid, by mail, for one dollar. Those more elaborately made, three dollars; its use is to magnify the smallest Cartes de Visites so as to bring out all the features and characteristic expressions of the face with the most gratifying and beautiful distinctness. It certainly affords the purest and sweetest satisfaction to contemplate the photographs of those we love through one of these magnifiers, a satisfaction of which we never grow weary; it is also adapted to looking at stereoscopic views, bringing the double picture into one, and causing it to stand out in bold relief on the same principles as the instruments which cost from five to fifty dollars. Address P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New York.

SURGICAL DISEASES.—Dr. H. A. Daniels, 10½ Union Square, New York City, confines his practice more particularly to those diseases where the efforts of an expert are especially required, such as diseases and deformities of the eyes, ears, nose, face, the removal of tumors, piles, fistula, strictures and diseases of women and children.

DODGE'S TINCTURE.—This is used for the removal of vermin which infest domestic animals, horses, cattle and neglected children. If it is poured along the back of a horse and rubbed in with the hand, every parasite is killed or disappears in a few hours. A second application is never necessary, it also cleanses the scalp and invigorates the growth of the hair, when such a thing is possible; it contains no oil, no offensive odor, no mercury; it is in every way cleanly and agreeable, and is as innocuous to the hair or scalp or person as warm water, yet in five minutes after its application every parasite is dead. The Government has ordered a thousand dollars worth at a time, to use on the cavalry horses. It is the cleanliest, safest and most thoroughly efficient remedy of the kind ever offered to the public. Clothing which would otherwise have been burned, is rid of every insect by one single application with a sponge. Small bottles, enough for three persons, are sold for twenty-five cents each, but these cannot be sent by mail. Pint tin cans are sent by express for one dollar and a half. P. C. Godfrey, 831 Broadway, New York.

GOOD EATING.—One of the most delightful, healthful and generally useful table articles which has lately come to our notice, is Condensed Cider or Apple Jelly made at Lima, Indiana, by Messrs. Cory & Sons. It was put up in 1860 without a particle of sugar or other admixture. As an article for convalescents from fevers and other diseases, it has that mild, cooling, acid flavor which is so perfectly grateful to the sick. These gentlemen have sent large quantities gratuitously to our suffering soldiers, and we purpose giving other facts when communicated to us.

THE SOLDIER'S ALL.

It was a cheerless autumn day; the rain was falling in torrents; every thing was saturated with water; and as my wife passed among the sick and wounded and dying and dead soldiers, she bent over the wretched pallet of one, and asked him if he needed any thing. "Nothing, Madam, I thank you."

"Do you want any thing to read—any books, or papers, or magazines?"

Reaching his poor, sunburnt, scrawny hand from under the bed-clothing, he laid it on a book, and directing her attention to it, said: "This is all the reading I want."

It was a well-worn Bible. Happy man! A stranger, far from home, sick, in rags, apparently "not far" from the grave, he had no wants which his Bible could not supply. There were dark clouds in the sky above; his Bible was sunshine to him.

He knew nobody; nobody knew him; he was literally "a pilgrim and a stranger;" but he had an acquaintance in his Bible, and as he read it, his eyes fell upon old familiar names, which carried his mind back to the village-church, to the "family worship" of his childhood, and he read of David and of Jonathan, of Moses and of Elias, of Peter and of Paul, but most of all, of Jesus of Nazareth, the Friend of sinners and the Saviour of man.

Weak and wan as he was, he asked for no wine to sustain him, no delicacies, prepared by tender hands, to nourish him into life again; for he had "meat to eat" which those around him "knew not of." He read in his Bible morning, noon, and night; and he found out that as often as he read it, he felt nourished and comforted. It was a dish of which he never became tired; for although apparently the same, he found something new in it every day; some sweetness that he had not tasted before. No wonder, then, that he found every want supplied in the soiled book which he carefully kept always in reach.

Some soldiers, in tents and under other forms of shelter, were writing letters, turning over the leaves of magazines, or reading newspapers; but this soldier's Bible supplied all the reading he wanted. In it he found "things both new and old;" he found them reliable; to-day brought no contradiction of what he read yesterday. The messages which he received were telegraphed from heaven, and he had heard the "Operator" there say over and over again, as to his messages: "If it were not so, I would have told you." Happy soldier! Blessed book! Doubtless he would feel a full accord with him who wrote:

"This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Or all their diadems.
Yes! were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds too the stars of night,
This book were worth them all."

Reader, you will be sick one day; it may be a long sickness; you may be far from home, far from friends, far from medical aid. Let me tell you there is a "balm" in the Bible; a medication, a cordial, of a nature so searching, of a power so all-pervading, that there is "no sorrow which it can not heal," no suffering which it can not soothe, no pain which it can not mitigate. It helped the soldier to live above his sufferings; it will help you to do the same. It met all his wants; it will meet yours. There was a fullness in it to him; that fullness it will be to you, and in an hour, too, when no human drug can avail, when the most skillful physician in the land is powerless to ease a single agony, and when the most that the best friends on earth can do for you, is to gaze at your suffering in sorrowing helplessness. Make the Bible then your companion, your counselor; keep it always in easy and convenient reach, as the soldier did; and learn like him to be satisfied in its fullness, and like him, to find in it a safe Guide, a Friend in need, and an able Physician.

LOOSE BOWELS.

THERE are three kinds of loose bowels, technically called "diarrhea," or a "flowing through" of water, bile, or blood. If it is water, it is *diarrhea* proper; if it is bile, it is *bilious diarrhea*; if it is blood, it is *dysentery*. Simple diarrhea is a thin, light-colored discharge from the bowels, occurring five, ten, or twenty times in twenty-four hours; if let alone it becomes Asiatic cholera in certain states of the atmosphere. Its great characteristic is the extraordinary debilitating effect which speedily pervades the whole body; the patient feels, when he sits down, as if it would be a happiness just to be allowed to remain there. Absolute quietude is an elysium to him. Instinct calls for the most perfect rest possible, and thus points out the most certain and appropriate of all modes of cure, which is absolute and continuous rest on a bed, in a cool, clean, well-aired room, until the passages assume the consistency of mason's mortar, and not oftener than twice in twenty-four hours. In health the bowels are incessantly moving, not unlike worms in a carrion; hence the ancients designated it as the "vermicular action," *vermis* meaning a worm. If there is not activity enough, we have constipation, or torpid, *sleepy* action; when this action is excessive, it is diarrhea. Every step a man takes has a tendency to set the bowels in motion; hence one of the most certain and frequent and efficient cures of constipation, when the bowels act but once in two or three or more days, is to be moving about on the feet almost all the time. If then motion tends to increase the activity of the bowels, when that activity is too great, instinct, alike with reason, dictates as perfect quietude as possible. If the symptoms do not abate by simply resting on a bed, a greater quietude of the vermicular motion is compelled by simply binding a strip of woollen flannel, about fourteen inches wide, tightly around the abdomen or "stomach," so as to be double in front, the effect of which is to give the bowels less room to move about in; affords remarkable strength to the whole body, and keeps the surface warm, soft, and moist. As the disease is a too great flow of fluids through the system, drinking fluids of any description only aggravates the malady. Yet, as the thirst is sometimes excessive, lumps of ice may be chewed and swallowed in as large pieces as possible, to any extent desired. No food should be eaten except rice, parched like coffee, boiled as usual, served, and eaten with an equal bulk of boiled milk. This may be varied by boiling a pint of flour in a linen bag, in milk, for an hour or two, skin off the outside, dry it, grate it in boiled milk, make it palatable with salt or sugar, and eat as much as desired every fifth hour during the day, eating and drinking nothing else. This treatment will cure nine cases out of ten, if adopted promptly within forty-eight hours; if not, call in a physician.

CHOLERA,

OR "Asiatic Cholera," as first known in this country in 1832 and '33, is chiefly a disease prevailing in warm weather, or rather in a warm atmosphere, for it can be created at any season, and in the coldest latitudes, by combining the proper degrees of the three essential requisites, to wit, moisture, vegetable decay, and a regular heat, exceeding eighty degrees. The great and distinguishing feature of cholera is a copious, frequent, and painless discharge from the bowels of a substance almost as thin as water, with a whitish tinge, as if rice had been washed in it, or as if a little milk had been dropped in it. When this occurs the patient soon begins to perspire profusely, the skin assumes a leaden hue and shrivels up, the nails become blue, insufferable cramps come on, and the victim's death occurs in a few hours with the most perfect calmness, in the fullest possession of all the faculties, and absolute freedom from every pain.

Three things ought to be known, in reference to cholera, by every human being :

First: The writer has never known a case in which it was not preceded, for one, two, or more days, by the bowels acting twice, or oftener, in every twenty-four hours; universally styled "the premonitory symptoms."

Second: A cure is impossible under any conceivable circumstances, without absolute quietude of body, on a bed, for days together; the time of confinement being shortened, in proportion to the promptitude with which the quietude is secured, after the first action of the bowels has taken place, which gives a feeling of tiredness, and, on sitting down, a sensation of rest and satisfaction.

Third: When the patient ceases to urinate he begins to die, and its resumption is a certain index of recovering health, always and infallibly.

One of the usual attendants of an attack of cholera is an unconquerable tendency to vomit. The very instant any thing reaches the stomach, even if it is but cold water, it is ejected; the mildest food meets the same fate in such cases, much less will medicine find a lodgment, except one, and that it is impossible to vomit up if it once reaches its destination; that medicine has no taste, it is small in bulk, will retain its virtues for a quarter of a century, as the writer knows by personal experience and repeated observation. Unless it is in the very last stages, it is believed capable of arresting the disease in nine cases out of ten—a pill made up of ten grains of calomel with a little gum-water; if the symptoms do not abate in two hours, double the dose, and let it work itself off; do nothing else, but let the patient be quiet and eat all the ice he can possibly want.

DYSENTERY

Is literally a "difficulty among the intestines;" it is a discharge of blood from the bowels, accompanied with what has been aptly called "an atrocious pain." You feel as if you would be relieved by an evacuation, but when the attempt is made, there is a fruitless straining, termed *tenesmus*, and nothing comes of it, unless it be blood. The rectum, or last foot of the lower bowel, is the main seat of dysentery, which is commonly called "bloody flux." It should be always considered a dangerous disease. At first the discharges are odorless; but as the parts come more under the influence of the disease, they become disorganized, rotten, and insufferably offensive. Dysentery most abounds in hot, dry weather, and is oftenest caused by bad air, a sudden check of perspiration, or by whatever makes the skin of the body cold. In fact, dysentery may be considered an exaggerated or aggravated diarrhea—the latter is water, the former, blood. The great distinguishing features of dysentery are bloody passages, with a frequent, fruitless, and painful effort to stool. It is one of those diseases which are very apt to go on to a fatal termination, if let alone; a disease which is often made more speedily fatal by being ignorantly tampered with; and whether blood is passed from the bladder or the bowels, a skillful physician should be called in as promptly as possible, as promptly, indeed, as if it were an attack of cholera; but while he is coming, there are several things which may be safely done for the comfort of the sufferer, if not for his cure. The patient should not sit up a moment; should keep as quiet as possible; should eat absolutely nothing but boiled rice, or flour-porridge, and swallow bits of ice to the complete quenching of the thirst. A little cold flaxseed-tea may be swallowed from time to time. A favorite prescription of some of the old physicians of a past generation, and which is now said to be in vogue in Russia for several forms of diarrhea and dysentery is the use of raw meat—thus, take fresh beef, free from fat, scrape it into a pulp with a knife, season it with salt to make it more palatable, or with sugar for children, to whom begin with one teaspoonful three times a day, gradually increasing the amount as they become fond of it. Adults may use it by spreading it between two slices of stale bread. Its merit consists in its being easily digested, very nutritious, of small bulk, and readily assimilated to the system. It is well known that children having the summer complaint will ravenously eat, or rather chew or grind between their gums, a piece of the rind of bacon or ham, to which is attached half an inch of fat, and begin to improve in a few hours. The whites of forty eggs "whipped," and then sweetened with white sugar, and drank largely through the day, without any other food, is an admirable remedy in these ailments. Or for dysentery or protracted diarrhea take half a teacup of vinegar, with as much salt as it will take up, leaving a little excess of salt at the bottom, add boiling water until the cup is two thirds full, remove the scum, let it cool, and take one tablespoonful three times a day until relieved. It has not failed of cure in many hundred trials.

BILIOUS DIARRHEA

It is always an effort of nature to save herself from impending disease; hence it is a curative process, and should not be interfered with. The passages in dysentery are bloody and painful always; in simple diarrhea they are always thin, almost watery, always large and light colored. In cholera, which is aggravated diarrhea, the passages are infallibly painless; on the other hand, bilious diarrhea is known by the passages being colored either dark, green, or yellow, often with a burning, griping, or other ill feeling before the passages come on. Bilious diarrhea ought never to be checked, except by medical advice, because it is an effort of nature to rid the system of that which would destroy it, if allowed to remain within it. Life has been destroyed thousands of times by failing to distinguish a bilious diarrhea from common diarrhea, simply by not noticing the color of the discharges, and thinking that nothing more is necessary than to "check it;" and that whatever does this the quickest is the best remedy. Opium, and paregoric, and laudanum, and morphine are resorted to with a fatal recklessness; they arrest, but they do not cure; they hide, cover over, but do not eradicate; but that is not the worst of it, they often send the disease to the brain, especially in children, to result in certain death in a short time. In most cases, all that is necessary in bilious diarrhea is to take nothing, keep still, keep warm in bed, and do not eat an atom of any thing, except when really hungry. There is but a step between bilious diarrhea and bilious or cramp colic, these last ending in death often within a few hours. The difference between them is only this—nature forces the bile out of the system in bilious diarrhea; in bilious colic she has not strength to do it, and in this latter case, unless speedily and efficiently aided, death, painful, agonizing and speedy, is the result.

Bilious diarrhea is often preceded by costiveness, and is generally brought on by bad air or by chilling the skin, either by cooling it off too soon after exercise, or by remaining in water or damp garments for a long time; the effect in either case is the same, to wit, to close the pores of the skin and drive the matters back and inward, which would otherwise have escaped beneficially from the body. A sudden burst of passion or other shock or great mental emotion may bring on an attack of bilious diarrhea. Those, therefore, who have observed themselves to be subject to attacks of bilious diarrhea, may easily postpone them indefinitely by arranging to have the bowels act freely once every twenty-four hours, by cultivating an equable frame of mind, and by habitually avoiding every thing which causes a chilly feeling to the skin; for he is not the greatest man who can the most readily cure diseases in others, but he who is most successful in preventing them in his own person.

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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

VOL. XI.]

DECEMBER, 1864.

[No. 12.]

GREAT MEN GREAT SUFFERERS.

"Killed with hard study," is the verdict often rendered as to many young men, who die while pursuing their studies, or soon after entering their profession; the same is said of many literary men. Multitudes of clergymen, who are never well, have the reputation of having been brought into this condition by overwork, by having to study so hard. Many a man of a great mind and of eminent usefulness is a martyr to some form of human suffering, to some malady, which, in the slow progress of years, is permanently undermining the constitution and eating into the very vitals.

Great business men, who have large interests on their minds all the time, are sometimes sent by writers to the insane asylum, as in a subsequent article in this number on "Health, Happiness and Gold," as a result of excessive mental application to one great absorbing idea. It is a rare thing to find any man eminent for his talents, who is not either a drunkard practically, or a sufferer from some physical malady. Hugh Miller was the victim of dyspeptia; the tortures of which, finally crazed his brain, and led him to suicide. The most eloquent man that ever lived in any age or nation, on astronomical subjects, and whose indomitable energy and tenacity of purpose, are illustrated in some of the pages following, as an encouragement to those of our young readers who are ambitious that the world should be benefited by their having lived in it, was for many of the last years of his life the helpless sufferer from dispeptic horrors, enough to drive any mind mad, less great than his.

Great students have great appetites. Hard study makes a healthy man as hungry as hard work. The employment of the brain, hard thinking, exhausts a man's strength as certainly and completely as any form of bodily labor. Girls and boys and young men at school, academy, or college, are always ready to eat something, and can eat almost anything, for a while after they have entered upon their studies.

Whether a man kills himself with whiskey, or tobacco, or food, the crime is the same. A man is equally a suicide, whether by drinking, smoking or gluttony. Excessive smoking, excessive drinking, excessive eating, are the results of an abandonment to an animal appetite, to an animal indulgence, such indulgence is beastly, it is ignoble, it is pitiful. Pitiful and sorrowing is it to contemplate the spectacle of a

magnificent mind going out in premature darkness, in consequence of its low indulgence of the animal propensities. Our eminent men in law, physic and divinity, in finance and politics, and on the editorial chair, when they are disabled or die prematurely, or pass their last days behind the iron bars of an asylum, are the victims, in almost all cases, not of hard study but of hard drinking, eating or other form of over indulgence, whether in opium, spirits or tobacco, and the disgraceful fact ought to be more generally understood than it is. The process is as follows. Study is a fascination. It has been said of the great Newton, that he had often to be reminded that it was the dinner hour. Writers of prose, poetry and music are conscious that many times the call to dinner has been an unwelcome one, and that if they had been unusually interested in the investigation of a subject, the mind leaves it most reluctantly, if indeed at all ; food is eaten without any perceived taste, is swallowed without satisfaction, and no sooner is the "process" of dining over, than the student hastens to his writing or his book, to pursue the chase of ideas, and revels in these, with all the abandon of his nature; the result is, that the nervous energy which ought to have gone to the stomach to be expended in withdrawing nutriment from the food, and supplying a pure blood to feed the system and repair its wastes, is expended on the brain ; the food is thus allowed to remain in the stomach insufficiently acted on, is imperfectly digested ; the stomach robbed of its due proportion of nervous energy, endeavors to get through its work, but for want of power, of strength, does it imperfectly ; all the work is done after a fashion, but none of it is well done; none of the materials for making good blood are perfect materials, hence the blood itself is imperfect, is impure, is thick ; does not flow through the channels of the system with life like activity ; but passes along slowly, sluggishly ; and in process of time, congests, dams up, scarcely flows at all, and finally stagnates, ceases to flow altogether, and death ends the history. But it is curious to know that the blood thus stagnates in different parts of the system, in different persons, according as some one part of such system has been rendered weak, either from hereditary influences, or by accidental circumstances.

If the lungs have been rendered the weakest part from too close confinement to the study and a want of active out-door exercise, the stagnation induces hemorrhage ; coming upon a man sometimes with the surprise of a clap of thunder under a clear sky.

If the brain has been rendered weak by its share of nervous energy having been sent habitually to an overloaded stomach, or to over-worked muscles, the blood dams up there, and there is paralysis or apoplexy ; which is quite a common ending to late dinners, and to those

who feed on oysters, lobsters and turtle soup at eleven o'clock at night.

If the throat has been rendered weak by the injudicious or excessive use of the voice, and going out into the cold air, or riding against the wind, before the parts have cooled and rested, the congestion begins there, causing smarting, burning, pricking or some kind of clogging up of the throat, or voice organs, to end in a permanent disablement of the voice, in an ulceration of the parts and death by starvation, from an inability to swallow food ; or, passing down to the lungs, fell consumption winds up the sad history.

If the lower bowels have become weakened by sitting habitually on warm cushions ; or by having allowed habits of constipation (that is want of a daily action of the bowels) to grow upon the system, the congestion begins there, inducing piles ; or the more perilous fistula ; which, if uncured by the surgeon's knife, at an expense of several hundred dollars, induces the deplorable condition, where the urine and excrements come away by dribblets all the time ; and the grown man must be "diapered" for the remainder of his life.

Students and sedentary persons become the victims of constipation, in nearly all cases as follows : When interested in a composition or an investigation or having an appointment, nature may give one of her calls, but the urgency of the matter in hand induces the deferment of that call for five minutes, or half an hour or longer ; nature thus baffled, ceases to urge again, for several hours ; her habit of regularity has been broken into ; the next day her call is later, and later ; finally passes to the second or third day ; sometimes only once or twice a week, and the health is ruined forever ; thus, if nature is not instantly obeyed when her instinct indicates that something should be passed out of the system as an incumbrance, as rubbish in a house, or workshop, she begins to dispose of it in another direction, by setting up a heat in the parts ; this heat causes the more watery particles of the matter, above referred to, to be reabsorbed and sent to the blood, to render it more thick, and impure, and to increase the original malady ; to add fuel to the flame. The blood is not only rendered impure, but part of the matter which ought to have gone down into the privy, has been circulated through the system again and goes to the mouth and lips and tongue ; goes all over the body ; no wonder that habitually constipated persons have ailments all over the body, have an "odor" about them, which heralds their approach when a mile away, more or less ! Therefore, the great man owes his sufferings more to hard eating, than to hard study ; more to the filthy habit of postponing nature's calls, than to over-work ; and hence merits our contempt, more than our sympathy.

WARMING HOUSES.

OF all the plans ever devised for heating our dwellings, that which combines in the highest degree the important qualities of healthfulness, cheerfulness, and comfort, the Low-down Grate of T. S. Dixon, of Philadelphia, has no equal; and however the house may be heated in general, the family-room and the parlor of every man who consults the deepest enjoyment of his wife, children, and friends, will have the broad, blazing hearthful of glowing coals which Dixon's Grate alone affords. It burns wood, coke, soft and hard coal, as may be desired, giving out more heat without burning any more fuel than a common grate; giving no more dust than a common wood-fire, nor half as much; in real truth, not more than a furnace in the cellar sends through the register in our own house, not as much when properly managed.

THE MARYLAND SCHOOL JOURNAL, published monthly at Hagerstown, Maryland, for one dollar a year, is edited with great judgment; every page is full of practical articles, calculated to instruct and make happy any family which follows them; every true lover of the noble old State of Maryland ought to order a copy for his household for 1865.

A SERMON, delivered by the Rev. Dwight K. Bartlett, at Hartford, Ct., in reference to the times, has been published at the urgent request of gentlemen in Albany, New-York. Mr. Bartlett is an Old-School Presbyterian clergyman, and although he has been preaching but two or three years, this Sermon shows that he is a rising man, and is destined to occupy a high position. He has already refused offers from some of the best pulpits of his native State of New-York.

(FROM THE "INDEPENDENT.")

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, AND GOLD.

THE decease of two prominent mercantile men, in the prime of life, in circumstances of ease, if not of opulence, and quite recently in the enjoyment of robust health, surrounded by every condition, in the business and family relations, which could render life desirable and promise a happy continuance of it, calls for some comment at our hands.

How is it that so many of our successful merchants are cut short in their earthly career, just at the period when it would seem that they had acquired all the requisites to make a deep mark upon the body social in which they lived? We recall two more instances, both partners in a large retailing dry-goods establishment in the city, the largest and probably the most successful one ever known here; they both died not long since, at the age of fifty, each in the pos-

session of a large fortune, and, to all appearances, endowed with superior means of enjoying it.

Is it not too clearly manifested, in the premature deaths of these and numerous others in like circumstances, that there is something radically wrong in the habits and methods of life practiced by our mercantile men? Is there not too much tension of the nervous system, too much taxation of the brain?—in short, is there not entirely too much grasping for *rapid* accumulations? The latter is, undoubtedly, the cause of the other developments. Of what avail is it to acquire a large fortune, if one of the most probable consequences of it is the prostration of mental and physical power, and sheer inability to enjoy life in any form? How much better would it be if our business men, of superior capacity and resources, were to content themselves with aiming for a smaller fortune, and risking less to obtain it. These things are great or small relatively. Not many years ago, fifty thousand dollars would have been reckoned a competency; but what is now considered a generous fortune? How many well established merchants now contemplate retiring from active business with less than half-a-million, and how many expect ever to retire while they are making money?

We do not advocate ever retiring from *labor*; on the contrary, we know that constant employment is absolutely necessary for the happiness, and also for the health of every human being. We only mean to say that when a large fortune, or even a competency, has been acquired, that *then* the mind, strength, and energies of a business man, a part of the time at least, should change the current from self to the *world*, seeking the elevation and welfare of others less fortunate. At such a period the ordinary risks of business should be curtailed, so that the *brain* can be left more free for benevolent action.

A gentleman residing in the interior of our State, a farmer and president of a bank, called on us a few days since. He presented the vigorous appearance of a man in full health—his age might be fifty or thereabout. He had left New York city with what would be considered a very moderate competency, but which he thought sufficient, at the age of forty; and, to judge from appearances, he seems to possess everything that an intelligent and cultivated gentleman needs to make life enjoyable—namely, a family, a farm, a competency, and agreeable occupation. He is just now on the point of making his second European tour. In conversation upon the recent suicide of Mr. Leupp, he remarked that he wondered that there were not more cases of the sort, for that the business

men he saw everywhere in this city appeared to him like a crowd of lunatics. And yet he is a business man, needing healthful excitement, but finding it in rational pursuits, study, and proper physical and mental exercise. Oh, when will our business men learn wisdom, and understand the laws of their physical being! What an example they are exhibiting, in multitudes of instances, of a blind idolatry of wealth and power, regardless of consequences! How many more cases of premature death shall we have to record from heart disease, from paralysis, from sudden insanity, caused by undue and phrensied devotion to what is called business? Friends, neighbors, fellow-toilers for earthly dross, let us pause and consider if we are not also in this category, and ask ourselves if we are not paying too dearly for our toys, even though they assume the form and dimensions of a colossal *Golden Calf*.

(FROM THE "INDEPENDENT.")

PERMANENT INVESTMENTS.

Investing in champagne at \$2 a bottle—an acre of good Government land costs \$1.25.

Investing in tobacco and cigars, daily, one year, \$50—seven barrels of good flour will cost \$49.

Investing in "drinks" one year, \$100—\$100 will pay for ten daily and fifteen monthly periodicals.

Investing in theatrical amusements one year, \$200—\$200 will purchase an excellent library.

Investing in a fast horse, \$500—400 acres of good wild land costs \$500.

Investing in a yacht, including bettings and drinkings for the season, \$5000—\$5000 will buy a good improved country farm.

Panics, hard times, loss of time, red faces, bad temper, poor health, ruin of character, misery, starvation, death, and a terrible future may be avoided by looking at the above square in the face.

Reader, put on your spectacles, take a look, and tell us what *you* think on the subject; and, if a father, ask your boys what *they* think.

A majority of "financiers," in making calculations for the future, watch the importations, exports of specie, the ups and downs of stocks, and the movements of the Wall-street Bulls and Bears. All that is very well, but let them at the same time estimate the loss of gold in the maelstrom of extravagance.

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.

HINTS FOR OTHER HUSBANDS.

SOME husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work. But I had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood-house, and soon returned with a smoothly-whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split end of which he had passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it around the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease, and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he, "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. This lifts the hand from the knife and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and so replaced them by a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed-clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish-towels hanging helter-skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging-frame, over the wood-box, where it can take up no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly and are always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room enough for all the meat, butter, and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from the one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger-holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, stitch, and makes

sewing-machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one, I should be in possession of one immediately; but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in." These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would more husbands were like him. Perhaps, another time, I shall tell you how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his ingenuity.

INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE.

IN the history of the Cincinnati Observatory is one of the most remarkable instances on record of how much one man may accomplish without money and without means, simply by the force of the will when directed towards a laudable and possible enterprise. Had Professor Mitchell, who has the finest astronomical mind in the country, done less than he did do, the largest and best refracting telescope in the world but one would not have been placed on one of the hills of the Far West. Let his own simple unvarnished narration, as taken from his monthly *Sidereal Messenger*, be a lesson to all young men who want to achieve a great name:

On the 9th November, 1843, the corner-stone of the observatory was laid by John Quincy Adams, in the presence of a vast multitude, with appropriate ceremonies, and followed by the delivery of an address replete with beauty and eloquence. The season was too far advanced to permit any thing to be done towards the erection of the building during the Fall; and, indeed, it was not the intention of the Board of Directors to proceed with the building until every dollar required in the payment for the great telescope should have been remitted to Europe. At the time of laying the corner-stone but \$3000 out of \$9500 had been paid. This was the amount required in the contract to be paid on signing, and the remaining sum became due on finishing the instrument.

The contract having been made conditionally in July, 1842, it was believed that the great refractor would be shipped for the United States in June, 1844, and to meet our engagements the sum of \$6500 must be raised.

This amount was subscribed, but in consequence of commercial difficulties, all efforts hitherto made to collect it had been unavailing, and in February, 1844, the Board of Control solicited the Director of the Observatory to become the general agent of the society, and to collect all old subscriptions, and obtain such new ones as might be necessary to make up the requisite sum. The accounts in the hands of the previous collector were accordingly turned over to

me, and a systematic effort was made to close them up. A regular journal was kept of each day's work, noting the number of hours employed, the persons visited, those actually found, the sums collected, the promises to pay, the positive repudiations, the due bills taken, payable in cash and trade, and the day on which I was *requested to call again*. These intervals extended from a week or ten days to four months. The hour was in general fixed, and when the day rolled round, and the hour arrived, the agent of the society presented himself, and referred to the memoranda. In many cases another and another time was appointed, until, in some instances, almost as many calls were made as there were dollars due. By systematic perseverance, at the end of some forty days the sum of \$3000 was paid over to the treasurer as the amount collected from old subscribers. Nearly \$2000 of due bills had been taken, payable in carpenter's work, painting, dry goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, plastering and bricklaying, blacksmith's work, paints and oils, groceries, pork barrels, flour, bacon and lard, hardware, iron, nails, etc., in short, in every variety of trade materials and workmanship. The due bills in cash brought about \$500 in the course of the next thirty days, and a further sum of \$3000 was required for the last remittance to Europe. It was determined to raise this amount in large sums from wealthy and liberal citizens who had already become members of our society. The list first made out, and the sums placed opposite the names of each person is now in my possession. On paper the exact amount was made up in the simplest and most expeditious manner; eight names had the sum of \$200 opposite them, ten names were marked \$100 each, and the remaining ones \$50 each. Such was the singular accuracy in the calculation, that when the theory was reduced to practice, it failed in but one solitary instance. One person, upon whom we had relied for \$200, declined absolutely, and his place was filled by another.

I called on one of the eight individuals marked at \$200, and, after a few moments' conversation, he told me that in case \$100 would be of any use to me, he would gladly subscribe that amount. I showed him my list, and finding his name among those reckoned at \$200, he remarked that he would not mar so beautiful a scheme for the sum of \$100, and accordingly entered his name in its appropriate place.

At a meeting held in May, by the Board of Control, the treasurer reported that the entire amount was now in the treasury with the exception of \$150. The Board adjourned, to meet on the same day of the following week, when the deficiency was reduced by the agent to \$25, and on the same day an order was passed to remit the entire amount to the Barings & Brothers, of London, to be paid to the manufacturer, on the order of W. J. Lamont, of Munich, to be given on the packing of the instrument. The last \$25 was obtained and placed in the treasurer's hands immediately on the adjournment of the Board. Thus was completed, as it was supposed, by far the most difficult part of the enterprise. All the cash means of the society had now been exhausted;

about \$11,000 dollars had been raised, and to extend the effort yet further, under the circumstances, seemed to be quite impossible. Up to this time nothing had been done towards the building, and after paying for the instrument, not one dollar remained in cash to commence the erection of a building which must cost, at the lowest estimate, \$5000 or \$6000. Some \$2000 or \$3000 had been subscribed, payable in work and materials. Owing to a slight change in the plan of the building, the foundation walls already laid in the Fall of 1843 were taken up and relaid. Finding it quite impossible to induce any master-workman to take the contract for the building, with the many contingencies by which our affairs were surrounded, I determined to hire workmen by the day, and superintend the erection of the building personally. In attempting to contract for the delivery of brick on the summit of Mount Adams, such an enormous price was demanded for the hauling, in consequence of the steepness of the hill, that all idea of a brick building was at once abandoned, and it was determined to build of limestone, an abundance of which could be found on the grounds of the quarry. Having matured my plans, securing the occasional assistance of a carpenter, about the beginning of June, 1844, I hired two masons, one of whom was to receive an extra sum for hiring the hands, keeping their time, and acting as the master-workman. One tender to these workmen constituted the entire force with which I commenced the erection of the building, which, if prosecuted in the same humble manner, would have required about twenty years for its completion. And yet our title-bond required that the building should be finished in the following June, or a forfeiture of the title by which we hold the present beautiful site must follow. My master-mason seemed quite confounded when told that he must commence work with such a force. In the outset difficulties were thick and obstinate. Exorbitant charges were made for delivering lime. I at once commenced the building of a lime-kiln, and in a few days had the satisfaction of seeing it well filled, and on fire. True, it caved in once or twice, with other little accidents, but a full supply of lime was obtained, and at a cheap rate. Sand was the next item, for which the most extravagant charges were made. I found this so ruinous that an effort was made, and finally I obtained permission, to open a sand-pit, which had long been closed for fear of caving down a house, on the side of the hill above, by further excavation.

An absolute refusal was at first given, but systematic perseverance again succeeded, and the pit was re-opened. The distance was comparatively short, but the price of mere hauling was so great that I was forced to purchase horses, and in not a few instances to fill the carts with my own hands, and actually drive them to the top of the hill, thus demonstrating practically how many loads could be fairly made in a day. Another difficulty yet remained; no water could be found nearer than the foot of the hill, half a mile distant, and to haul the water so great a distance would have cost a large sum. I selected one of the deepest ravines on the hill-top, and throwing a dam across, while it was actually

raining, I had the pleasure of seeing it fill rapidly from the hill-sides, and in this way an abundant supply was obtained for the mixing of mortar, at a very moderate expense of hauling.

Thus prepared, the building was commenced, with two masons and one tender during the first week; at the close of the week I had raised sufficient funds to pay off my hands, and directed the foreman to employ for the following week two additional masons and a tender; to supply this force with material, several hands were required in the quarry, in the lime-kiln, and in the sand-pit, all of whom were hired by the day, to be paid half cash, and the balance in trade. During all this time I may remark that I was discharging my duties as Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the Cincinnati College, and teaching five hours in each day. Before eight o'clock in the morning, I had visited all my workmen in the building, in the lime-kiln, sand-pit and stone quarry. At that hour my duties in the college commenced, and closed at one. By two o'clock, P. M., I was again with my workmen, or engaged in raising the means of paying them on Saturday night. The third week the number of hands was again doubled; the fourth week produced a like increase, until finally not less than fifty day laborers were actually engaged in the erection of the Cincinnati Observatory. Each Saturday night exhausted all my funds, but I commenced the next week in the full confidence that industry and perseverance would work out their legitimate results. To raise the cash means required was the great difficulty. I have frequently made four or five trades to turn my due bills, payable in trade, into cash. I have not unfrequently gone to individuals and sold them their own due bills payable in merchandise, for cash, by making a discount. The pork merchants paid me cash for my due bills, payable in barrels and lard kegs, and in this way I managed to obtain sufficient cash means to prosecute the work vigorously during the months of July and August, and in September I had the satisfaction to see the building up and covered, without having incurred one dollar of debt. At one period, I presume one hundred hands were employed at the same time in the prosecution of the work. More than fifty hands on the hill, and as many in the city, in the various workshops, paying their subscription by work for different parts of the building. The doors were in the hands of one carpenter, the window frames in those of another; a third was employed on the sash; a painter took them from the joiner, and in turn delivered them to a glazier, while a carpenter paid his stock by hanging them, with weights purchased by stock, and with cords obtained in the same way. Many locks were furnished by our own townsmen in payment of their subscriptions. Lumber, sawing, flooring, roofing, painting, mantels, steps, hearths, hardware, lathing, doors, windows, glass, and painting were in like manner obtained. At the beginning of each week my master carpenter generally gave me a bill of lumber and materials wanted during the week. In case they had not been already subscribed, the stock book was resorted to, and there was no relaxing of effort until the necessary articles were obtained. If a tier of joists were wanted, the saw mills were visited,

and in some instances the joists for the same floor came from two or three different mills.

On covering the building, the great crowd of hands employed as masons, tenders, lime burners, quarry men, sand and water men, were paid off and discharged, and it now seemed that the heavy pressure was passed, and that we might again breathe free, after the responsibility of such heavy weekly payments was removed.

THE FIRESIDE.

MR. EDITOR:—I like the name of your monthly. It stands as a protest against a certain innovation which should be exterminated, for we are in danger soon of having no firesides! It is the fashion up here in the country to build houses without fire-places, and to such an extent is this carried, that, in order to be fashionable, many have taken down the chimneys and removed their fire-places, just putting a chimney on the top! But what right has a house to a chimney on its top, if it have not a fire-place in its body? This is carrying false colors—it is telling a lie with brick and mortar! And how can there be a fireside without a fire-place? Do you say the stove or the furnace will supply the deficiency? Never! They are gloomy and cheerless in comparison with the great big fire-place and the roaring fire of the olden times! Besides, there is no ventilation in these country farm-houses without fire-places. There is a want of pure air—a superabundance of steam and bad breath! Hence the health must suffer. As editor of a health-journal, I hope you will protest against this innovation. The man who builds a house without a fire-place is mad, or has some evil design against his family, for he is dooming his household to miserable ill-health, as well as robbing them of the cheerful fireside, where parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and kindred, may meet with thankfulness and joy, while the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth!

Alas! we have no hearths now! Hence, family ties are weakened, and that blissful word, HOME, awakens not the joy that once it did? I speak of the country, and if your readers would see a right old-fashioned fire-place, and a roaring fire after the old-time fashion, let them visit my father's kitchen! There he may see them; for my mother would as soon tolerate a locomotive in her kitchen as a stove, and a house without a fire-place would be

deemed by her unfit for any thing but a barn, and in this opinion I think she would be right!

If your JOURNAL OF HEALTH will save to us some of our firesides, and make them cheerful and happy, I shall be glad. Your readers, however, must remember that TO BE HAPPY THEY MUST BE GOOD.

W. J. M.

MILTON'S DOMESTIC HABITS.

BY MR. KEIGHTLY.

At his meals he never took much wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but in his latter years he retired every night at 9 o'clock, and lay till 4 in summer, and 5 in winter, and, if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read to him, and then, with of course the intervention of breakfast, studied till 12. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself—and afterward played on the organ or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies till 6, from which hour till 8 he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest. . . . Like many other poets, Milton found the stillness, warmth, and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said that before rising of a morning he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter, which account is confirmed by the following passage in his life by Phillips: "There is a remarkable passage in the composition of *Paradise Lost* which I have a particular occasion to remember: for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some weeks, as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing; having, as the summer

came on, not been shown any for a considerable while, and desiring to know the reason thereof, was answered that 'his veins never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted (at other times) was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much;' so that in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein. Milton's conversation is stated to have been of a very agreeable nature. His daughter Deborah said that he was 'delightful company, the life of the conversation, and that on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility.' Richardson, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this testimony, adds that 'he had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy—or not till the latter part of his life—not sour, not morose nor ill-natured, but a certain severity of mind; a mind not condescending to little things.'"

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY LAURIE TODD.

IN 1796 I heard the farmer referred to narrate the following incident: "When the British army had possession of New York, and Washington with the American army was encamped near West Point, I went out one morning at sunrise to bring home the cows; on passing a clump of brushwood I heard a moaning sound, as from a person in distress. On nearing the spot I heard the words of a man at prayer. I listened from behind a tree. When he came forth I found it was Washington." This farmer was a member of the Society of Friends, who, being opposed to war under any pretext, were lukewarm, and in some cases opposed the Revolution. This man was himself a Tory. Having seen the General enter the camp, he went to his own house and said to his wife: "Martha! we must not oppose this war any longer. This morning I heard the man George Washington send up a prayer to Heaven for his country, and I know it will be heard."

This Friend dwelt between the lines of the two armies, and subsequently gave Washington many items concerning the movements of the enemy which rendered good service to the American cause. From this incident it may be inferred that Washington rose with the sun to pray for his country, fought for her at meridian, and watched for her at midnight.

MAKE HOME PLEASANT.

WE always suspect errors in domestic training, when we find children preferring all other places to home. Parents should throw around the home circle a magnetism to be found nowhere else. A pleasant and loved home is one of the most powerful restraints from vice, and keeps alive within the heart pure thoughts and generous aspirations. We find some good thoughts on this point in *Life Illustrated*:

"A child may as easily be led to associate pleasure with home ideas as to think of it in connection with the home of his playmates. Certainly, if allowed to do so, he can as readily connect happiness with parents, brothers, and sisters, as with those of other kin. And the child will do so unless happiness and pleasure, when he calls for them under the parental roof, respond 'Not at home!' All home pictures should be bright ones. The domestic hearth should be clean and joyous.

"If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, work-time, play-time, books, games, and household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there.

"Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in all the business of after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books, to read to them at your leisure. You cannot imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them, for the impression made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day, like the birds, at all proper times. Have them mutually interested in the same things, amusements, and occupations; having specified times for each so that their habits will be orderly. Let them work together—knitting and sewing—both boys and girls. They enjoy it equally unless the boys are taught that it is unmanly to understand girls' work. They should know how to do it, and practically, too, as thereby they may avoid much discomfort in future life. Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, etc.; all their plays, books, and work, while the

parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and their voices blend in loving accord. Have the children do some little things, daily, for your personal comfort; let them see that it gives you pleasure, and that you depend on them for the service. This will attach them to you more strongly; and if they feel responsibility, even in matters of themselves trivial, and are sure of your sympathy, their affections and joys will cluster around the home hearth.

"Children like to be useful—it makes them happy. So give them work-time as well as play-time. But in any case, and in all cases, give them sympathy. Express love for them."

MORE than building showy mansion,
 More than dress and fine array,
 More than domes or lofty steeples,
 More than station, power, and sway,
 Make your home both neat and tasteful,
 Bright and pleasant, always fair,
 Where each heart shall rest contented,
 Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles,
 More than fashion's luring glare,
 More than mammon's gilded honors,
 More than thought can well compare,
 See that home is made attractive
 By surroundings pure and bright,
 Trees arranged with taste and order,
 Flowers, with all their sweet delight.

Seek to make your home most lovely:
 Let it be a smiling spot,
 Where, in sweet contentment resting,
 Care and sorrow are forgot;
 Where the flowers and trees are waving
 Birds will sing their sweetest songs,
 Where the purest thoughts will linger,
 Confidence and love belongs.

Make your home a little Eden;
 Imitate her smiling bowers;
 Let a neat and simple cottage
 Stand among bright trees and flowers.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND

There, what fragrance and what brightness
Will each blooming rose display,
Here a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through each summer day.
There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Mem'ries of that pleasant home ;
Such a home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control ;
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul. ANON.

FROM "THE CENTURY."

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND.

THE indifference and even contempt with which the marriage tie is too often treated in the United States, is producing its natural fruit. The manner in which it is protected in England furnishes an example, in some respects, which we might advantageously follow—especially as it relates to the rites of what is absurdly called the solemnization of marriage by our petty magistrates, without the possibility of their knowing whether the parties are not already guilty of bigamy. Our popular journals, which are fond of gathering up all the details of crim. con., divorce, and elopement, bear a sad testimony to the little respect paid to conjugal obligations. "Wife-murder" is now an established heading in the tragic column of our city papers.

The different modes of marriage allowed in England and Wales are as follows :

1. According to the rites of the Established Church.
2. In registered places of worship, belonging to the Dissenting bodies, Roman Catholics, etc.
3. In the District Register's office.
4. Among the Quakers and Jews, according to their respective "usages."

Under each of these heads, there are certain forms required. In the Church of England, there may be granted : 1. A special license, which can be granted only by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and which permits the marriage "at any convenient time and place." This costs a heavy fee, and there is not more than an average of

eleven marriages under it in a year. 2. The common ecclesiastical license granted by a surrogate for marriage in the parish church, or in some public chapel, within the jurisdiction of which one of the parties must have resided for at least fifteen days. The marriage may follow immediately on the granting of the license. Without any previous notice, the parties may apply and be married within the hour. 3. For marriage after the publication of bans, they must be proclaimed on three Sundays in the parish church, and if they reside in different parishes, in the church of each.

Among Dissenters, marriage may be solemnized either by license or by certificate, both of which must be obtained from the Superintendent Registrar. Notice, in prescribed form, must be given to that officer, who records it in a "notice book," which is open for inspection one whole day, after which the license is granted. Either of the parties may obtain it, but one of them must have resided fifteen days in the district. Notice in one district is sufficient, where they have different residences.

The marriage may be solemnized at the usual place of worship of one of the parties, outside of the district, but within two miles of it, and they may go into another district, when there is no registered place of worship in their own. The same freedom is allowed with respect to marriages in Dissenting chapels by certificate, in which case the notice thereof must be affixed in the Registrar's office for twenty-one days after the record of the particulars in the "notice" marriage book; and then the certificate may issue. Only seven days' residence is necessary before giving notice of marriage without license.

Marriages are performed in the Register's office on the production of the license or certificate. The presence of the Superintendent Registrar, as well as that of a Registrar of marriages, is requisite, and both officers must sign the register.

No marriage by certificate can be solemnized in a church or chapel without the consent of the officiating minister.

Jews may marry with or without license, either in a synagogue or private dwelling, and at any hour of the day; the Quakers also without license, in one of their meeting-houses, between the hours of eight and twelve.

The reason why Quakers (and the same, probably, with Jews) are exempted from the legal forms required for other sects, is that their own forms, which constitute a part of their religious system, and to the observance of which they are bound by conscientious scruples, as well as by their internal discipline, fully supply all the guards and requirements of the law.

THE FAITHLESS PHYSICIAN.

On Saturday the eighth day of October, 1864, a rich man was taken to his grave from the city of New York, where, by a life of industry, temperance, economy, and the exercise of a sound judgment, he had acquired a large estate; not suddenly, but in the progress of thirty years. From some obscure cause, he became a great sufferer from general neuralgia. A physician was called, but in the progress of weeks, did not afford the invalid that speedy and decided relief, which he and his friends so much desired. He wanted more potential remedies, and was not willing to submit to those restraints to system and rule in living, which the experience of years had taught his medical attendant were of the highest value ultimately. Another physician was called in, who advised a different course of procedure. He said the man needed strength and flesh and vigor; that these could only be secured by a generous diet and a liberal allowance of stimulants at every meal. Roast beef and the best brandy were regularly provided: the neuralgia was steadily abating and a speedy restoration was looked for. Still, days passed on, and gentlemen calling at his counting house were informed that, The Head of the firm was "out of town." This answered very well for a while, but a gentleman who had large business engagements with the invalid, found it absolutely necessary to save a ruinous loss, to have a personal interview; after a variety of obstacles were overcome the rich man was found at his own home in the city, the victim of the most fearful form of Delirium Tremens. Brandy had given relief; but it was soon found that unless it was administered more frequently, and in larger quantities the pains would return, hence there was an unbridled indulgence in the remedy, the result being, that at the end of a few weeks, it was found necessary to keep the patient always under the influence of liquor, that is, always drunk; at length however, the outraged stomach refused to retain the fiery stimulant a single moment, while for want of it a raving delirium sat in, ending in unconsciousness and death, before the business could be consummated by his intelligent signature. Here was a man who, temperate all his life, had died a drunkard's death as the result of an unwise medical prescription, the fashionable and almost universal prescription of a certain class of so called "Doctors," of "Bourbon Whiskey;" and there are thousands of deluded persons of every age and sex, especially in New England, on the same road to ruin. A few years ago, cod liver oil was given for everything; now it is Brandy. Shame on the medical colleges of the land, which send out annually so many incompetent and unprincipled graduates.

The American Tract Society, 150 Nassau Street, New-York, has published a 12mo. of 300 pages on "Christian Home Life," a book of examples and principles which is full of rich instruction for every parent and child in our country; also "Walter Martin, or the Factory, the School and the Camp;" "Madeline," by Rose Elmwood, is a sweet little book about farm life, a new home, a financial crisis, the drunkard's family, &c.; "The Bloom of Youth; or Worthy Examples," selected by the late Rev. Joseph Belcher; "Little Lucy of the West;" "A Little More;" "The Color Bearer;" "Rules for Holy Living, with questions for self examination;" "Sixty Years in Sin," by Rev. Chas. J. Jones; "Something for the Locker," by Rev. Dr. J. B. Waterbury; "Remember," a word for soldiers, by Rev. A. W. Henderson, Chaplain of the 13th Illinois Cavalry, are all well worthy of being purchased as Christmas presents to children and our brave and self-denying soldiers in the field. But the most enduring and pleasure giving book of them all is entitled "Songs of Zion," the words on one page, the music on the other. It contains 200 pieces of music, for 75cts. The habitual singing of these hymns would bring blessings and happiness to any household.

"Blind Annie Lorimer" is a touching narration, and will mellow every heart which reads it; issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, 821 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, and by the Carter Brothers, 530 Broadway, New-York.

The American Tract Society, 28 Cornhill, Boston, and 13 Bible House, New York, have published "A Soldier of the Cumberland," with his portrait, being a memoir of Mead Holmes, jr., Sergeant of Company K. 21st Wisconsin Vol., by his Father, with an introduction by that eminent scholar and forcible writer, John S. Hart, L.L.D., a book full of facts and written in tears, deserving a wide circulation in the army; as also "How to be a Hero," by E. L. E. "John Freeman and his Family" is full of fun, as premonished by the dancing individuals in the title page.

"Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, their pathology, symptoms, &c.," by H. J. Phillips, M.D., of the University of St. Andrews and Member of the Royal College of London, &c. &c., 70 pages 8vo, sent post-paid for fifty cents. The book contains much information of practical value to intelligent readers; it very properly does not pretend to show invalids how to cure themselves, but rather informs them of the nature, causes, symptoms and general principles of cure, of the various ailments peculiar to the respiratory organs. Those who have not read much on those subjects will find a great deal that is instructive in this well got up publication.

"TOGETHER." Mr. Carlton will issue for the Holidays a new novel by the writer of "Olie" and "Nepenthe." Pure in its teachings, powerful in its delineations, the intelligent and the good will everywhere give it a hearty greeting. The loving and beautiful tribute which it gives to Professor Mitchel, should commend it to the perusal of every one of the tens of thousands who has been thrilled with the eloquence of the great astronomer and the noblest hero of his time.

THE NEXT YEAR. The subjects which will be treated of in the Journal of Health for 1865 will be found on another page, under the heading of "200 Health Tracts," of which there will be about twenty in each number during the year; besides other reading adapted to the times and seasons. Single Nos. Fifteen Cents, post-paid. Subscription price One Dollar and a half a year. Address,

Hall's Journal of Health, No. 12 Union Square, New-York.

BETTER THAN TURKEYS! A New Englander writes for a quantity of the Soldier's Number of Hall's Journal of Health (Nov. 1864) saying "I hope the self-sacrificing soldiers will all have an abundant Thanksgiving dinner of Turkey and I intended to contribute, but after reading the Journal which wife and I praise and give thanks for the manner and matter of every number, wife says "Why not send the Journal, while others send the Turkeys." "I will:" it will do them a *tasting* good, and may be the means of saving many lives."

SURGERY. Attention is called to Professor Daniels' advertisement.

Bound Vols of 1864 are sent post paid for \$1.50 or will be exchanged for the loose numbers of 1864 for forty cents, missing Nos. for 10cts. Subscribers who have failed to receive any No. will be supplied without charge.

GREAT ACCOMMODATION. Persons at a distance who want anything purchased in the city and forwarded promptly at a small percentage on its cost can address Henry B. Price, 455 Broadway, New-York, whose business energy and integrity is well known.

The January No. of Hall's Journal of Health will contain articles on Inconsiderate Things, Healthfulness of Fruit's, Poisonous Bites, How to cure a Cold, Causes of disease, Burying alive, Care of the Eyes, Travelling hints, Music Healthful, Young old people, Dyspeptia, Drunkenness, Uses of Ice, Rules for Winter, Walking Erectly, Manly carriage, Sleeping posture, Winter Shoes, Cure for Corns, To grow beautiful, Measles, Consumption, Sab. Physiology, Best hair wash, Wearing flannel, health a duty.

One of the Finest Country Seats on the east bank of the Hudson, of forty acres, for \$30,000 00, in perfect order, including furniture. Apply to W.W.Hall, 12 Union Sq., N.Y.









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